

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S HYMNAL



BY

W. D. KIRKLAND, D.D.,

JAMES ATKINS, D.D.,

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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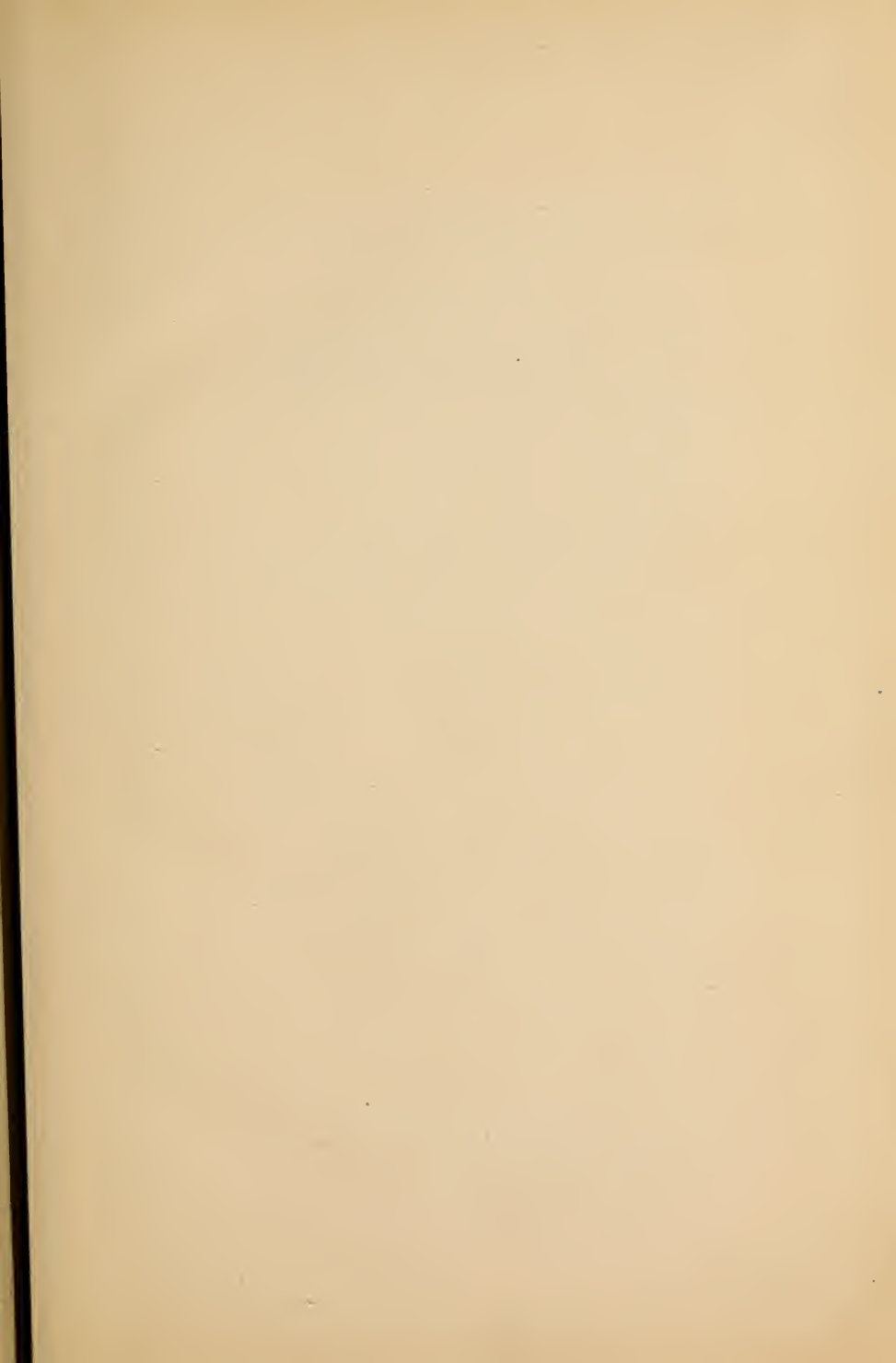
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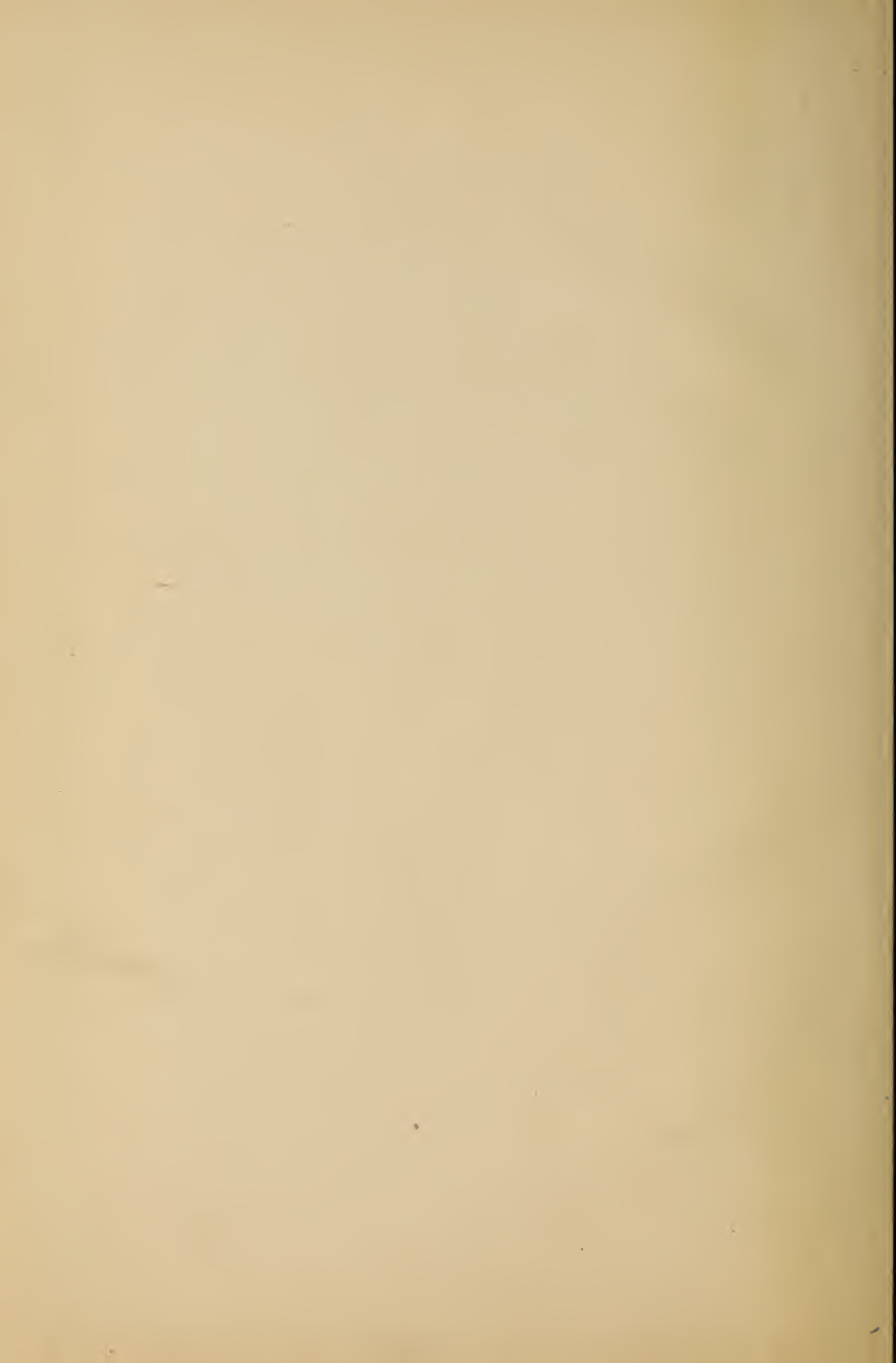
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THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S Hymnal.

ADAPTED TO THE USE OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS, EPWORTH LEAGUES,
PRAYER MEETINGS, AND REVIVALS.

BY
W. D. KIRKLAND, D.D.,
JAMES ATKINS, D.D.,
WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK.

NASHVILLE, TENN.:
PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.
BARBEE & SMITH, AGENTS.
1897.

PREFACE.

THE Young People's Hymnal is issued in accordance with a resolution passed by the General Conference at Memphis in May, 1894.

Dr. W. D. Kirkland, the late Sunday School Editor, had made considerable progress in the work of preparing the contents of the book before his death, which occurred May 31, 1896.

The plan adopted in the determination of material for the book was, we believe, most wisely chosen.

Persons of taste and experience in every section of the territory occupied by the Church were consulted as to the hymns and music best suited to the use of young people in their various grades of work. A record was made of the thousands of responses thus obtained, the vote for pieces was tabulated, and selections were made from those having the highest number. To these were added many new songs procured or produced by Prof. W. J. Kirkpatrick, the music editor. As a result of this coöperative method we are able to present to the religious public a song book of extraordinary variety and richness in respect both to the hymns and the tunes. Our musical friends will find in it a rare combination of that gravity which rightly belongs to religious music, with that brightness which lends to sacred song a charm for joyous young people of all communions. The double aim has been to advance religious life and to make all the life of our young people brighter and happier.

We would, in one word, remind pastors, superintendents, and other leaders of religious work how vast a power resides in good music for insuring attendance upon meetings of every kind, and for the refinement and enlargement of character in all who are brought under its charming influence.

We send the book forth with the hope that it may find favor with the public; and that, above all, it may find acceptance with Him who is pleased to "inhabit the praises of Israel."

JAMES ATKINS, *Sunday School Editor.*

(2)

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S HYMNAL.

No. 1.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!

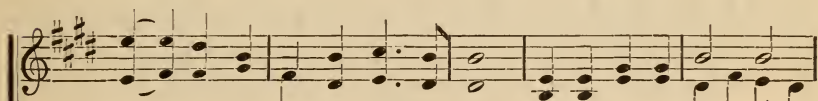
(NICÆA. 11, 12, 10.)

REGINALD HEBER, D.D.

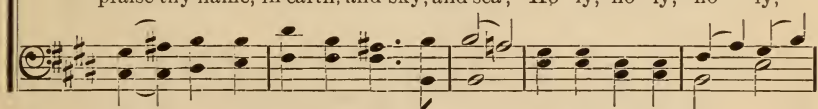
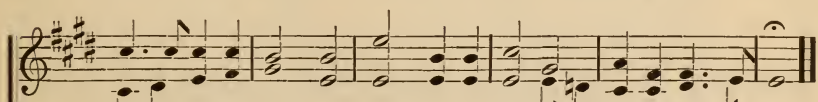
Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.



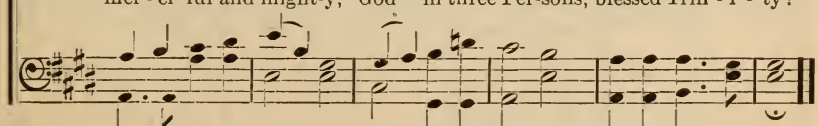
1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! Ear-ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints a-dore thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All thy works shall

morn - ing our songs shall rise to thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly,
 gold-en crowns around the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and sera-phem
 sin-ful men thy glo-ry may not see; On-ly thou art ho - ly;
 praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly,

mer-ci-ful and might-y! God in three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i-ty!
 fall-ing down before thee, Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
 there is none be-side thee, Per-fect in power, in love, and pur-i-ty!
 mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i-ty!

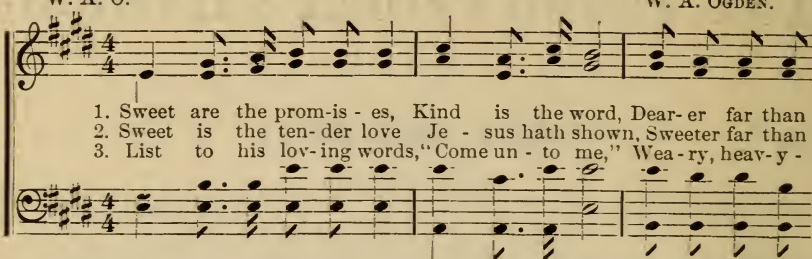


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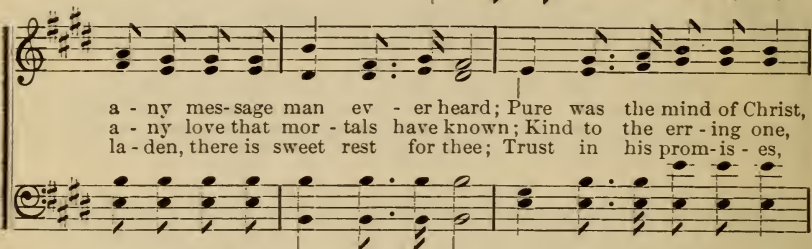
WHERE HE LEADS I'LL FOLLOW.

W. A. O.

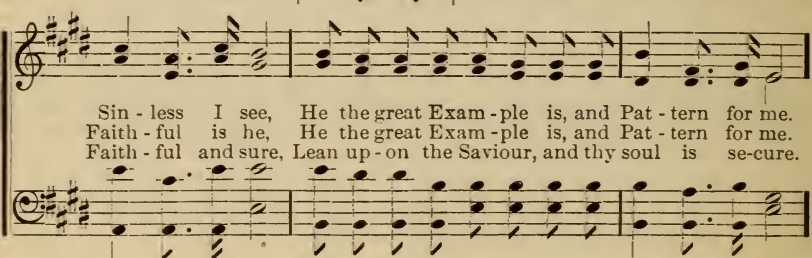
W. A. OGDEN.



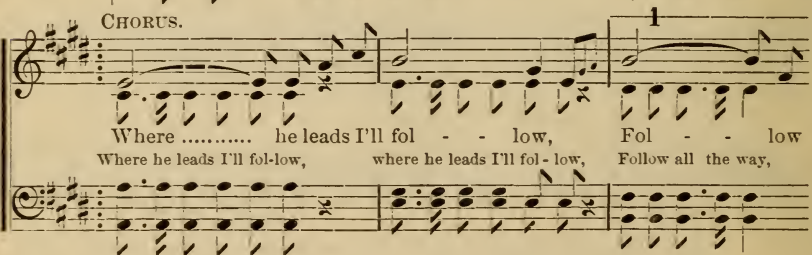
1. Sweet are the prom-is - es, Kind is the word, Dear-er far than
 2. Sweet is the ten-der love Je - sus hath shown, Sweeter far than
 3. List to his lov-ing words, "Come un - to me," Wea-ry, heav-y -



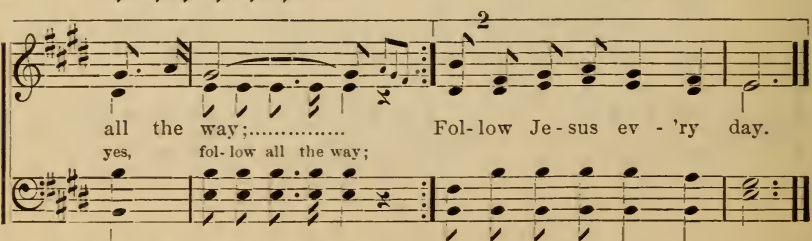
a - ny mes-sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,
 a - ny love that mor - tals have known; Kind to the err - ing one,
 la - den, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in his prom-is - es,



Sin - less I see, He the great Exam-ple is, and Pat - tern for me.
 Faith - ful is he, He the great Exam-ple is, and Pat - tern for me.
 Faith - ful and sure, Lean up - on the Saviour, and thy soul is se-cure.



CHORUS.
 Where he leads I'll fol - - low, Fol - - low
 Where he leads I'll fol-low, where he leads I'll fol - low, Follow all the way,



all the way; Fol-low Je-sus ev - 'ry day.
 yes, fol-low all the way;

No. 3.

LOOK UP, LIFT UP.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Look up to Je - sus, lift up thy neighbor, Lead to the Sav - iour,
 2. Look up to Je - sus, lift up his ban - ner, Faith - ful - ly fol - low,
 3. Look up to Je - sus, lift up ho - san - nas, Glad hal - le - lu - jahs
 4. Look up to Je - sus, lift up a prom - ise, Trust - ful - ly, tru - ly,

tell of his pow'r, Seek for the stray - ing, com - fort the wea - ry,
 stand for the right, Car - ry his col - ors where he may lead you,
 ring - ing a - bove, Je - sus has saved us: let joy - ful serv - ice
 pray in his name, For all the err - ing, make in - ter - ces - sion,

CHORUS.

Look up for guidance hour by hour. Look up, lift up! look up to Je - sus,
 Strive for the vic - t'ry in his might.
 Bear grateful wit - ness of his love.
 Look up! a covenant blessing claim.

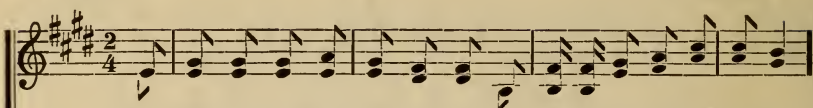
Far a - bove the darkness where his glories shine; Filled with his Spir - it,

Lift up thy neighbor, Then a crown, a glorious crown shall one day be thine.

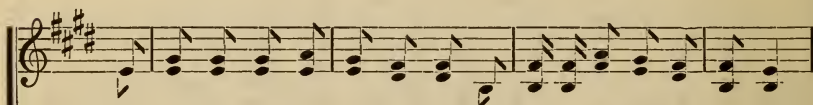
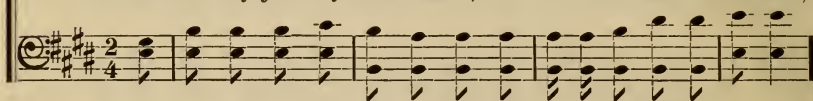
No. 4. I NEVER WILL CEASE TO LOVE HIM.

C. H. G.

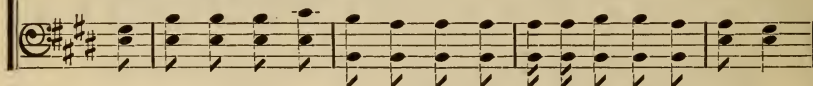
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



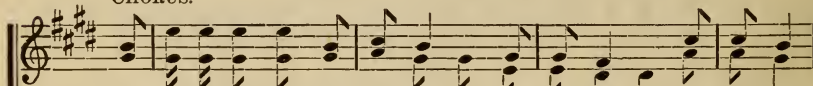
1. For all the Lord has done for me, I never will cease to love him;
2. He gives me strength for ev-'ry day, I never will cease to love him;
3. Tho' all the world his love re-ject, I never will cease to love him;
4. He saves me ev-'ry day and hour, I never will cease to love him;
5. While on my jour-ney here be-low, I never will cease to love him;



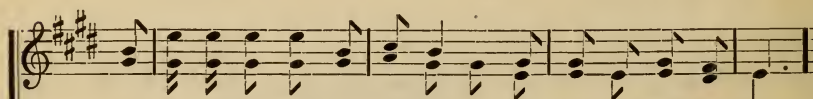
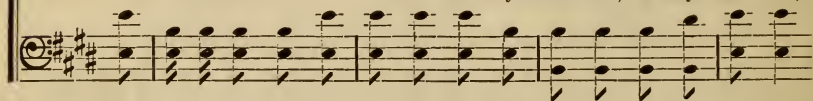
And for his grace so rich and free, I nev-er will cease to love him.
 He leads and guides me all the way, I nev-er will cease to love him.
 I could not such a friend neglect, I nev-er will cease to love him.
 Just now I feel his cleansing pow'r, I nev-er will cease to love him.
 And when to that bright world I go, I nev-er will cease to love him.



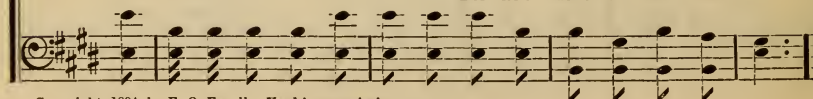
CHORUS.



I nev-er will cease to love him, my Sav-iour, my Sav-iour;
 He's my Sav-iour, he's my Sav-iour;



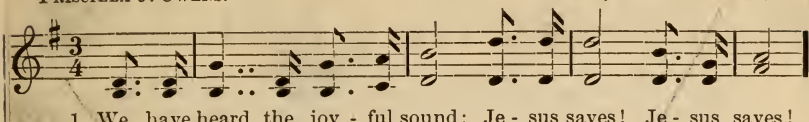
I nev-er will cease to love him, He's done so much for me.
 For he's done so much for me.



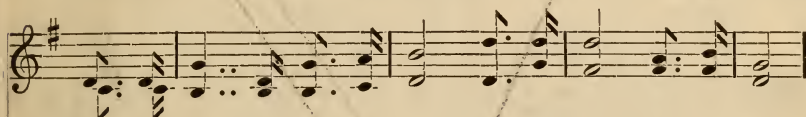
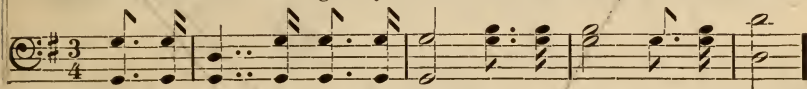
"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts xvi. 31.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

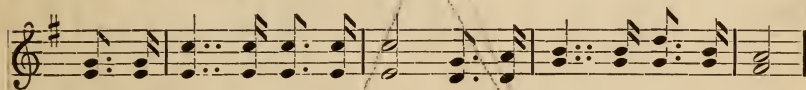
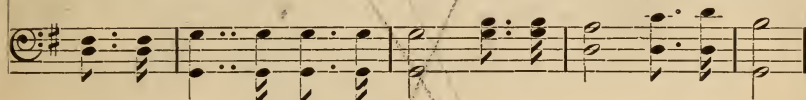
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



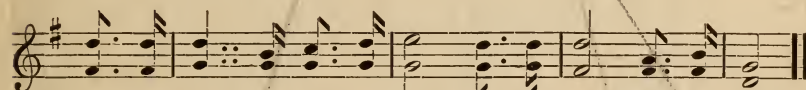
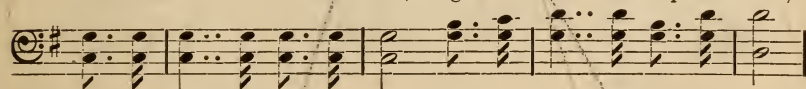
1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



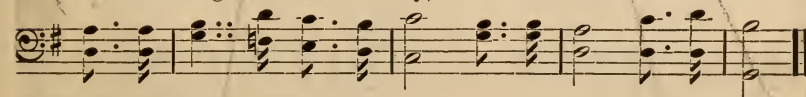
Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 By his death and end - less life: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Let the na - tions now re - joice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;

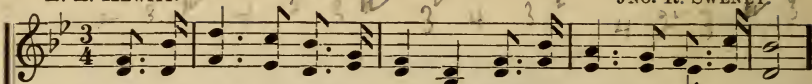


On - ward!—'tis our Lord's command: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

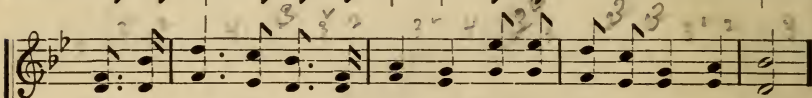
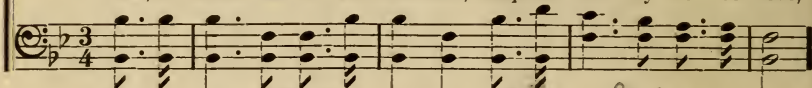


E. E. HEWITT.

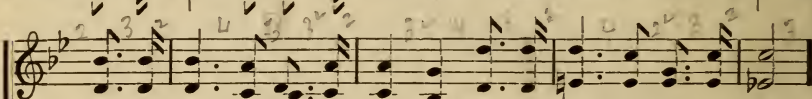
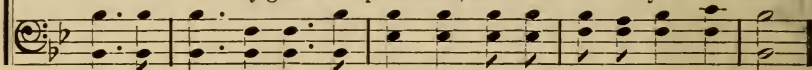
JNO. R. SWENEY.



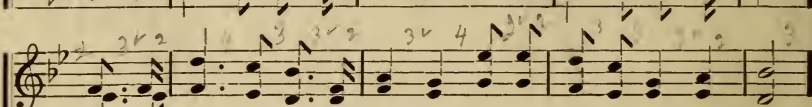
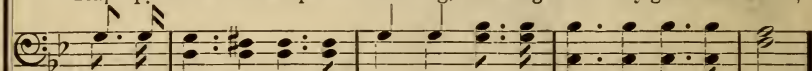
1. O what ev - er - last - ing mer - cy Saved me, pardoned, and re - stored;
2. Make my life henceforth a chan - nel, Where thy love shall have its way,
3. Free, ex - haust - less is the fount - ain, Help me free - ly to be - lieve,



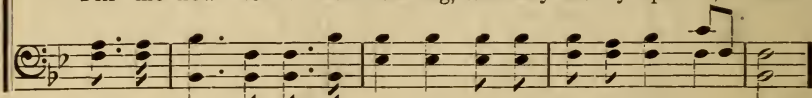
Fill me now to o - ver - flow - ing, With thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord.
 Bless'd, that I may be a bless - ing, Use me, Sav - iour, ev - 'ry day.
 Riv - ers of thy grace are prom - ised, More and more may I re - ceive.



Give me of the liv - ing wa - ter, Till my soul is sat - is - fied;
 Clos - er, clos - er to the fount - ain, Hold my heart, my soul, my will;
 Hap - py thirst that keeps me com - ing, Pleading still thy gra - cious word;

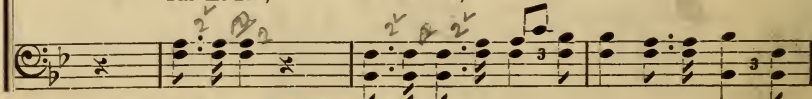


From the wells of thy sal - va - tion, Be my ev - 'ry need sup - plied.
 Let the bless - ed heav'nly cur - rents, Rich - ly all my be - ing fill.
 Fill me now to o - ver - flow - ing, With thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord.



CHORUS

Fill me now, fill me now, To o - ver - flow - ing, to o - ver -
 Fill me now, fill me now, fill me now,



No. 7.

I SURRENDER ALL.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

(DUET.)

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to him I free - ly give; }
 { I will ev - er love and trust him, In his pres - ence dai - ly live. }
 2. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Hum - bly at his feet I bow, }
 { Worldly pleas - ures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }
 3. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav - iour, wholly thine; }
 { Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine. }

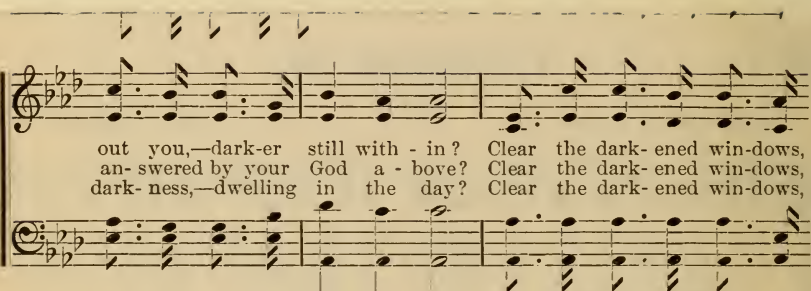
CHORUS.

I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all,
 I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all,
 All to thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur - ren - der all.

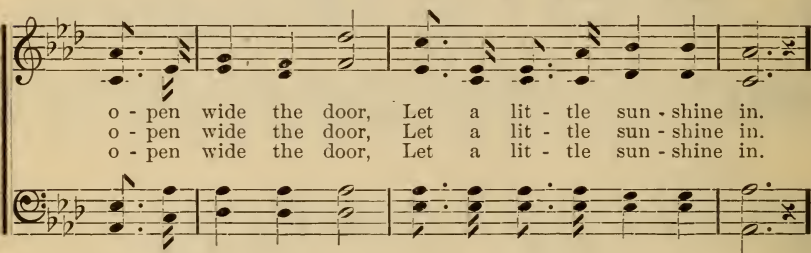
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4 All to Jesus I surrender,
 Lord, I give myself to thee,
 Fill me with thy love and power,
 Let thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
 Now I feel the sacred flame;
 O the joy of full salvation!
 Glory, glory to his name!

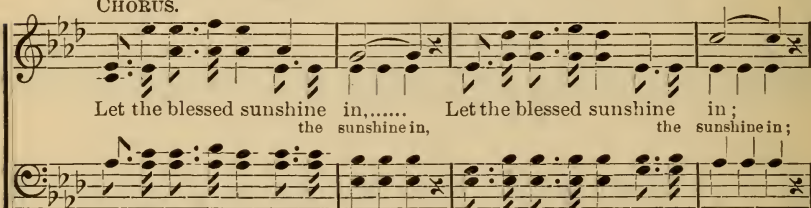


out you,—dark-er still with - in? Clear the dark-ened win-dows,
 an- swered by your God a - bove? Clear the dark-ened win-dows,
 dark- ness,—dwelling in the day? Clear the dark-ened win-dows,

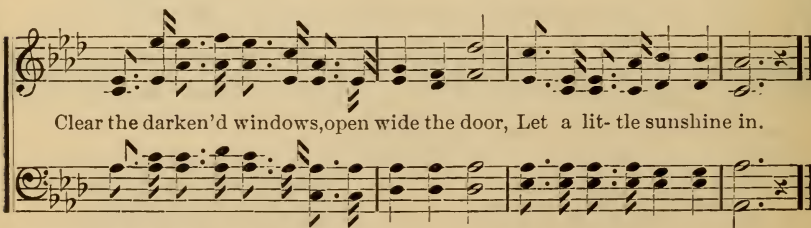


o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.
 o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.
 o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.

CHORUS.



Let the blessed sunshine in,..... Let the blessed sunshine in;
 the sunshine in, the sunshine in;



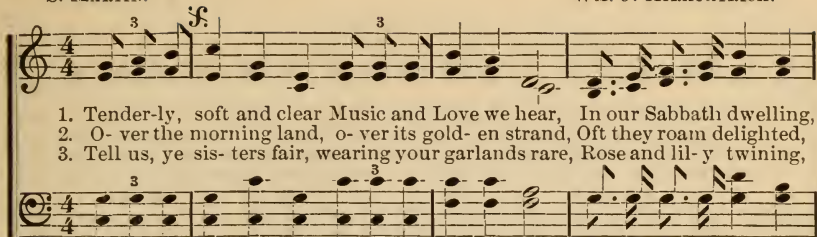
Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a lit - tle sunshine in.

No. 9.

MUSIC AND LOVE.

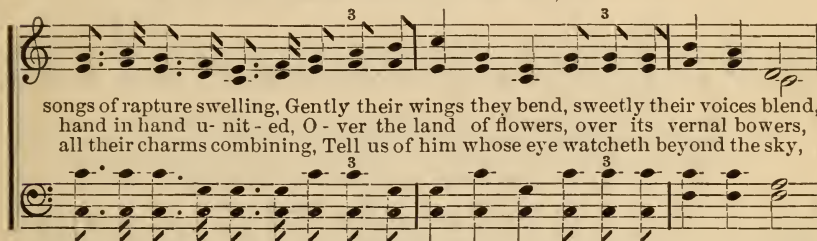
S. MARTIN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

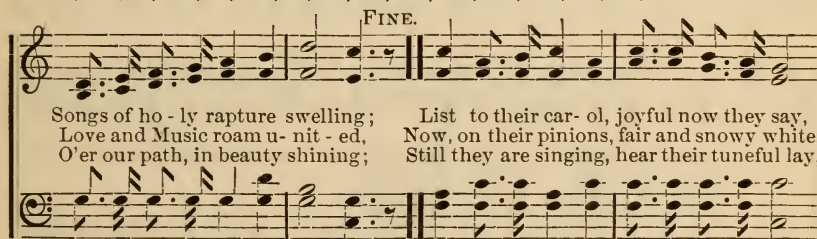


1. Tender-ly, soft and clear Music and Love we hear, In our Sabbath dwelling,
 2. O- ver the morning land, o- ver its gold- en strand, Oft they roam delighted,
 3. Tell us, ye sis- ters fair, wearing your garlands rare, Rose and lil- y twining,

D.S.—soft and clear Music and Love we hear, etc.

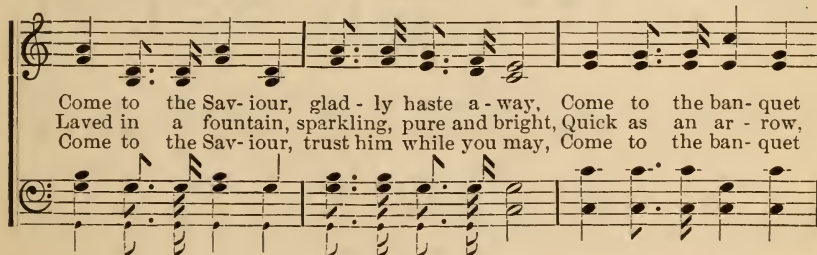


songs of rapture swelling, Gently their wings they bend, sweetly their voices blend,
 hand in hand u- nit- ed, O- ver the land of flowers, over its vernal bowers,
 all their charms combining, Tell us of him whose eye watcheth beyond the sky,

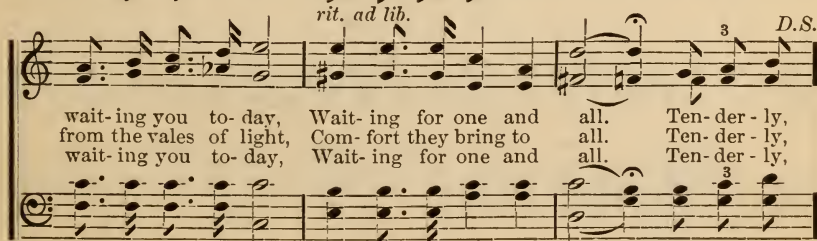


FINE.

Songs of ho- ly rapture swelling; List to their car- ol, joyful now they say,
 Love and Music roam u- nit- ed, Now, on their pinions, fair and snowy white,
 O'er our path, in beauty shining; Still they are singing, hear their tuneful lay,



Come to the Sav- iour, glad- ly haste a- way, Come to the ban- quet
 Laved in a fountain, sparkling, pure and bright, Quick as an ar- row,
 Come to the Sav- iour, trust him while you may, Come to the ban- quet

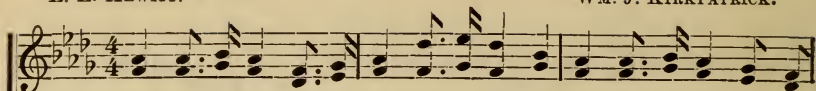


rit. ad lib. *D.S.*

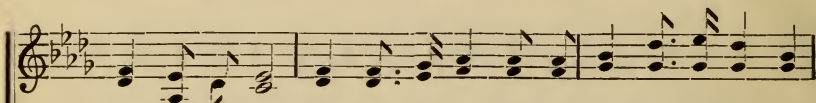
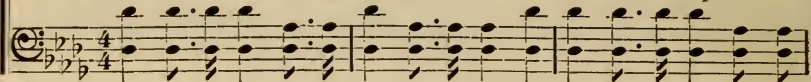
wait- ing you to- day, Wait- ing for one and all. Ten- der- ly,
 from the vales of light, Com- fort they bring to all. Ten- der- ly,
 wait- ing you to- day, Wait- ing for one and all. Ten- der- ly,

E. E. HEWITT.

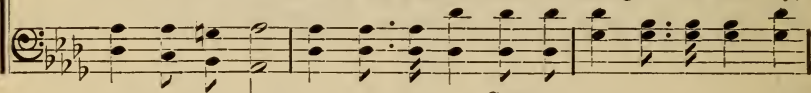
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



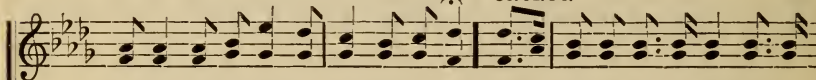
1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Press - ing more closely to him who is lead - ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walk - ing in footsteps of gen - tle forbearance, Footsteps of faith - ful - ness
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Upward, still upward we'll



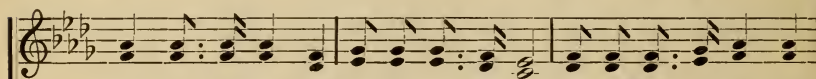
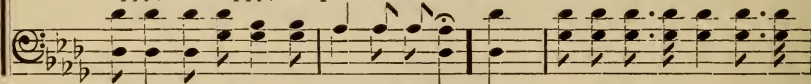
Sav - iour and King; Shap - ing our lives by his bless - ed ex - am - ple,
 turn from the way; Trust - ing the arm that is strong to de - fend us,
 mer - cy, and love, Look - ing to him for the grace free - ly prom - ised,
 fol - low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the King in his beau - ty,"



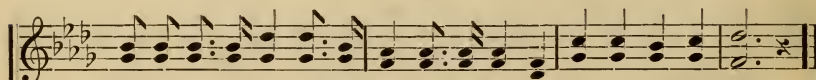
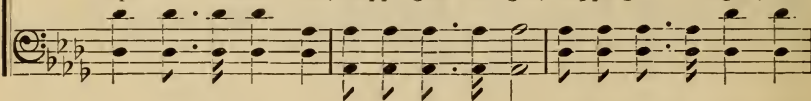
CHORUS.



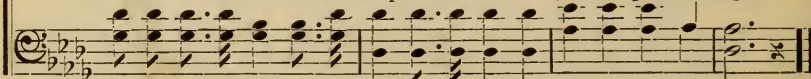
Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring. How beau - ti - ful to walk in the
 Happy, how happy, our prais - es each day.
 Happy, how happy, our jour - ney a - bove.
 Happy, how happy, our place at his side.



steps of the Sav - iour, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How



beau - ti - ful to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Led in paths of light.



1. There'ssun-shine in mysoul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
 2. There's mu-sic in mysoul to-day, A car-ol to my King,
 3. There'sspringtime in mysoul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
 4. There'sglad-ness in mysoul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in a - nyearthly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
 And Je - sus, list - en-ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
 The dove of peacesin my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
 For bless - ings which he gives me now, For joys laid up a - bove.

CHORUS.

O there's sun - shine, Bless - ed sun - shine,
 O there's sun - shine in the soul, Bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,

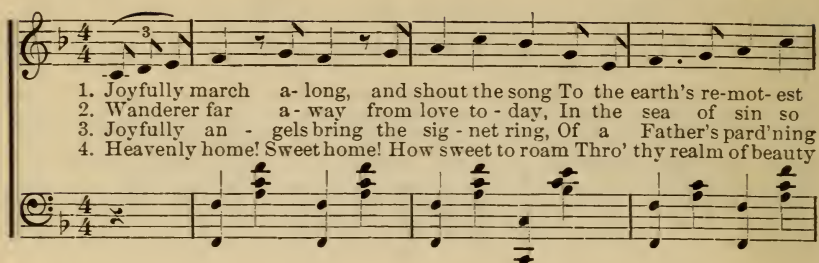
While the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll; When
 hap - py mo - ments roll,

Je - sus shows his smil-ing face There is sunshine in the soul.

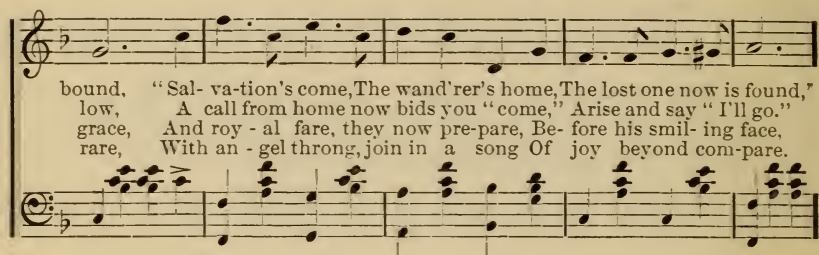
No. 12. REJOICE, REJOICE, THE LOST IS FOUND.

F. L. B.

FRANK L. BRISTOW.



1. Joyfully march a-long, and shout the song To the earth's re-mot-est
 2. Wanderer far a-way from love to-day, In the sea of sin so
 3. Joyfully an-gels bring the sig-net ring, Of a Father's pard'ning
 4. Heavenly home! Sweet home! How sweet to roam Thro' thy realm of beauty

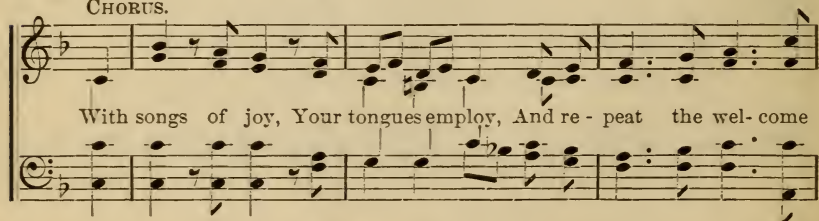


bound, "Sal-va-tion's come, The wand'rer's home, The lost one now is found,"
 low, A call from home now bids you "come," Arise and say "I'll go."
 grace, And roy-al fare, they now pre-pare, Be-fore his smil-ing face,
 rare, With an-gel throng, join in a song Of joy beyond com-pare.

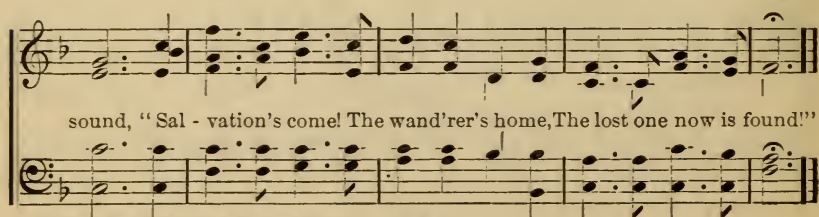


Re-joice! Re-joice! with heart and voice; Repeat the welcome sound!
 Your va-cant chair is wait-ing there, And raiment white as snow!
 A-way with fears! a-way with tears! Receive his fond em-brace!
 "Re-deem-er!" "King!" for-ev-er sing The loved ones gathered there!

CHORUS.



With songs of joy, Your tongues employ, And re-peat the wel-come



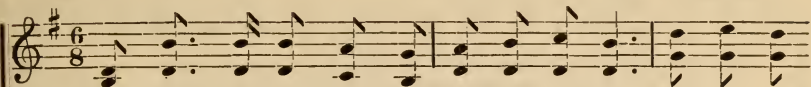
sound, "Sal-va-tion's come! The wand'rer's home, The lost one now is found!"

THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE.

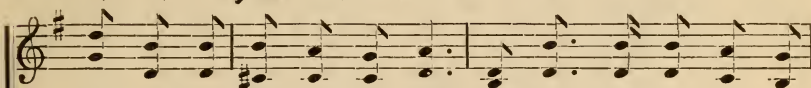
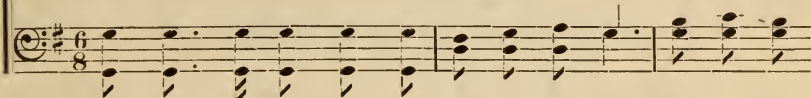
(MAY BE SUNG AS A SOLO AND CHORUS.)

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

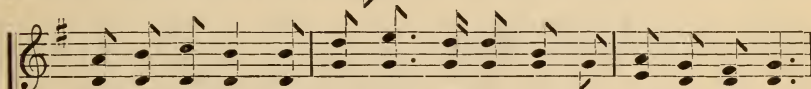
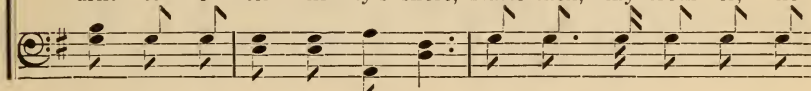
E. S. U. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.



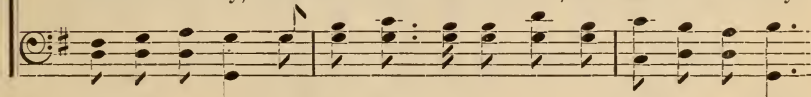
1. Throw out the life - line a - cross the dark wave, There is a
2. Throw out the life - line with hand quick and strong: Why do you
3. Throw out the life - line to dan - ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they



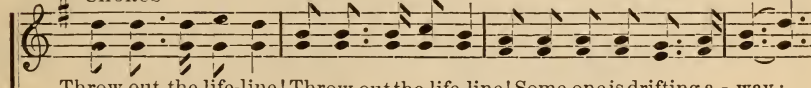
broth - er whom some one should save; Some - bod - y's broth - er! O
 tar - ry, why lin - ger so long? See! he is sink - ing; And
 an - guish where you've nev - er been: Winds of temp - ta - tion and
 drift to e - ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my broth - er, no



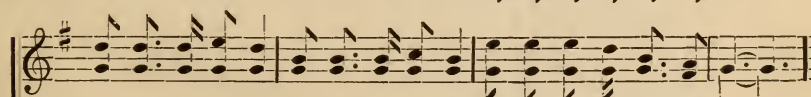
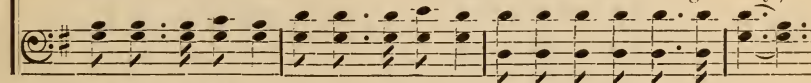
who then will dare To throw out the life - line, his per - il to share?
 has - ten to - day—And out with the life - boat! a - way, then, a - way!
 bil - lows of woe Will soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.
 time for de - lay, But throw out the life - line, and save them to - day.



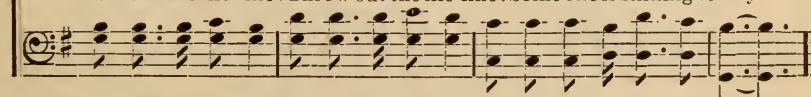
CHORUS



Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line! Some one is drifting a - way;

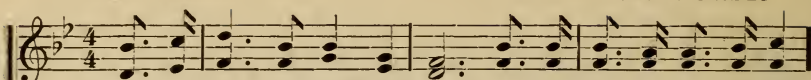


Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line! Some one is sinking to-day.

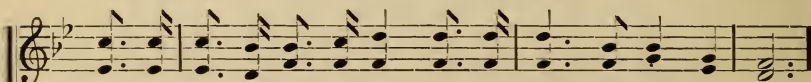


R. KELSO CARTER.

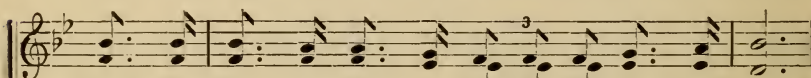
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Je - sus is the Light, the Way, We are walk-ing in the light,
 2. We who know our sins for-given, We are walk-ing in the light,
 3. As we jour - ney here be - low, We are walk-ing in the light,
 4. We will sing his power to save, We are walk-ing in the light,

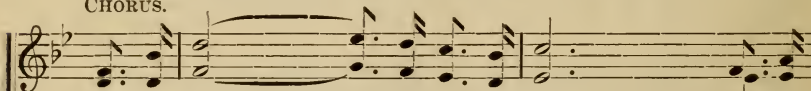


We are walk-ing in the light; Shin-ing bright - er day by day,
 We are walk-ing in the light; Find on earth the joy of heaven,
 We are walk-ing in the light; O what joy and peace we know,
 We are walk-ing in the light; We will tri - umph o'er the grave,

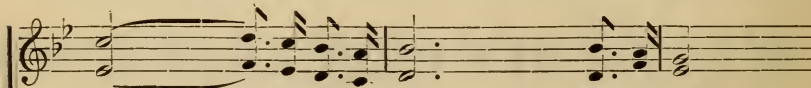


We are walk - ing in the beau - ti - ful light of God.

CHORUS.



We are walk - - ing in the light, We are
 Walk-ing in the light, beau-ti-ful light of God,



walk - - ing in the light, We are walk - -
 Walk-ing in the light, beau-ti-ful light of God, Walking in the

THE BEAUTIFUL LIGHT. (Concluded.)

ing in the light,..... We are walking in the beautiful light of God.
light, Walking in the light,

No. 15. SINCE I FOUND MY SAVIOUR.

E. E. HEWITT.

(MAY BE USED AS A SOLO AND CHORUS.)

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Life wears a dif-ferent face to me, Since I found my Sav-iour;
2. He sought me in his wondrous love, So I found my Sav-iour,
3. The pass-ing clouds may in-ter-vene, Since I found my Sav-iour,
4. A strong hand kindly holds my own. Since I found my Sav-iour,

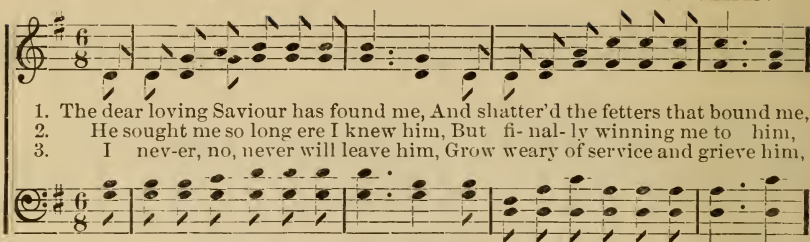
Rich mer-cy at the cross I see, My dy-ing, liv-ing Sav-iour.
He brought salva-tion from a-bove, My dear, almighty Sav-iour.
But he is with me, though unseen, My ev-er-pres-ent Sav-iour.
It leads me on-ward to the throne, O there I'll see my Sav-iour.

CHORUS.

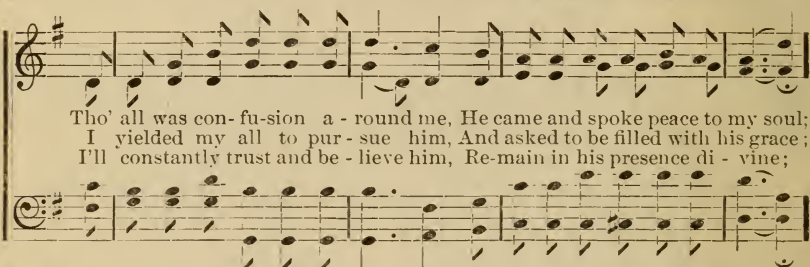
Gold-en sunbeams 'round me play, Je-sus turns my night to day,

Heav-en seems not far a-way, Since I found my Sav-iour.

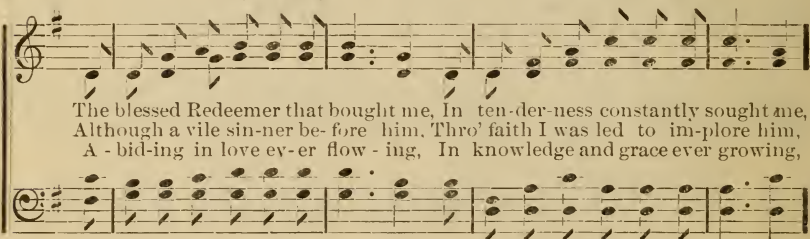
Copyright, 1892, by Jno. R. Sweney. Used by permission.



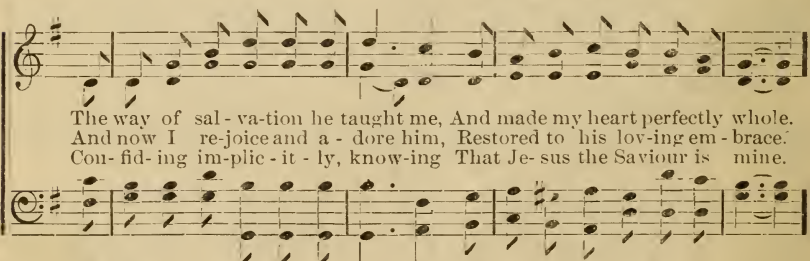
1. The dear loving Saviour has found me, And shatter'd the fetters that bound me,
 2. He sought me so long ere I knew him, But fi-nal-ly winning me to him,
 3. I nev-er, no, never will leave him, Grow weary of service and grieve him,



Tho' all was con-fu-sion a-round me, He came and spoke peace to my soul;
 I yielded my all to pur-sue him, And asked to be filled with his grace;
 I'll constantly trust and be-lieve him, Re-main in his presence di-vine;

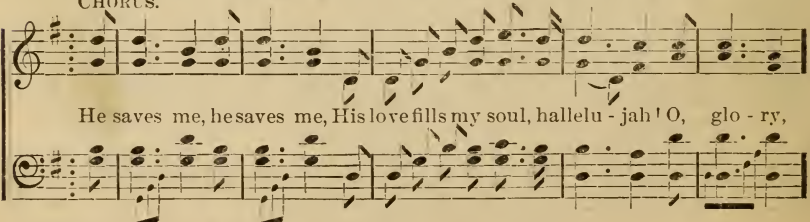


The blessed Redeemer that bought me, In ten-der-ness constantly sought me,
 Although a vile sin-ner be-fore him, Thro' faith I was led to im-plore him,
 A-bid-ing in love ey-er flow-ing, In knowledge and grace ever growing,



The way of sal-va-tion he taught me, And made my heart perfectly whole.
 And now I re-joice and a-dore him, Restored to his lov-ing em-brace.
 Con-fid-ing im-plic-it-ly, know-ing That Je-sus the Saviour is mine.

CHORUS.



He saves me, he saves me, His love fills my soul, hallelu-jah! O, glo-ry,

HE SAVES ME. (Concluded.)

1 2
Rit.
 O, glo - ry, { His Spir-it a - bid-eth with-in;
 His blood cleanses (*Omit*.....) me from all sin.

No. 17.

ENTER INTO THY CLOSET.

F. G. BURROUGHS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. En - ter in - to thy clos - et, Steal from the world a - way;
 2. En - ter in - to thy clos - et, Hide from all else thy grief,
 3. En - ter in - to thy clos - et, Stay till thou find - est rest,

There in the calm and si - lence Un - to thy Fa - ther pray.
 He who can see in se - cret Shall give thy heart re - lief.
 Then bring thy peace where oth - ers May by its calm be blest.

CHORUS.

Pour out the woes that op-press thee, On him thy bur-dens roll;

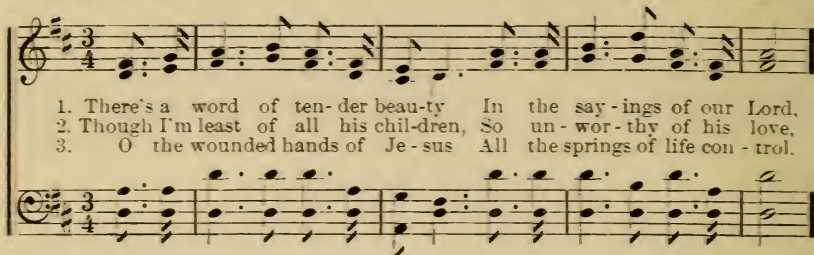
He who doth know thy sor - rows Will sure - ly re-fresh thy soul.

"Not one of them is forgotten before God."—LUKE xii. 6.

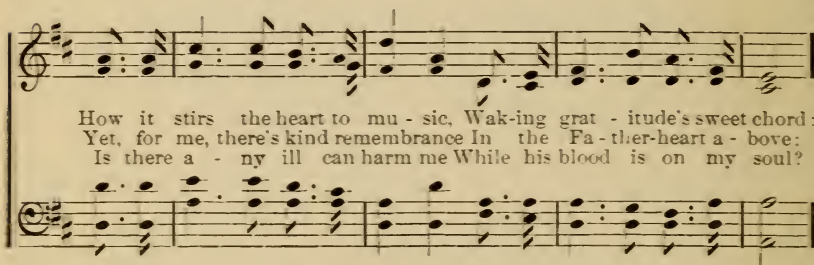
(MAY BE SUNG AS A SOLO AND CHORUS.)

E. E. HEWITT.

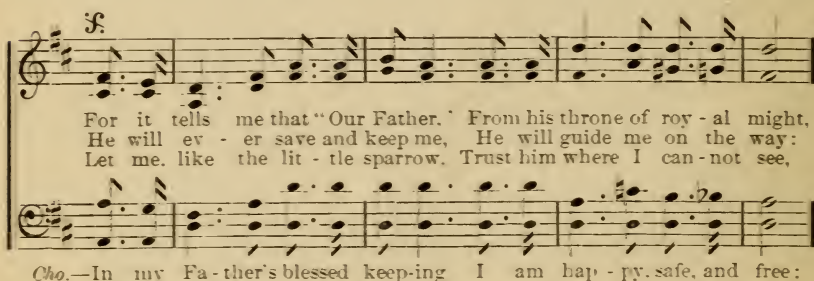
H. L. GILMOUR.



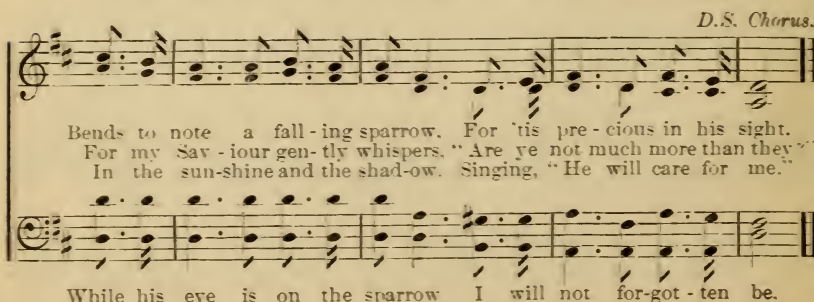
1. There's a word of ten-der beau-ty In the say-ings of our Lord,
2. Though I'm least of all his chil-dren, So un-wor-thy of his love,
3. O the wounded hands of Je-sus All the springs of life con-trol.



How it stirs the heart to mu-sic, Wak-ing grat-itude's sweet chord:
Yet, for me, there's kind remembrance In the Fa-ther-heart a-bove;
Is there a - ny ill can harm me While his blood is on my soul?



For it tells me that "Our Father," From his throne of roy-al might,
He will ev-er save and keep me, He will guide me on the way:
Let me, like the lit-tle sparrow, Trust him where I can-not see,
Cho.—In my Fa-ther's blessed keeping I am hap-py, safe, and free:

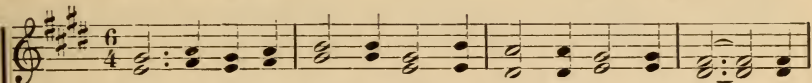


D.S. Chorus.
Bends to note a fall-ing sparrow. For 'tis pre-cious in his sight.
For my Sav-iour gen-tly whispers, "Are ye not much more than they?"
In the sun-shine and the shad-ow. Singing, "He will care for me."
While his eye is on the sparrow I will not for-got-ten be.

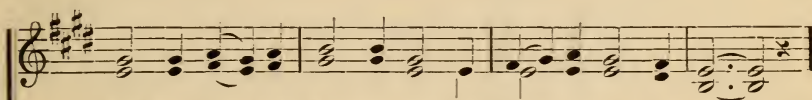
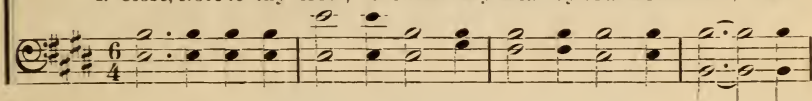
No. 19. CLOSE TO THY CROSS, O CHRIST.

Rev. JOSEPHUS ANDERSON, D.D.

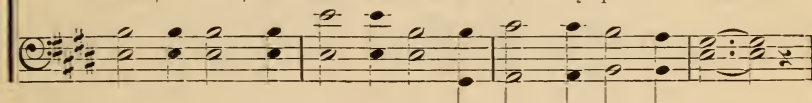
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



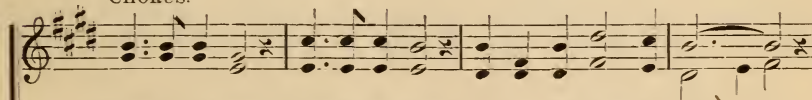
1. Close, close to thy cross, O Christ! My guilt - y soul would fly; Thy
2. Close, close to thy cross, O Christ! My burdened soul would go; There's
3. Close, close to thy cross, O Christ! My tempted soul would stand; No
4. Close, close to thy cross, O Christ! My wea - ry soul would rest; No



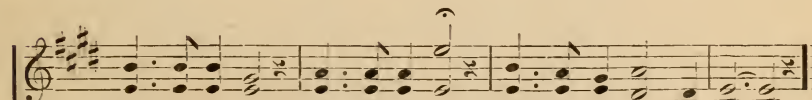
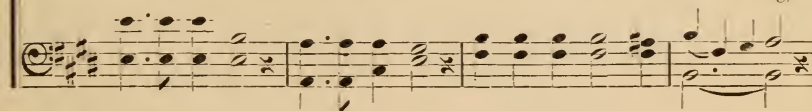
flow - ing blood can wash me white From sins of crim - son dye!
 sweet re - lief in thy warm love For ev - 'ry grief I know!
 foe can harm, no work o'er-task, While un - der thy kind hand!
 wrath, no fear, no shad - ows there Dis - turb my qui - et breast!



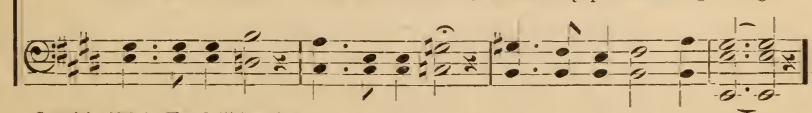
CHORUS.



Close to thy cross, 'close to thy cross, Je - sus, my Lord, I cling;.....
 I cling,



Shel - ter me there, shel - ter me there, 'Neath thy pro - tect - ing wing.



E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There are souls, per-ish-ing souls, o-ver the sea, Per-ish-ing
 2. Bless-ed work, beau-ti-ful work, children of light, Grate-ful-ly
 3. Lift the cross, Cal-va-ry's cross! near and a-far, Numberless

o-ver the sea.

souls in our own na-tive land; Bearing the mes-sage of love ev-er-
 tell of the Mas-ter we love, Witness-ing dai-ly of him who hath
 hearts shall acknowledge its power; Hasten the day when the na-tions shall

last-ing and free, Let us reach them a kind, help-ing hand.
 scat-tered our night, And pre-pares us for man-sions a-bove.
 fol-low his star, Hail the dawn of the bright, gold-en hour.

CHORUS.

Per-ish-ing souls, o-ver the sea; Ju-bi-lant
 Per-ish-ing souls, o-ver the sea.

songs float-ing o-ver the waves, Car-ry the joy, won-der-ful
 Car-ry the joy,

PERISHING SOULS. (Concluded.)

joy, Car - ry the news, glorious news, Je - sus saves.....
 Won - der - ful joy, Je - sus saves.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It features a melody with triplet markings over the words 'joy,' and 'Je - sus saves.....'. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with triplet markings.

No. 21.

BRING THEM IN.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark ! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,
 2. Who'll go and help the Shepherd kind, Help him the wand'ring lambs to find?
 3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry ; Out on the mountain wild and high,

The musical score for the first system consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are placed between the staves.

Calling the lambs who've gone astray, Far from the Shepherd's fold away.
 Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
 Hark ! 'tis the Master speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs where'er they be."

The musical score for the second system consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are placed between the staves.

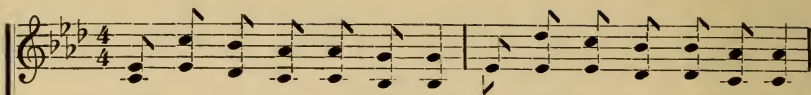
CHORUS.

1 2
 { Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin ;
 { Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ers to..... Je-sus.

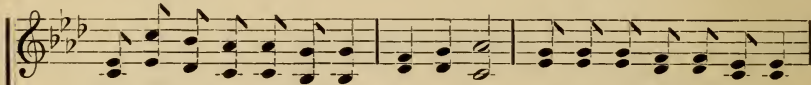
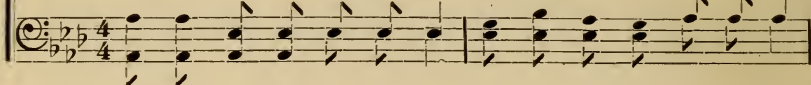
The musical score for the chorus consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. It includes first and second endings, marked with '1' and '2'. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are placed between the staves.

Rev. JOHN R. COLGAN.

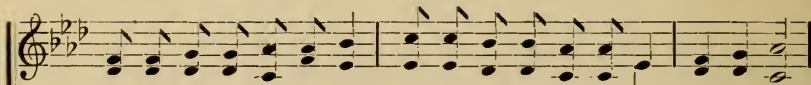
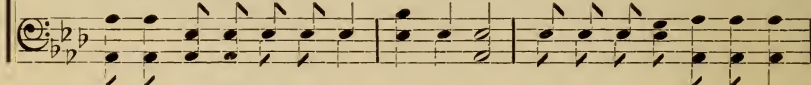
A. F. MYERS.



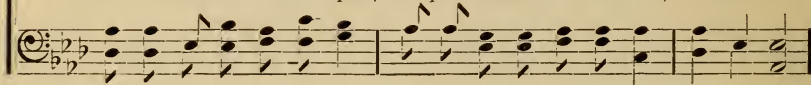
1. Might - y ar - my of the young, Lift the voice in cheer - ful song,
 2. Tongues of chil - dren light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee,
 3. Je - sus lives, O bless - ed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords!



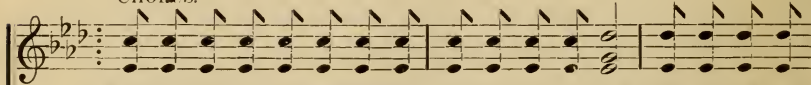
Send the welcome word a-long, Je-sus lives! Once he died for you and me,
 Sing to all on land and sea, Je-sus lives! Light for you and all mankind,
 Lift the cross and sheathe the swords, Je-sus lives! See, he breaks the prison wall,



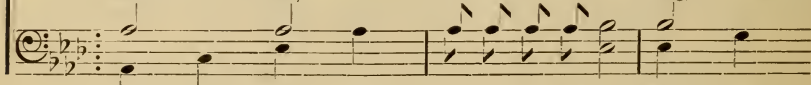
Bore our sins up - on the tree, Now he lives to make us free, Je-sus lives!
 Sight for all by sin made blind, Life in Je - sus all may find, Je-sus lives!
 Throws a - side the dreadful pall, Conquers death at once for all, Je-sus lives!



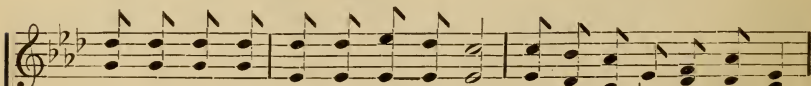
CHORUS.



Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you old - er grow, Ral - ly now and
 Wait not, Sing,



Wait not, wait not, Sing for



sing for Je - sus, ev - 'rywhere you go, Lift your joy - ful voi - ces high,
 sing,



Je - sus,

From "The Search Light." Used by permission.

JESUS LIVES! (Concluded.)

*Chorus may repeat pp.
f rit.*

Ring-ing clear thro' earth and sky, Let the blessed tid-ings fly, Je - sus lives!

No. 23.

BLESSED BE THE NAME.

W. H. CLARK.

Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. All praise to him who reigns a - bove, In maj - es - ty su-preme;
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more,
3. His name shall be the Coun - sel - or, The might-y Prince of Peace,
4. Re - deem-er, Sav-iour, Friend of man Once ru - ined by the fall,

Who gave his Son for man to die, That he might man re - deem.
At God the Father's own right hand, Where an - gel hosts a - dore.
Of all earth's kingdoms Conqueror Whose reign shall nev - er cease.
Thou hast de - vised sal - va-tion's plan, For thou hast died for all.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

"They shall not be mentioned unto him."—EZEK. xviii. 22.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. My soul sings glo - ry all the way, For Je - sus took my sins a - way;
 2. O wondrous grace, so rich and free, That mentions not my sins to me,
 3. But since he shows such grace to me, Let not his love for - got - ten be;
 4. My soul sings glo - ry all the way, To yon - der land of cloudless day,

With pre - cious blood they're covered o'er, He'll men - tion them no more.
 Since Je - sus in re - deem - ing love, Bro't mer - cy from a - bove.
 O let my life its trib - ute bring, My heart ex - ult - ant sing.
 And when I reach that hap - py shore, I'll praise him ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

My sins..... are all tak-en a - way,.....
 My sins are all tak-en a - way, My sins are all tak-en a - way,

My sins..... are all tak-en a - way;.....
 My sins are all tak-en a - way, My sins are all tak-en a - way;

O glo - ry to his name! O glo - ry to his name! My

HE'LL MENTION THEM NO MORE. (Concluded.)

sins are all tak-en a - way, tak-en a - way.....
tak-en a - way.

No. 25. WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BYE.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly,
2. How joy - ful is the tho't that lingers, When lov'd ones cross death's sea,
3. No part-ing words shall e'er be spok-en In that bright land of flow'rs,

Yet ev - er comes the tho't of sad-ness That we must say good-bye.
That when our la - bors here are end-ed, With them we'll ev - er be.
But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, Shall ev - er-more be ours.

CHORUS.

We'll nev - er say good-bye in heav'n, We'll never say good-bye; good-bye,

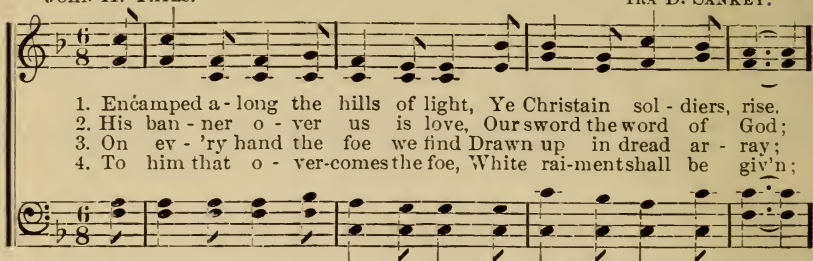
Repeat Chorus pp.

For in that land of joy and song, We'll nev-er say good - bye.

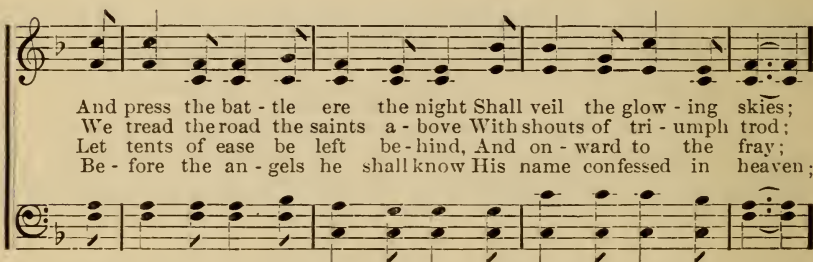
"The victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 JOHN 5: 4.

JOHN H. YATES.

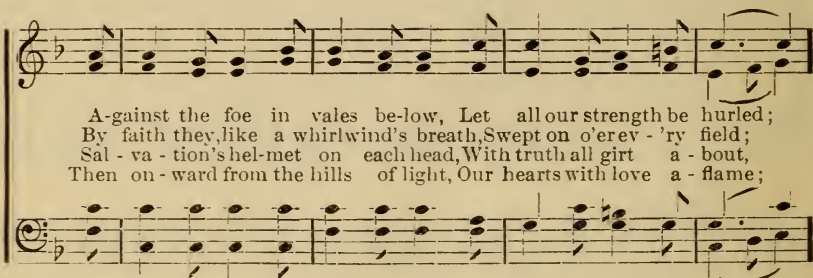
IRA D. SANKEY.



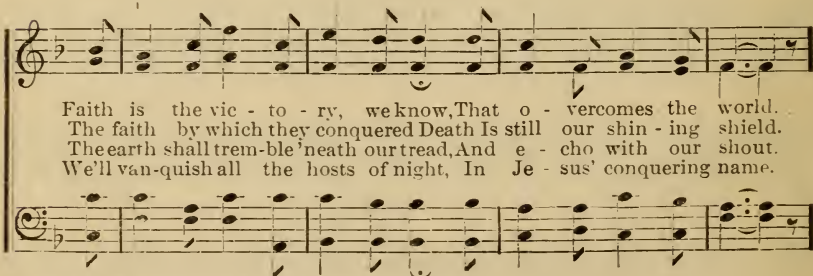
1. Encamp'd a-long the hills of light, Ye Christain sol-diers, rise.
 2. His ban-ner o-ver us is love, Our sword the word of God;
 3. On ev-'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar-ray;
 4. To him that o-ver-comes the foe, White rai-ments shall be giv'n;



And press the bat-tle ere the night Shall veil the glow-ing skies;
 We tread the road the saints a-bove With shouts of tri-umph trod;
 Let tents of ease be left be-hind, And on-ward to the fray;
 Be-fore the an-gels he shall know His name confessed in heaven;



A-against the foe in vales be-low, Let all our strength be hurled;
 By faith they, like a whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev-'ry field;
 Sal-va-tion's hel-met on each head, With truth all girt a-bout,
 Then on-ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a-flame;



Faith is the vic-to-ry, we know, That o-vercomes the world.
 The faith by which they conquered Death Is still our shin-ing shield.
 The earth shall trem-ble 'neath our tread, And e-cho with our shout.
 We'll van-quish all the hosts of night, In Je-sus' conquering name.

FAITH IS THE VICTORY. (Concluded.)

CHORUS.

Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!

O glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That o - ver - comes the world.

No. 27.

DRAW ME TO THEE.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Out on the midnight deep Hear thou my cry, Come to my res - cue, Lord.
2. Hope of the des - o - late, Light of the soul, Now of my lone - ly bark
3. Lord, at the o - pen door Let me come in, Heal thou my broken heart.

Save or I die. Let not the storm - y waves Break o - ver me.
Take thou con - trol. Yon - der the Ark of Grace Dim - ly I see,
Wea - ry of sin. Close to thy bleed - ing side Still would I be.

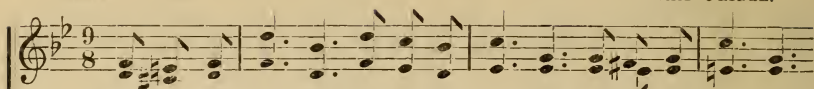
FINE. CHORUS.

D.S.

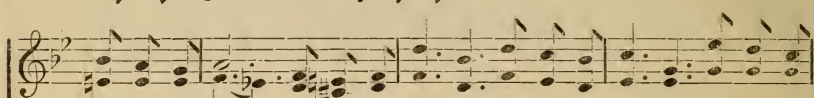
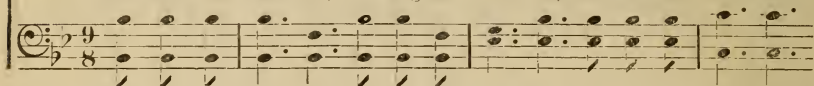
Reach out thy loving arm, Draw me to thee. Draw me to thee, Saviour. Draw me to thee.
D.S.—Reach out thy loving arm, Draw me to thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

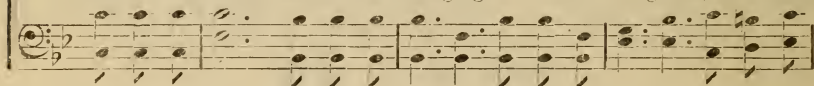
ADAM GEIBEL.



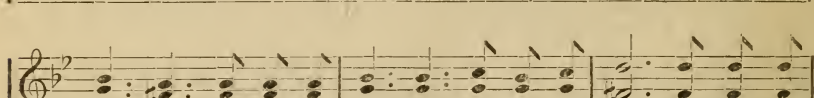
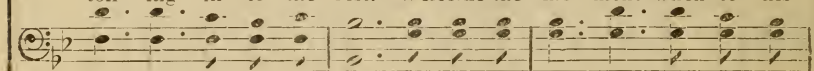
1. Mur-mur-ing soft-ly, car-ol-ing gent-ly, Mu-sic en-chant-ing
 2. Si-lent-ly mus-ing, bliss-ful-ly gaz-ing In-to the fu-ture
 3. There-our Re-deem-er, lov-ing Re-deem-er, Gath-ers the faith-ful



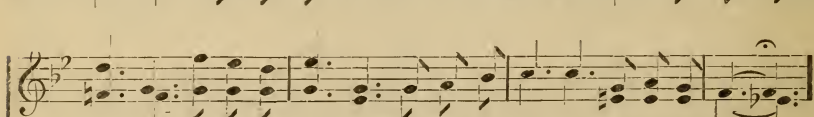
com-eth to me; O-ver the wa-ters, beau-ti-ful wa-ters, Where in the
 teen-ing with light, Sweet-ly the ech-oes float-ing a-round me, Whisper of
 safe on his breast, Out of the changing in-to the changeless, Out of the



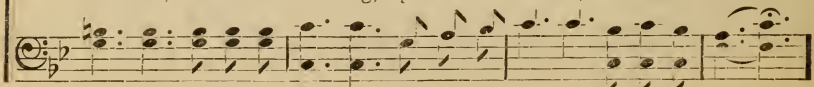
home land soon I shall be. How like a vis-ion ten-der-ly
 E-den love-ly and bright, Eden, where sum-mer, fade-less, e-
 toil-ing in-to the rest. Welcome the mo-ment when to his



steal-ing O-ver my spir-it wea-ry op-pressed; Drawing me
 ter-nal, Scat-ters its ros-es bloom-ing for a-ye; There is no
 pres-ence, Joy-ful my spir-it flies like a bird; O what a



up-ward, urging me for-ward, Tell-ing of sunshine, rapture and rest.
 part-ing, there is no weep-ing, Sor-row and sigh-ing van-ish a-way.
 mor-row, O what a meet-ing, Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard.



BEAUTIFUL WATERS OF EDEN. (Concluded.)

CHORUS.

Mur-mur-ing soft - ly, car - ol - ing gen - tly, Mu - sic en -
Murmuring soft-ly, car-ol-ing gen-tly,

chant - ing com-eth to me; O - ver the wa - ters, beau-ti-ful
Mu-sic enchant-ing O-ver the wa - ters,

wa - ters, Where in the home land soon I shall be.
beau-ti-ful wa - ters, Where in the home land

No. 29.

MY SAVIOUR.

DORA GREENWELL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am not skill'd to understand What God hath will'd, what God hath plann'd;
2. I take him at his word indeed: "Christ died for sinners," this I read;
3. That he should leave his place on high, And come for sin - ful man to die,
4. And O! that he full-filled may see The trav-ail of his soul in me,
5. Yea, liv-ing, dy-ing, let me bring My strength, my solace from this spring,

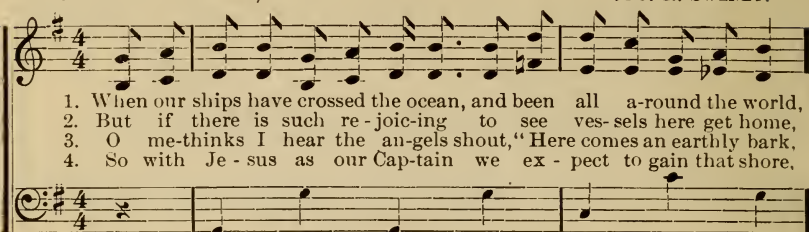
I on - ly know at his right hand Stands One who is my Sav-iour!
For in my heart I find a need Of him to be my Sav-iour!
You count it strange?—so once did I, Be - fore I knew my Sav-iour!
And with his work con-tent-ed be, As I with my dear Sav-iour!
That he who lives to be my King Once died to be my Sav-iour!

No. 30. WHEN OUR SHIPS COME SAILING HOME.

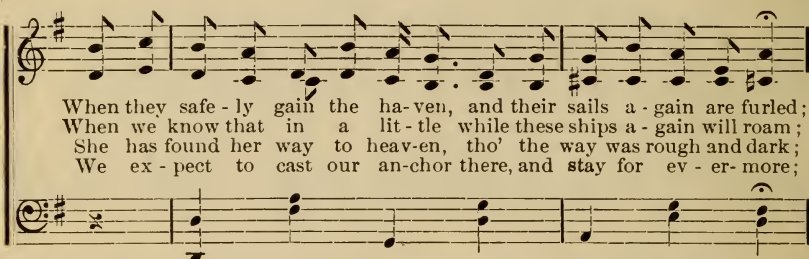
(SOLO, OR DUET AND CHORUS.)

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

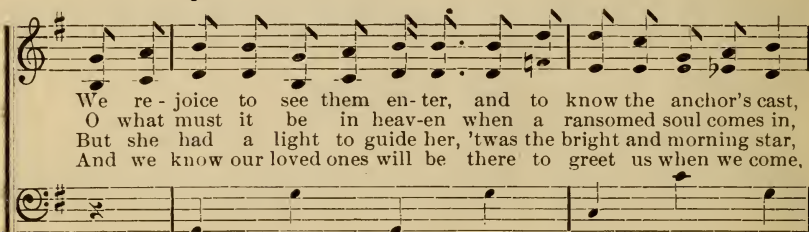
JNO. R. SWENEY.



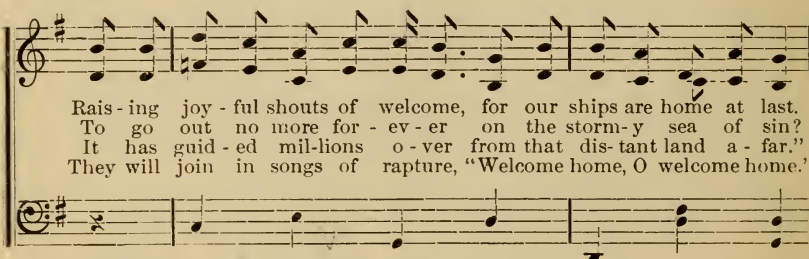
1. When our ships have crossed the ocean, and been all a-round the world,
 2. But if there is such re-joic-ing to see ves-sels here get home,
 3. O me-thinks I hear the an-gels shout, "Here comes an earthly bark,
 4. So with Je-sus as our Cap-tain we ex-pect to gain that shore,



When they safe-ly gain the ha-ven, and their sails a-gain are furled;
 When we know that in a lit-tle while these ships a-gain will roam;
 She has found her way to heav-en, tho' the way was rough and dark;
 We ex-pect to cast our an-chor there, and stay for ev-er more;

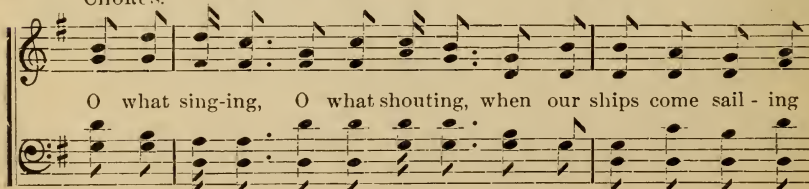


We re-joice to see them en-ter, and to know the anchor's cast,
 O what must it be in heav-en when a ransomed soul comes in,
 But she had a light to guide her, 'twas the bright and morning star,
 And we know our loved ones will be there to greet us when we come,



Rais-ing joy-ful shouts of welcome, for our ships are home at last.
 To go out no more for - ev-er on the storm-y sea of sin?
 It has guid-ed mil-lions o-ver from that dis-tant land a-far."
 They will join in songs of rapture, "Welcome home, O welcome home."

CHORUS.



O what sing-ing, O what shout-ing, when our ships come sail-ing

WHEN OUR SHIPS COME SAILING HOME. (Concluded.)

home; They have stood the mighty tempest, they have crossed the ocean's foam;

They have pass'd o'er storm-y bil-lows, but they now have gained the shore,

The an-chor's cast, they're home at last, the voy'ge is safe - ly o'er.

No. 31.

SUN OF MY SOUL.

JOHN KEBLE.

(HURSLEY. L. M.)

FR. PETER RITTER.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if thou be near:
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gen-tly steep,

O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide thee from thy serv-ant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-iour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wand'ring child of thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. March on, march on, fol-low the mighty Com-mander; March on, march on;
 2. March on, march on; joy-ful-ly sing-ing, ho-san-na; March on, march on;
 3. March on, march on; still by his might o-ver-coming; March on, march on;

Je-sus our Cap-tain and Lord; March on, march on; see that your
 fight-ing the bat-tle of faith; March on, march on; man-ful-ly
 sing-ing his glo-ry and grace; March on, march on; till in the

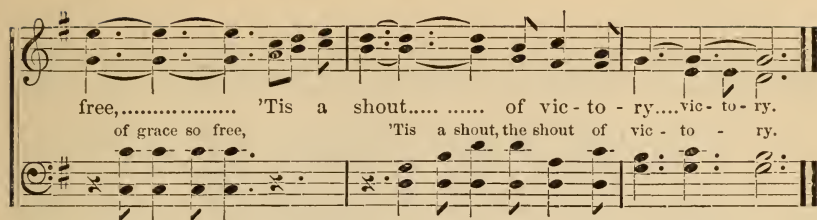
steps nev-er fal-ter, March on, march on, heed-ing his ev-'ry word.
 bear-ing his ban-ner, March on, march on, faith-ful e'en un-to death.
 heav-en-ly pal-ace, March on, march on, we shall be-hold his face.

CHORUS.

There's a song,..... that blends with prayer,..... There's a
 There's a song, that blends with prayer,

shout..... up-on the air;..... 'Tis a song..... of grace so
 There's a shout up-on the air, 'Tis a song

A SHOUT OF VICTORY. (Concluded.)

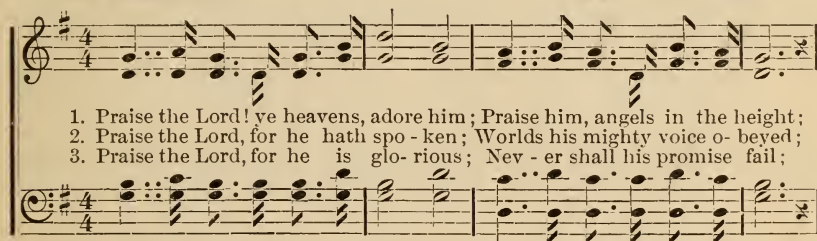


free,..... 'Tis a shout..... of vic - to - ry....vic - to - ry.
of grace so free, 'Tis a shout, the shout of vic - to - ry.

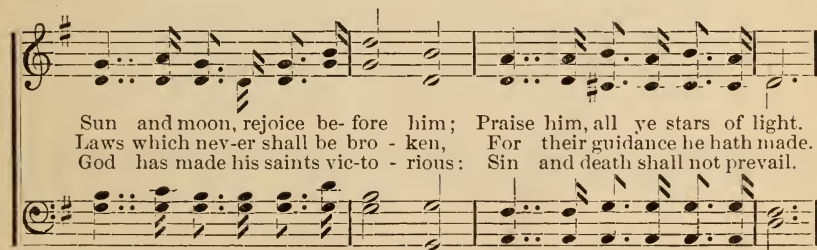
No. 33. PRAISE THE LORD, YE HEAVENS.

JOHN KEMPTHORNE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

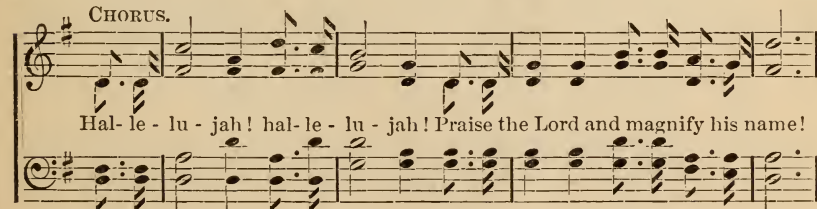


1. Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore him; Praise him, angels in the height;
2. Praise the Lord, for he hath spo - ken; Worlds his mighty voice o - beyed;
3. Praise the Lord, for he is glo - rious; Nev - er shall his promise fail;

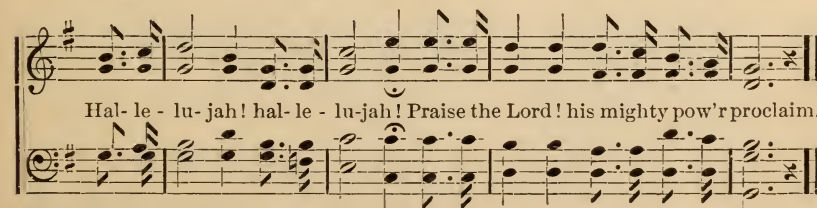


Sun and moon, rejoice be - fore him; Praise him, all ye stars of light.
Laws which nev - er shall be bro - ken, For their guidance he hath made.
God has made his saints vic - to - rious: Sin and death shall not prevail.

CHORUS.



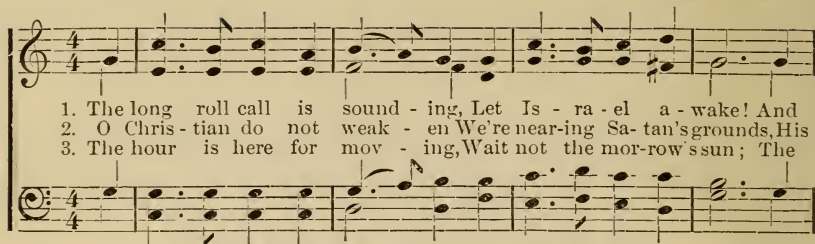
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord and magnify his name!



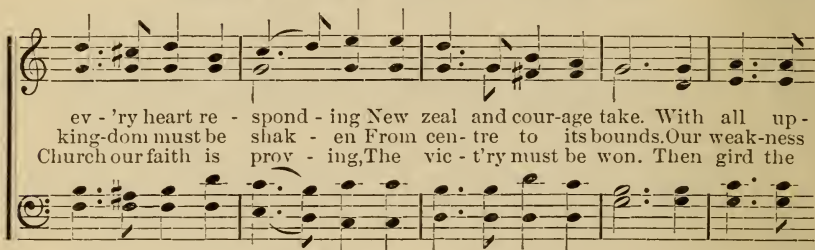
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord! his mighty pow'r proclaim.

S. C. KIRK.

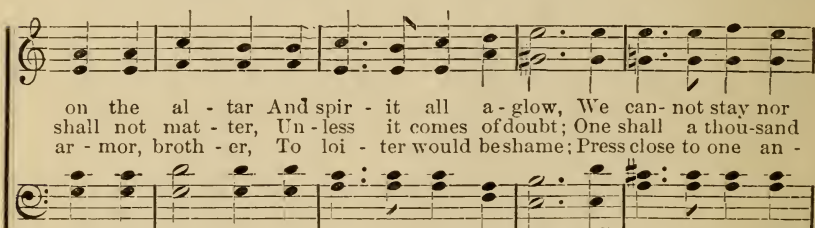
ADAM GEIBEL.



1. The long roll call is sound - ing, Let Is - ra - el a - wake! And
 2. O Chris - tian do not weak - en We're near - ing Sa - tan's grounds, His
 3. The hour is here for mov - ing, Wait not the mor - row's sun; The

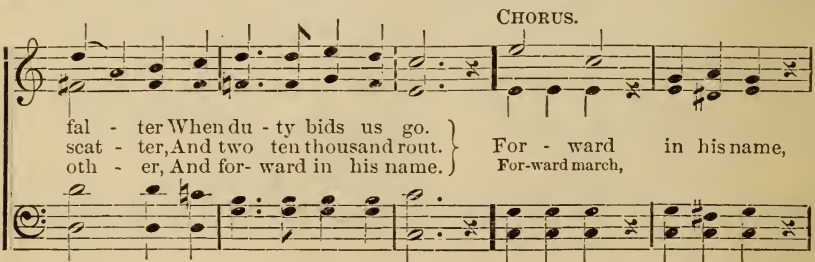


ev - 'ry heart re - spond - ing New zeal and cour - age take. With all up -
 king - dom must be shak - en From cen - tre to its bounds. Our weak - ness
 Church our faith is prov - ing, The vic - t'ry must be won. Then gird the

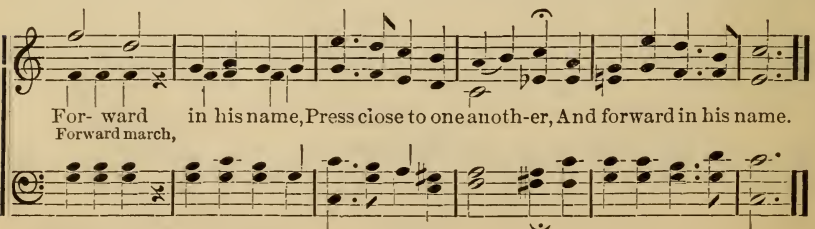


on the al - tar And spir - it all a - glow, We can - not stay nor
 shall not mat - ter, Un - less it comes of doubt; One shall a thou - sand
 ar - mor, broth - er, To loi - ter would be shame; Press close to one an -

CHORUS.



fal - ter When du - ty bids us go. } For - ward in his name,
 scat - ter, And two ten thousand rout. } Forward march,
 oth - er, And for - ward in his name. }



For - ward in his name, Press close to one ano - th - er, And forward in his name.
 Forward march,

1. Wave the roy - al ban - ner! Raise the standard high! 'Tis the sign of
 2. He for our re - demp - tion Came to earth and died, He is gone be -
 3. Let us ev - er on - ward; Nev - er let us fear, Lift the standard

tri - umph, Pledge of vic - to - ry. We will gladly, sweetly sing, As we
 fore us As our Friend and Guide. Now is past the pain and shame, But his
 high - er, Vic - to - ry is near. We will gladly, sweet - ly sing, As we

fol - low Christ our King, Gladsome off'ings to him bring; Hallelu - jah!
 love is still the same, Praise ye then his glorious name; Halle - lu - jah!
 fol - low Christ our King, Gladsome off'ings to him bring; Hallelu - jah!

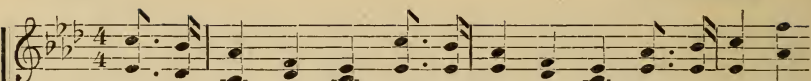
CHORUS.

Wave the roy - al ban - ner! Raise the standard high! 'Tis the sign of triumph,
 Wave the ban - ner, stand - ard high! sign of tri - umph,

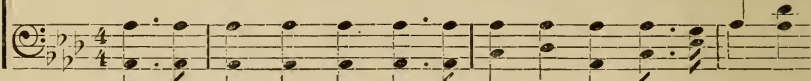
The pledge of victory, 'Tis the sign of triumph, The pledge of victo - ry.

W. F. S.

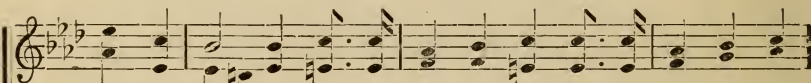
W. F. SHERWIN.



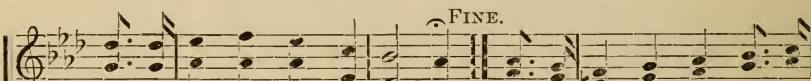
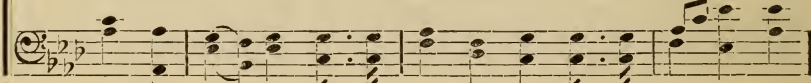
1. Praise the Lord in song! and with glad ac-claim Glo-ri-fy him.
2. Hal-le-lu-jahs swell from the old and young, Lit-tle child and
3. Yet a-gain in song be his name a-dored, For the beams of



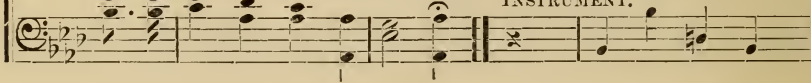
D.C.—Praise the Lord in song! and with glad ac-claim, etc.



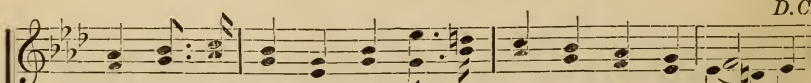
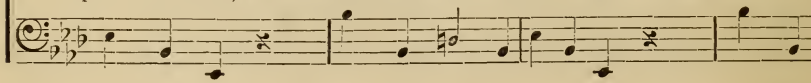
now and ev-er; Laud and hon-or be to his ho-ly name,
patriarch hoar-y; And en-rapt-ured be ev-'ry human tongue,
life and heal-ing In the light that shines from the Ho-ly Word,



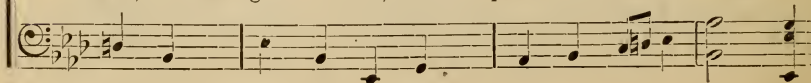
For his mer-cy fail-eth nev-er. Let the white-robed host of the
When we tell the old sweet sto-ry— How the Sav-iour came from the
All a Fa-ther's love re-veal-ing. Ere we reach the home of the



realms a-bove Strike their harps in ad-o-ra-tion, While the choirs of
heav-'nly throne To a world in dark-ness ly-ing; How he bore our
pure and blest, And the soul's e-ter-nal lei-sure, If we come to



earth to Re-deem-ing Love Give the praise of their sal-va-tion.
sins on the cross a-lone, To re-deem our souls from dy-ing.
Christ, he will give us rest, And the peace that knows no meas-ure.



E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Just a lit - tle sun-shine ev - 'rywhere we go, O - ver darkened
 2. Like the bless - ed Mas - ter, in this life, are we Sent to com - fort
 3. Just a lit - tle sun-shine makes the ros-es grow, In the bar - ren

path - ways, rays of bless - ing throw; Gold - en rays of glad - ness
 oth - ers, pub - lish lib - er - ty; Will - ing hands out - reach - ing,
 plac - es, flow'rs be - gin to show; Lift the clouds of sor - row,

f from a lov - ing heart Help the world to brighten; let us do our part,
 strength - en - ing the weak, In the name of Je - sus, con - so - la - tion speak.
 cheer the hour of gloom, Fruits of grace will ri - pen for im - mor - tal bloom.

D.S.—Tell - ing love's sweet story, ev - 'rywhere we go.

CHORUS.

Sunshine, sunshine, just a lit - tle sunshine, Bear - ing heavenly gladness

D.S. through this world below; Sun - shine, sun - shine, just a lit - tle sun - shine,

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my trou-bles; He is a kind, com-
 3. Tempted and tried, I need a great Sav-iour, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress he kind - ly will help me;
 pas - sion-ate Friend; If I but ask him, he will de - liv - er,
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
 tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus and he will help me

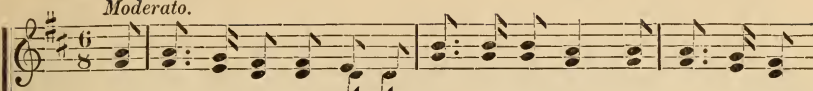
CHORUS.
 He ev - er loves and cares for his own. I must tell Je - sus,
 Make of my trou-bles quick-ly an end.
 He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
 O - ver the world the vict'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus, I can-not bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell

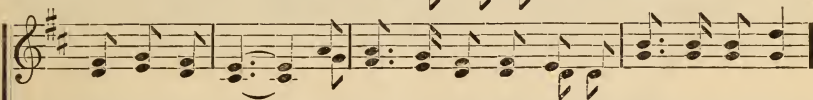
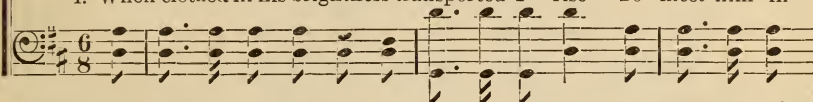
rit.
 Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
Moderato.

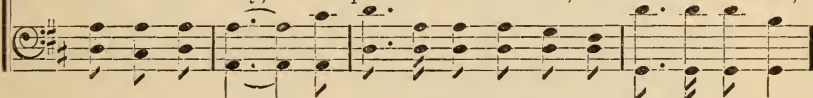
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



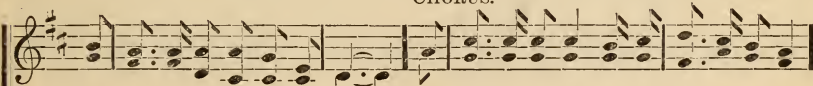
1. A won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus, my Lord, A won-der-ful
2. A won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus, my Lord, He tak-eth my
3. With number-less blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his
4. When clothed in his brightness transported I rise To meet him in



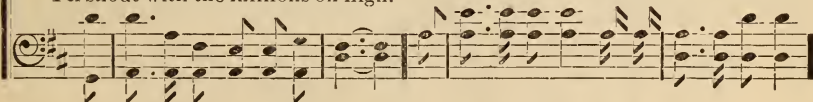
Sav-iour to me, He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
bur-den a-way, He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved,
ful-ness di-vine, I sing in my rap-ture, O, glo-ry to God
clouds of the sky, His per-fect sal-va-tion, his won-der-ful love,



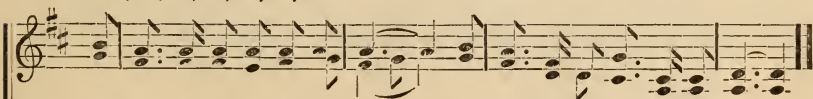
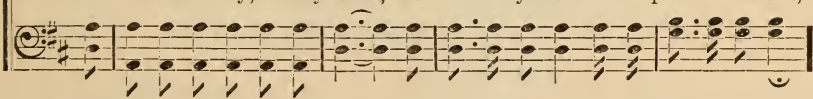
CHORUS.



Where riv-ers of pleasure I see. He hid-eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
He giveth me strength as my day.
For such a Redeem-er as mine.
I'll shout with the millions on high.



That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hideth my life in the depths of his love,



And covers me there with his hand, And covers me there with his hand.



No. 40. 'TIS THE BLESSED HOUR OF PRAYER.

"— went into the temple at the hour of prayer."—Acts iii. 1.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of pray'r, when our hearts lowly bend, And we
 2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of pray'r, when the Saviour draws near, With a
 3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of pray'r, when the tempted and tried To the
 4. At the bless - ed hour of pray'r, trust-ing him we be-lieve That the

gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav-iour and Friend ; If we come to him in
 ten - der com-pas - sion his chil-dren to hear ; When he tells us we may
 Saviour who loves them their sor-row con-fide ; With a sym - pa-thiz-ing
 bless-ing we're needing we'll sure - ly re-ceive, In the ful-ness of this

faith, his pro-tection to share, What a balm for the wea-ry ! O how
 cast at his feet ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wea-ry ! O how
 heart he re-moves ev - 'ry care ; What a balm for the wea-ry ! O how
 trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care ; What a balm for the wea-ry ! O how

D.S.—What a balm for the wea-ry ! O how

FINE. CHORUS. *D.S.*

sweet to be there ! Bless-ed hour of prayer, Blessed hour of prayer ;
 sweet to be there !

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, is all things to me, O, what a wonder-ful
 2. Je - sus, in sickness, and Je - sus in health, Je - sus in pov-er-ty,
 3. He is my Ref-uge, my Rock and my Tow'r, He is my Fortress, my
 4. He is my Proph-et, my Priest and my King, He is my Bread of Life,
 5. Je - sus in sor-row, in joy, or in pain, Je - sus my Treasure in

Sav-iour is he: Guid-ing, pro-ect-ing, o'er life's roll-ing sea,
 com-fort or wealth, Sun-shine or tem-pest, what-ev-er it be,
 Strength and my Pow'r; Life Ev-er last-ing, my Daysman is he,
 Fountain and Spring; Bright Sun of Righteous-ness, Day-star is he,
 loss or in gain; Con-stant Com-pan-ion, wher-e'er I may be,

CHORUS.

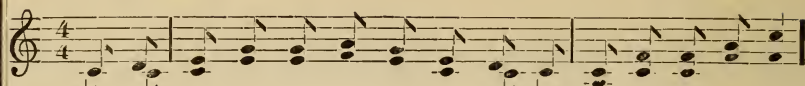
Might-y De-liv-rer— Je - sus for me. Je - sus for me,
 He is my safe-ty — Je - sus for me.
 Bless-ed Re-deem-er— Je - sus for me.
 Horn of Sal - va - tion— Je - sus for me.
 Liv-ing or dy-ing— Je - sus for me!

Je - sus for me, All the time, ev - 'ry-where, Je - sus for me.

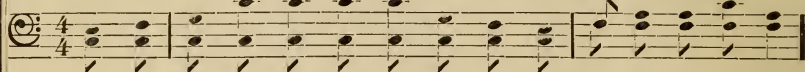
No. 42. THE GRACE AND JOY OF SALVATION.

Rev. S. W. COPE.

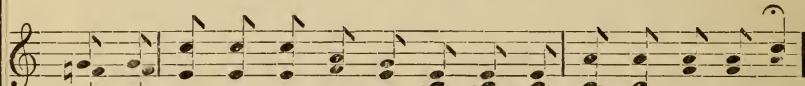
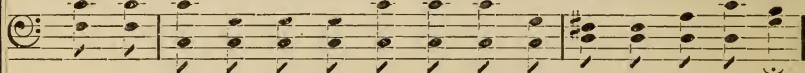
A. S. CLARK.



1. O the grace that brings sal - va - tion, To the wea - ry, sin - sick soul;
2. O the grace so free - ly giv - en, To up - hold me on the way;
3. And when dy - ing still I'll trust him, Trust him with - out doubt or fear;



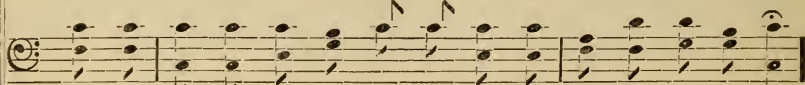
O the joy of sins for - giv - en, I am ev - 'ry whit made whole:
O the bliss - ful hope of heav - en, Grow - ing bright - er ev - 'ry day:
And shall safe - ly cross the Jor - dan, 'Mid tri - umph - ant songs of cheer:



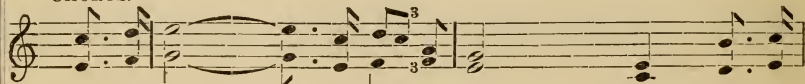
Je - sus is my pre - cious Sav - iour, In my heart he dwells supreme;
I will stay my faith on Je - sus, On his might - y strength depend;
There to rest be - yond the riv - er, In my home so fair and bright;



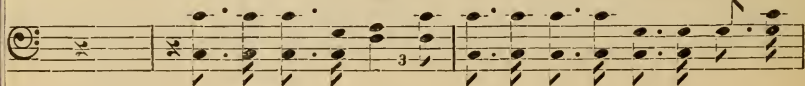
Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, This shall be my song and theme.
And will run the race with pa - tience, He will keep me to the end.
Which the Sav - iour has pre - pared me, In that land of pure de - light.



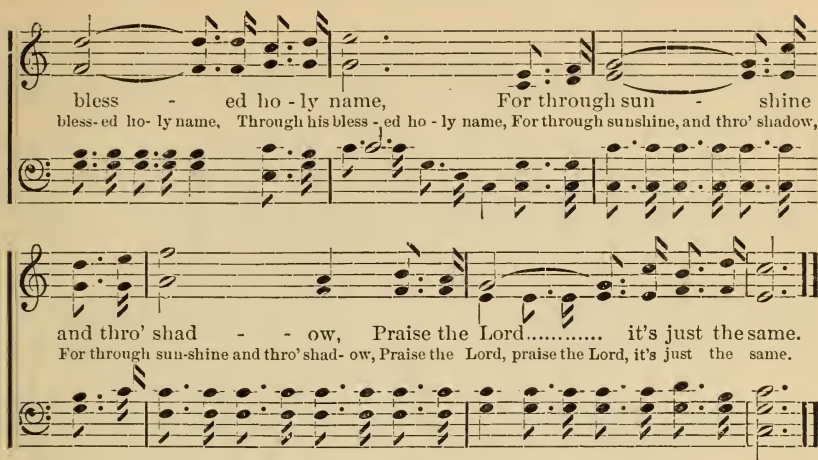
CHORUS.



O the grace..... that brings sal - va - - - tion, Through his
O the grace that brings sal - va - tion, brings sal - va - tion, Through his



THE GRACE AND JOY OF SALVATION. (Concluded.)



bless - ed ho - ly name, For through sun - shine
 bless - ed ho - ly name, Through his bless - ed ho - ly name, For through sunshine, and thro' shadow,
 and thro' shad - - ow, Praise the Lord..... it's just the same.
 For through sun-shine and thro' shad- ow, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, it's just the same.

No. 43. MAKE ME MORE LIKE JESUS.

Mrs. M. E. BALDWIN.

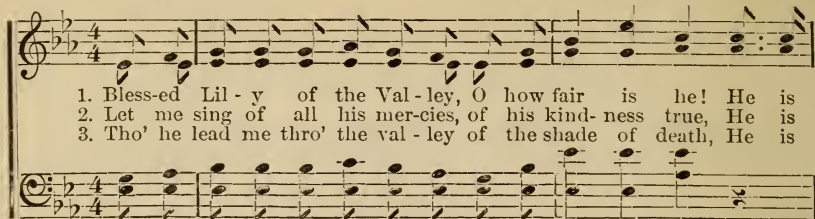
ADAM GEIBEL.



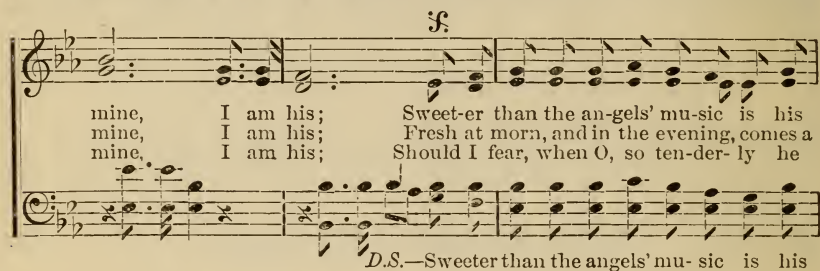
1. Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, this I pray, Make me more like Je - sus;
 2. Fa-ther, teach me day by day, To be more like Je - sus!
 3. In sub-mis-sion, faith, and love, Make me more like Je - sus!
 Lead me in the heav'n-ly way, Make me more like Je - sus.
 Teach me how to watch and pray, And be more like Je - sus.
 Grant this bless-ing from a - bove, Make me more like Je - sus.
 D.S.—Lead me in the heav'n-ly way, Make me more like Je - sus.
 CHORUS.
 More and more, more and more, More and more like Je - sus;

GRACE ELIZABETH COBB.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

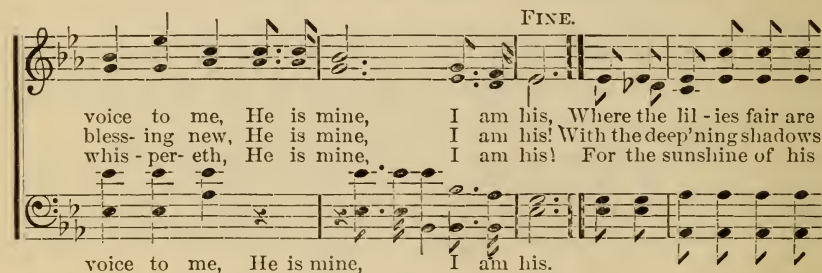


1. Bless-ed Lil - y of the Val - ley, O how fair is he! He is
 2. Let me sing of all his mer-cies, of his kind-ness true, He is
 3. Tho' he lead me thro' the val - ley of the shade of death, He is



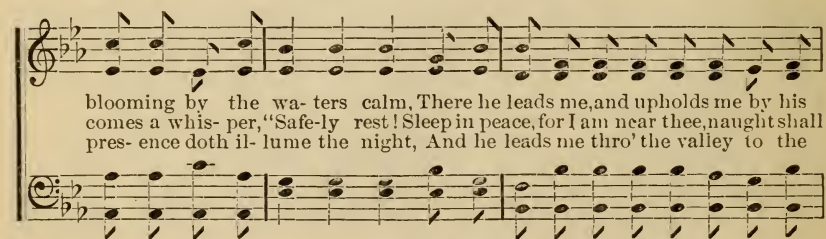
mine, I am his; Sweet-er than the an-gels' mu-sic is his
 mine, I am his; Fresh at morn, and in the evening, comes a
 mine, I am his; Should I fear, when O, so ten-der-ly he

D.S.—Sweeter than the angels' mu-sic is his

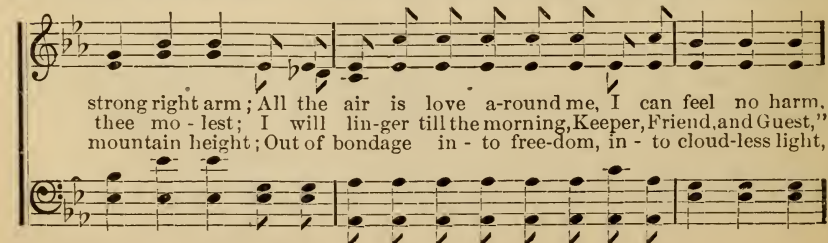


voice to me, He is mine, I am his, Where the lil - ies fair are
 bless - ing new, He is mine, I am his! With the deep'nings shadows
 whis - per - eth, He is mine, I am his! For the sunshine of his

voice to me, He is mine, I am his.



blooming by the wa - ters calm, There he leads me, and upholds me by his
 comes a whis - per, "Safe-ly rest! Sleep in peace, for I am near thee, naught shall
 pres - ence doth il - lume the night, And he leads me thro' the valley to the



strong right arm; All the air is love a-round me, I can feel no harm,
 thee mo - lest; I will lin - ger till the morning, Keeper, Friend, and Guest,
 mountain height; Out of bondage in - to free-dom, in - to cloud-less light,

HE IS MINE, I AM HIS. (Concluded.)

CHORUS.

He is mine, I am his. Lil - y of the Val-ley,
 He is mine, Bless - ed Lil - y of the Val - ley,

D.S.

He is mine! Lil - y of the Val-ley, I am his!
 Hal - le - le - jah, he is mine! Bless - ed Lil - y of the Val - ley,

No. 45.

MORE ABOUT JESUS.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. More a-bout Je - sus would I know, More of his grace to oth - ers show;
 2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will dis - cern;
 3. More a-bout Je - sus; in his word, Holding communion with my Lord;
 4. More a-bout Je - sus; on his throne, Rich - es in glo - ry all his own;

FINE.

More of his sav - ing full - ness see, More of his love who died for me.
 Spir - it of God, my teach - er be, Show - ing the things of Christ to me.
 Hear - ing his voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faithful say - ing mine.
 More of his kingdom's sure increase; More of his com - ing, Prince of Peace.

D.S.—More of his sav - ing full - ness see, More of his love who died for me.

CHORUS.

D.S.

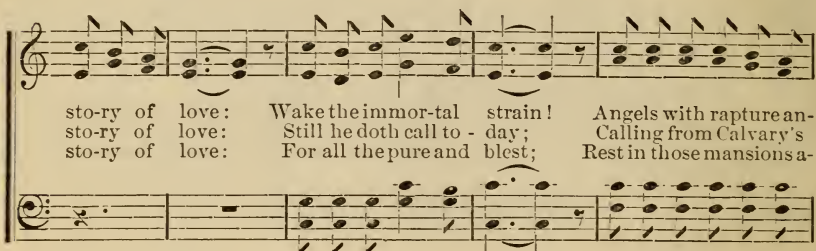
More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;

J. M. D.

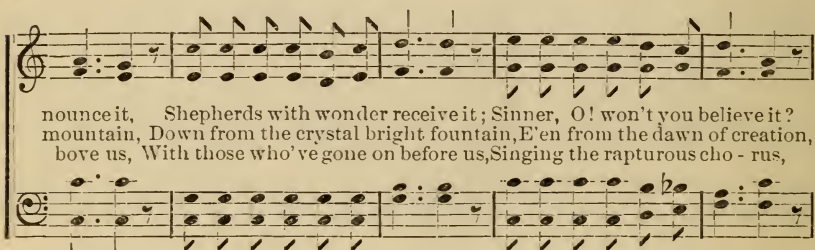
Rev. J. M. DRIVER.



1. Wonderful sto-ry of love: Tell it to me a - gain; Wonderful
 2. Wonderful sto-ry of love: Tho' you are far a - way; Wonderful
 3. Wonderful sto-ry of love: Je-sus provides a rest; Wonderful



sto-ry of love: Wake the immor-tal strain! Angels with rapture an-
 sto-ry of love: Still he doth call to - day; Calling from Calvary's
 sto-ry of love: For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions a-



nounce it, Shepherds with wonder receive it; Sinner, O! won't you believe it?
 mountain, Down from the crystal bright fountain, E'en from the dawn of creation,
 bave us, With those who've gone on before us, Singing the rapturous cho - rus,

CHORUS.



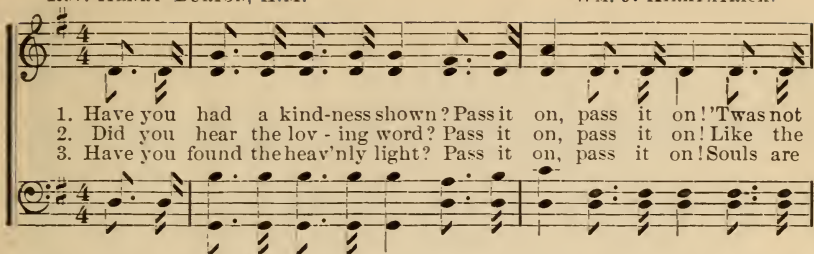
Wonderful sto-ry of love. Won - der - ful! Won -
 Wonder-ful sto-ry of love: Won-der -ful



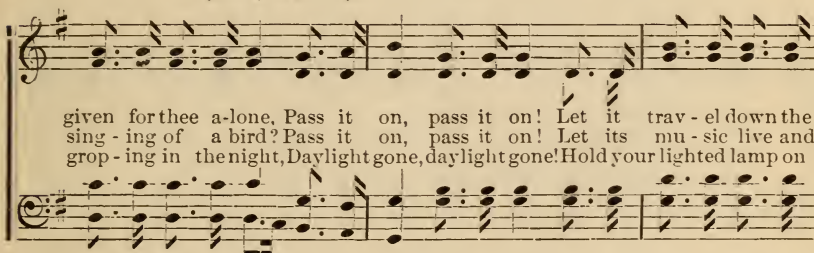
der - ful! Won - der - ful! Wonderful story of love!
 sto-ry of love: Wonderful story of love:

REV. HENRY BURTON, A.M.

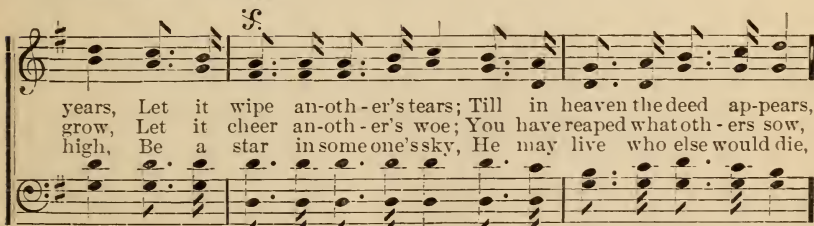
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Have you had a kind-ness shown? Pass it on, pass it on! 'Twas not
 2. Did you hear the lov-ing word? Pass it on, pass it on! Like the
 3. Have you found the heav'nly light? Pass it on, pass it on! Souls are

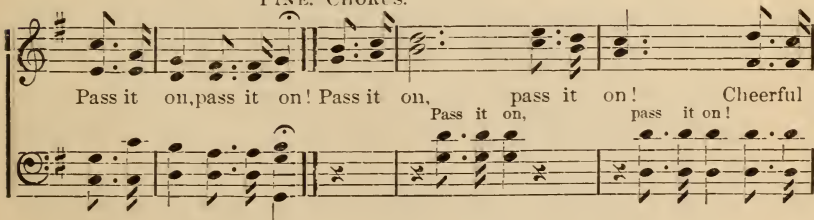


given for thee a-lone, Pass it on, pass it on! Let it trav-el down the
 sing-ing of a bird? Pass it on, pass it on! Let its mu-sic live and
 grop-ing in the night, Daylight gone, daylight gone! Hold your lighted lamp on

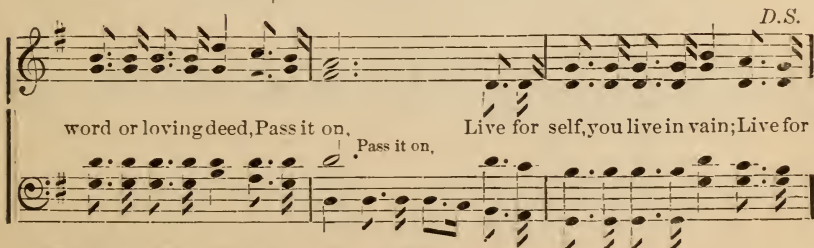


years, Let it wipe an-oth-er's tears; Till in heaven the deed ap-pears,
 grow, Let it cheer an-oth-er's woe; You have reaped what oth-ers sow,
 high, Be a star in some one's sky, He may live who else would die,

D.S.—Christ, you live a-gain, Live for him, with him you reign,
 FINE. CHORUS.



Pass it on, pass it on! Pass it on, pass it on! Cheerful
 Pass it on, pass it on!



D.S.
 word or loving deed, Pass it on, Live for self, you live in vain; Live for
 Pass it on,

IDA M. BUDD.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When the sun is shin-ing bright in the clear blue sky, And the
 2. When the tear-like rain-drops fall with a patt'-ring sound, To re-
 3. So, in sun-shine or in rain, cloud-y skies or fair, We will

clouds, so soft and white, are slow-ly drift-ing by; Where the
 fresh the droop-ing flow'rs, and cheer the thirst-y ground, With the
 praise him for his love, and for his ten-der care; And we'll

gai-ly tint-ed flow'rs their sweet perfume give, What a pleas-ant, hap-py
 flow'rs our hearts re-joyce, as they seem to say: "What a lov-ing hand it
 live and work for him ev'-ry pass-ing day, Trusting his dear hand to

CHORUS.
 world this is in which to live. We are glad, so glad all the
 is that sends this rain to-day."
 lead us all a-long the way. We are glad, so glad and hap-py all the

joy-ous day, For we nev-er can be sad while all a-
 joy-ous, joy-ous day,

GLAD ALL THE DAY. (Concluded.)

round our way We can see his love shin - ing ev - 'ry - where,
We can see the Father's love so bright - ly shin - ing ev - 'ry - where,

And we praise him that he makes the world so bright and fair.

No. 49. HOW I LOVE MY PRECIOUS SAVIOUR.

Rev. S. W. COPE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { How I love my pre - cious Saviour, None but he can know; }
From his bleed - ing wounds, the fountain, Love and grace o'er-flow; }

2. { In my heart he dwells su - preme-ly, Source of ev - 'ry joy; }
In his serv - ice I find pleasure, Bliss with-out al - loy. }

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah ! Shout the glad ac - claim,

Je - sus saves me, Je - sus keeps me, Glo - ry to his name.

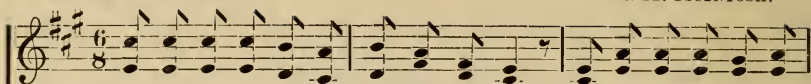
Copyright, 1897, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

3 Keep me Saviour, keep me ever,
Ever near thy side;
Bring me safely to the margin,
And across the tide.

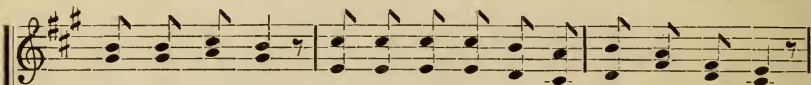
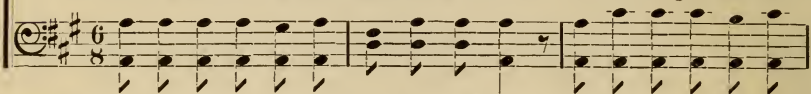
4 Yonder with the saints and angels,
I shall happy be;
Giving glory to my Saviour,
Through eternity.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

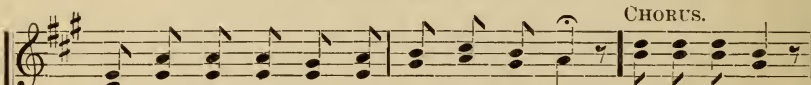
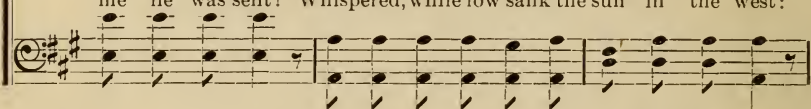
R. M. McINTOSH.



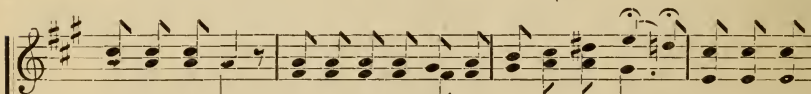
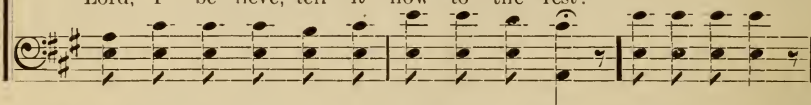
1. In - to the tent where a gyp - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone, at the
2. "Did he so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good
3. Bending, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en - tered the
4. Smiling, he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad that for



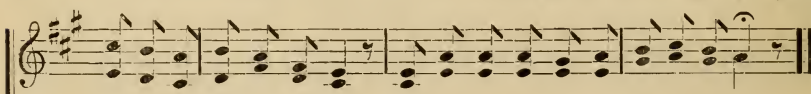
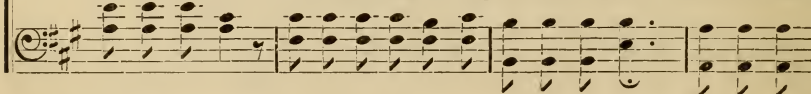
close of the day, "News of sal - va - tion we car - ried," said he,
 ti - dings of joy? Need I not per - ish? my hand will be hold?
 val - ley of death; "God sent his Son!—who-so - ev - er?" said he;
 me he was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west:



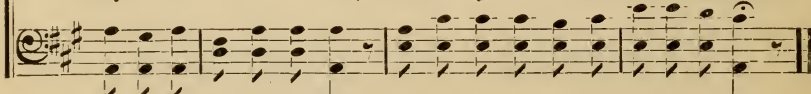
"No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!" Tell it a - gain!
 No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
 "Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"
 "Lord, I be - lieve, tell it now to the rest!"



Tell it a - gain! Sal - va - tion's story re - peat o'er and o'er, Till none can

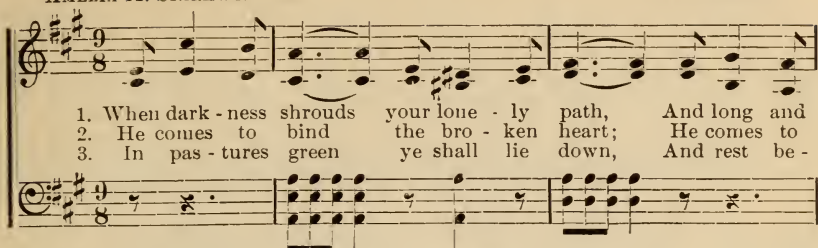


say of the children of men, "No - bod - y ev - er has told me be - fore."

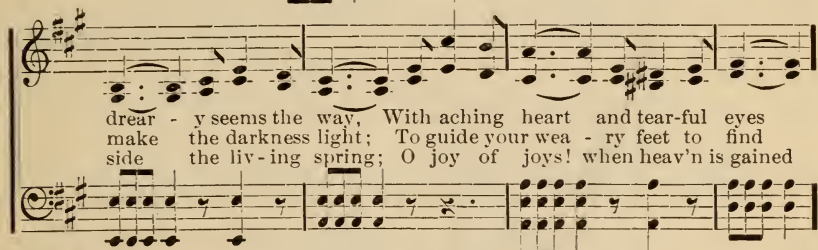


AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER.

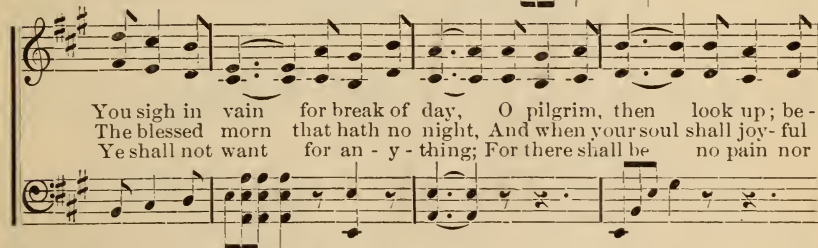
JNO. R. SWENEY.



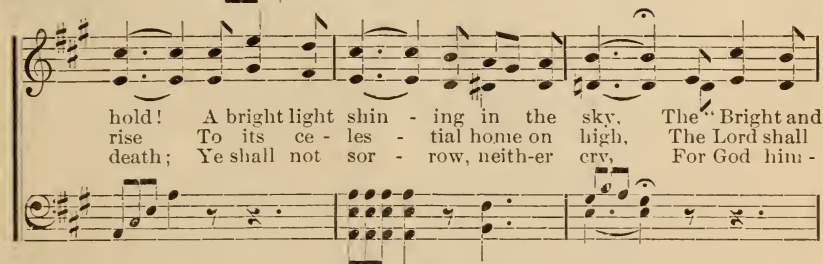
1. When dark - ness shrouds your lone - ly path, And long and
 2. He comes to bind the bro - ken heart; He comes to
 3. In pas - tures green ye shall lie down, And rest be -



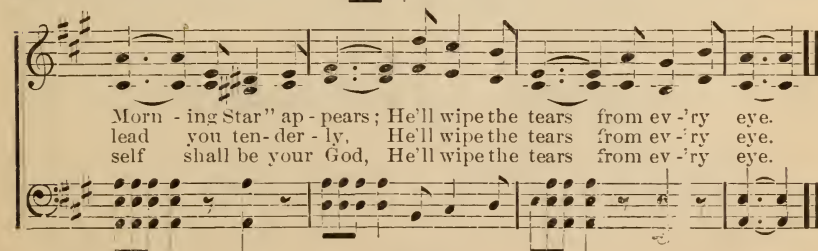
dear - y seems the way, With aching heart and tear - ful eyes
 make the darkness light; To guide your wea - ry feet to find
 side the liv - ing spring; O joy of joys! when heav'n is gained



You sigh in vain for break of day, O pilgrim, then look up; be -
 The blessed morn that hath no night, And when your soul shall joy - ful
 Ye shall not want for an - y - thing; For there shall be no pain nor



hold! A bright light shin - ing in the sky. The "Bright and
 rise To its ce - les - tial home on high, The Lord shall
 death; Ye shall not sor - row, neith - er cry, For God him -

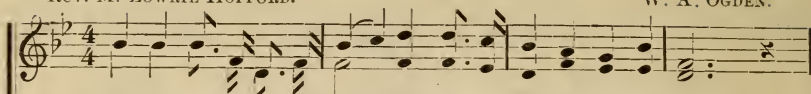


Morn - ing Star" ap - pears; He'll wipe the tears from ev - 'ry eye.
 lead you ten - der - ly, He'll wipe the tears from ev - 'ry eye.
 self shall be your God, He'll wipe the tears from ev - 'ry eye.

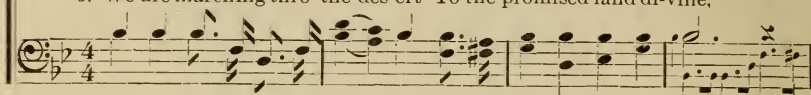
"They shall march with an army."—JER. xlvii: 22.

Rev. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

W. A. OGDEN.



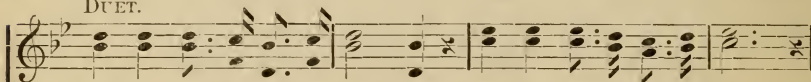
1. We are marching on to Ca - naan, And Je - ho - vah is our guide;
2. We are marching thro' the des-ert, And the manna all a - round
3. We are marching thro' the des-ert To the promised land di-vine,



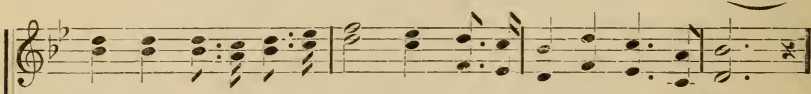
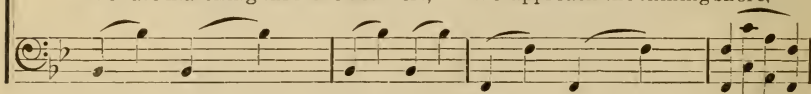
We are marching thro' the des - ert, He is ev - er at our side;
 With the dew of night is fall - ing, And is cov'ring all the ground;
 To the land of milk and hon - ey, To the land of corn and wine;



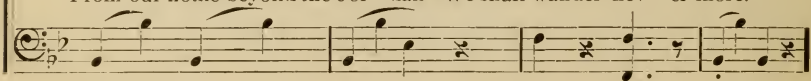
DUET.



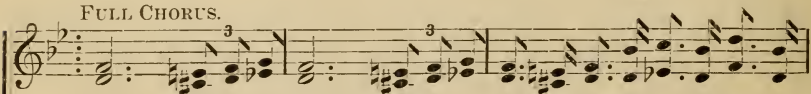
In the darkness or the dan - ger We can nev - er go a - stray,
 From the snit - ten rock the wa - ters In their sparkling fullness flow,
 We are marching thro' the des - ert, We approach the shining shore,



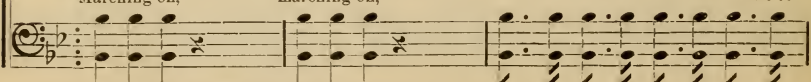
With Je - ho - vah for our lead - er And our guide up - on the way.
 Thus de - light - ing and re - fresh - ing Us the wea - ry jour - ney through.
 From our home beyond the Jor - dan We shall wander nev - er more.



FULL CHORUS.



On stead - i - ly on! Stead - i - ly marching to the hap - py land of
 Marching on, marching on, we're



MARCHING ON TO CANAAN. (Concluded.)

Ca - naan; On, stead-i-ly on! { Veri-ly guid-ed by Je-
marching on, Marching on, marching on, { Steadily marching to the

ho-vah's hand are we, (guid-ed are we,) [Omit.....] hap-py land we go. marching on.

No. 53.

FOLLOW ALL THE WAY.

GEO. W. COLLINS.

Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I have heard my Sav-iour calling, I have heard my Saviour calling.
2. Tho' he leads me thro' the val-ley, Tho' he leads me thro' the val-ley.
3. Tho' he leads me thro' the garden, Tho' he leads me thro' the garden.

CHO.—Where he leads me I will fol-low, Where he leads me I will fol-low.

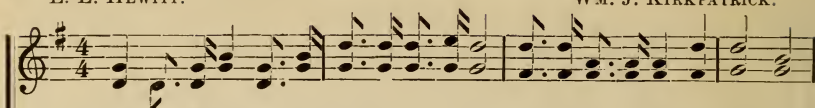
I have heard my Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and follow, fol-low me."
Tho' he leads me thro' the val-ley, I'll go with him, with him all the way.
Tho' he leads me thro' the garden, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

Where he leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

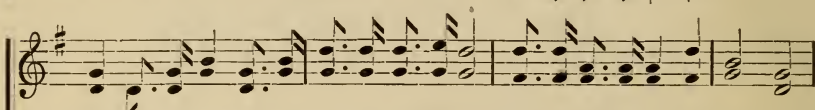
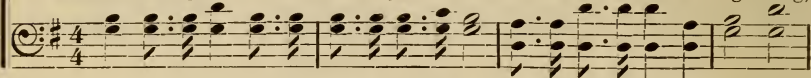
- | | |
|--|---|
| 4 ♪: Tho' the path be dark and dreary, :
I'll go with him, with him all the way. | 7 ♪: I will follow on to know him, :
He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother, Friend. |
| 5 ♪: Tho' he leads me to the conflict, :
I'll go with him, with him all the way. | 8 ♪: He will give me grace and glory, :
He will keep me, keep me all the way. |
| 6 ♪: Tho' he leads through fiery trials, :
I'll go with him, with him all the way. | 9 ♪: O 'tis sweet to follow Jesus, :
And be with him, with him all the way. |

E. E. HEWITT.

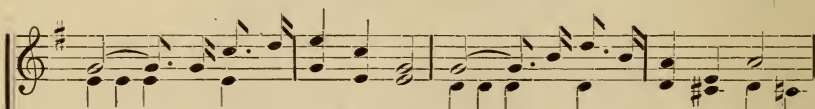
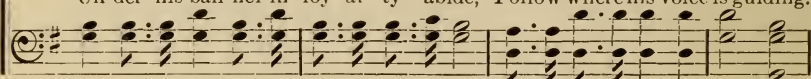
Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.



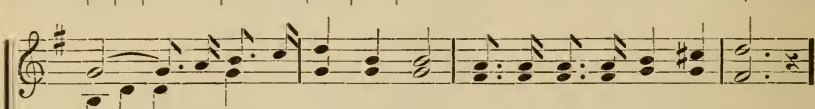
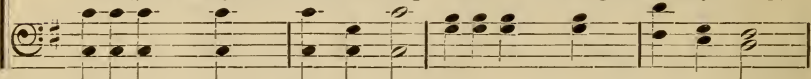
1. Hark, 'tis the Master! he's calling you to-day, Follow where his voice is guiding;
2. New fields of blessing will open to your view, Follow where his voice is guiding;
3. What tho' temptations may beckon you aside? Follow where his voice is guiding;



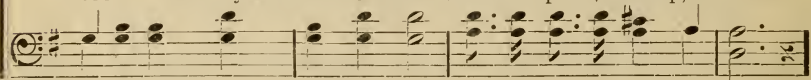
Look for his footprints along the heav'n ward way, Follow where his voice is guiding.
Seeking his Spirit, your daily strength renew, Follow where his voice is guiding.
Un-der his ban-ner in loy-al-ty abide, Follow where his voice is guiding.



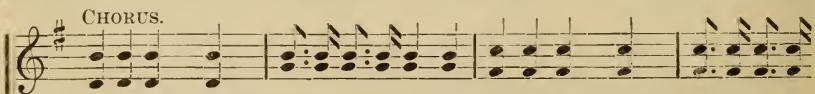
He..... who lives for-ev - er-more, Trod this earthly path be - fore,
Press - ing onward, glad and free, Sweet - er will his serv-ice be,
Though the way seem hard and long, Faith will sing her cheery song;



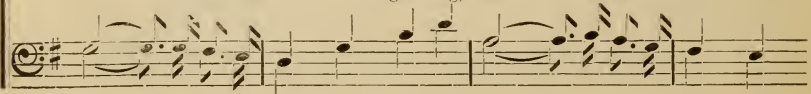
Knows its dangers, knows its grief, He will send your soul re - lief.
Rich - er his re - wards of love, Foretastes of the feast a - bove.
Soon we'll lay the bur - dens down, Then the palm, the harp, the crown.



CHORUS.



Follow, fol - low, where his voice is guiding, Follow, fol-low where his voice is
Fol - low where his voice is guid-ing, Fol - low where his voice is



WHERE HIS VOICE IS GUIDING. (Concluded.)

guiding, Fol - low where his voice is guiding, Follow, follow, follow on.
Follow where his

No. 55. REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY.

E. A. BARNES.

Ex. xx: 8.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The Sab-bath comes, with ho - ly light, And its rest we glad-ly greet:
2. It calls for peace in heart and home, And for rest from toil and care:
3. It calls for joy and sim-ple faith, As we meet to praise and pray:
4. It calls for zeal in do - ing well, And for lov - ing deed and word:

And un - to all, on its peace-ful wings, There is borne this message sweet.
It calls for thanks, that are sweet to lift, For the bless-ings that we share.
It calls for thought that will sweetly flow With the teachings of the day.
It calls, in truth, for a day well spent In the serv-ice of the Lord.

CHORUS.

Re - mem - ber, re - mem - ber, Re - mem - ber the Sab - bath day,

And keep it ho - ly, ho - ly to the Lord, Re - mem - ber the Sabbath day.

WM. J. KING.

WM. J. KING.

*Voices in unison.**rallentando.....*

Moderato.

1. A - wake! a - wake! O hear the Mas - ter's call;
 2. A - rise! a - rise! and forth to serv - ice go.
 3. A - bove! a - bove! is wait - ing your re - ward.

INSTRUMENT. [*May be omitted after first verse.*]

Andante.

We have heard the call of the Master, To brighten the homes of our land,
 Haste to sow the seed of the kingdom, A star for your crown you shall win,
 When our work on earth has been ended, And sheaves for eternity won.

By bringing the news of sal - va - tion, And tell - ing the sto - ry so grand.
 By pointing one soul to the Sav - iour Who pardons and cleanses from sin.
 All starry the crown there awaiting With welcome, glad welcome, "well done."

CHORUS.

We'll work for the night is coming, We'll work in the bright glowing sun,.....

THE HARVEST CALL. (Concluded.)

And reap in the gold-en harvest, Some sheaves for the harvest home.

No. 57. LIKE AN ARMY WE ARE MARCHING.

SALLIE MARTIN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Like an ar - my we are marching, In the ser - vice of the Lord;
2. Like an ar - my we are marching, With our banners, day by day,
3. Like an ar - my we are marching, Ma - ny tri - als tho' we meet,

Marching on-ward to the vict-'ry He has promised in his word.
Look-ing ev - er un - to Je - sus, Trusting him to guide our way.
We shall count them scores of blessings, When we rest at Je - sus' feet.

CHORUS.

March - ing, march - ing, Marching brave and strong,.....
Marching, marching, marching, marching, we are marching,

Like an ar - my we are march - ing. While we sing our hap - py song.
Like an ar - my we are marching, marching,

"Jesus walked in Galilee."—JOHN vii. 1.

ROBERT MORRIS, LL.D.

Dr. H. R. PALMER.

1. Each coo-ing dove..... and sigh-ing bough,..... That makes the
 2. Each flowery glen..... and mos-sy dell,..... Where hap-py
 3. And when I read..... the thrilling lore..... Of him who

eve..... so blest to me,..... Has something far..... di-vin-er
 birds..... in song a-gree,..... Thro' sunny morn..... the praises
 walked..... up-on the sea,..... I long, O how..... I long once

now,..... It bears me back..... to Gal-i-lee.....
 tell..... Of sights and sounds..... in Gal-i-lee.....
 more..... To fol-low him..... in Gal-i-lee.....

CHORUS.

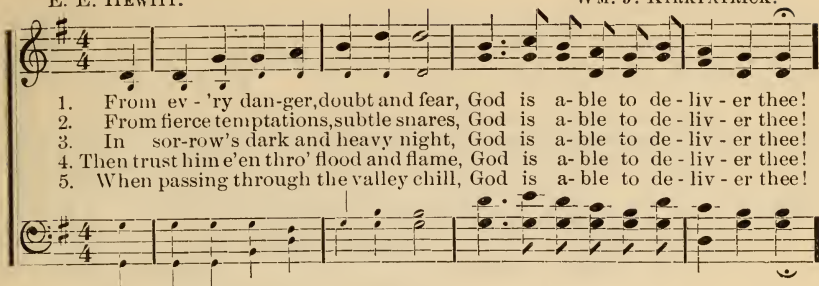
O Gal-i-lee! sweet Gal-i-lee! where Je-sus loved so much to be; O

Gal-i-lee! blue Gal-i-lee! Come, sing thy song a-gain to me!

No. 59. GOD IS ABLE TO DELIVER THEE.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

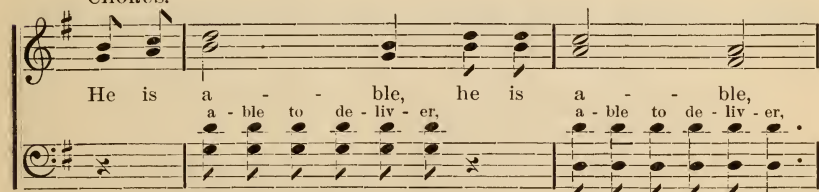


1. From ev - 'ry dan - ger, doubt and fear, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee!
 2. From fierce temptations, subtle snares, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee!
 3. In sor - row's dark and heavy night, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee!
 4. Then trust him e'en thro' flood and flame, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee!
 5. When passing through the valley chill, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee!

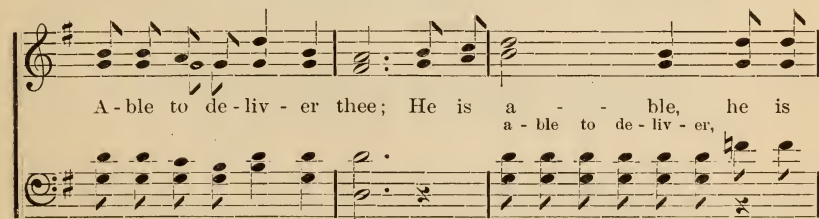


His might-y pres - ence ev - er near, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee.
 His love is swift - er than thy pray'rs, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee.
 His word commands the dayspring bright, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee.
 He liv - eth ev - er - more the same, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee.
 His love will be a - round thee still, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee.

CHORUS.



He is a - ble to - ble, he is a - ble to - ble,
 a - ble to de - liv - er, a - ble to de - liv - er.



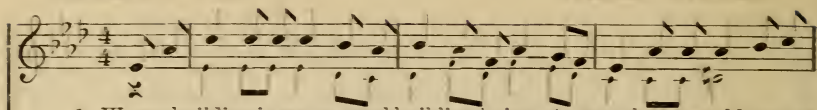
A - ble to de - liv - er thee; He is a - ble to - ble, he is
 a - ble to de - liv - er, a - ble to de - liv - er.



a - ble to - ble, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee.
 a - ble to de - liv - er, a - ble to de - liv - er.

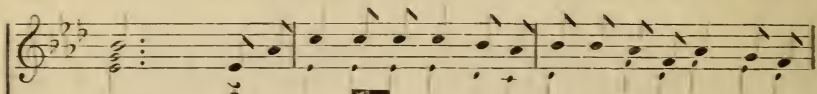
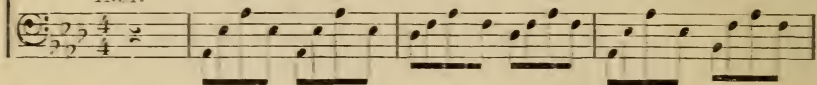
HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

HERBERT D. LOTHROP.



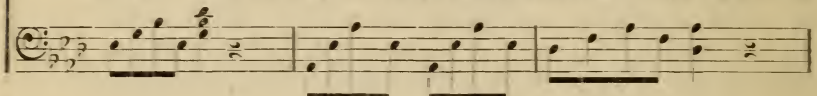
1. We are building in sorrow and building in joy. A temple the world cannot
2. Ev'ry deed forms a part in this building of ours. That is done in the name of the
3. Then be watchful and wise, let the temple we rear Be one that no tempest can

INST.

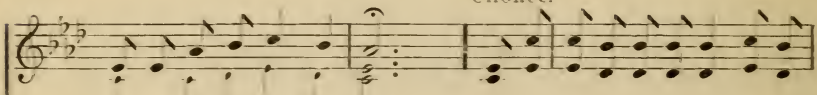


see;
Lord;
shock;

But we know it will stand if we found it on a rock, Thro' the
For the love that we show and the kindness we bestow, He has
For the Mas- ter has said and he taught us in his word, We must

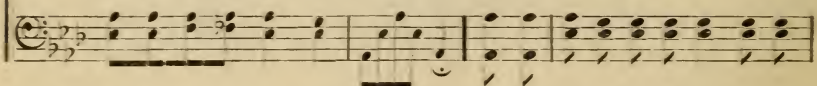


CHORUS.



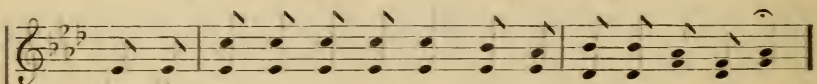
a- ges of e- ter- ni- ty.
promis'd us a bright re- ward.
build up-on the sol- id rock.

We are building day by day as the

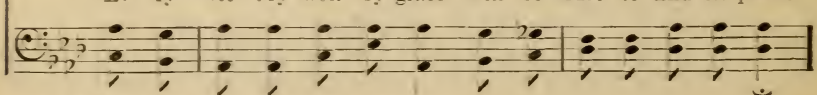


moments glide away. Our temple which the world may not see;

which the world may not see;



Ev- 'ry vic- t'ry won by grace Will be sure to find its place.



BUILDING DAY BY DAY. (Concluded.)

ad lib.

In our build-ing for e - ter - ni - ty (e - ter - ni - ty.)
for e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 61.

THE WELL BY THE GATE.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

May be sung as SOLO and CHORUS.

1. Be - side the gate of Beth-le-hem, An ancient well ap - pears,
2. That old-time well a symbol stands Of grace so full and free;
3. Be - liev-ing, gath-er here to - day, Ye wea-ry, worn, and faint;
4. Still at the gateway stands the well, The gate of life and joy;

Where wea-ry pilgrims quenched their thirst, Thro' many bygone years.
The fount which sprang at Bethle-hem Still flows for you and me.
"With joy draw wa-ter" from the stream, That heals each sad complaint.
O drink, and ev - er - last-ing songs Shall your glad lips em-ploy.

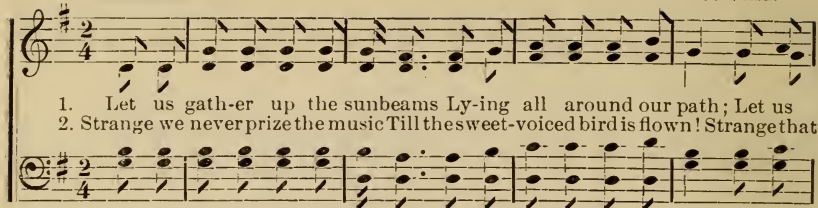
CHORUS.

Come, O come where mercies wait, Come to the well by Bethl'hem's gate;

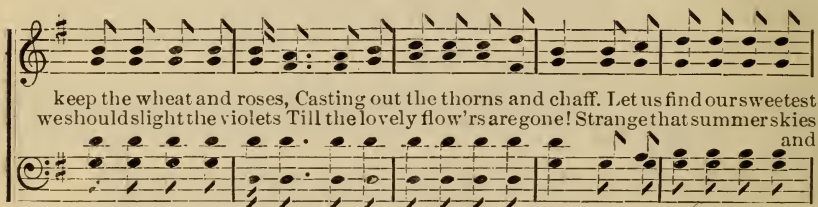
Well of sal-va-tion, so full so free—Drink of its water 'tis flowing for thee.

Mrs. ALBERT SMITH.

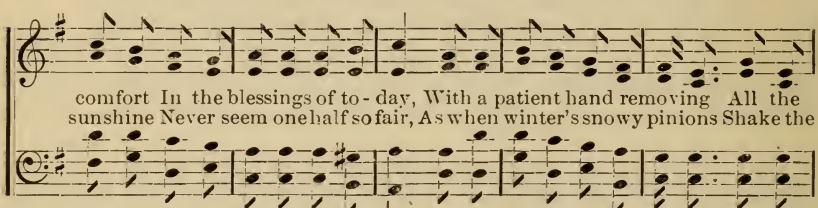
S. J. VAIL.



1. Let us gath-er up the sunbeams Ly-ing all around our path; Let us
2. Strange we never prize the music Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown! Strange that

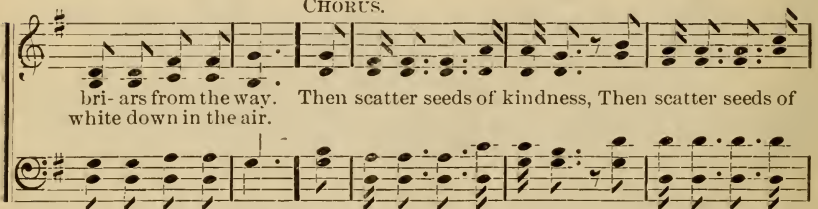


keep the wheat and roses, Casting out the thorns and chaff. Let us find our sweetest
we should slight the violets Till the lovely flow'rs are gone! Strange that summer skies and

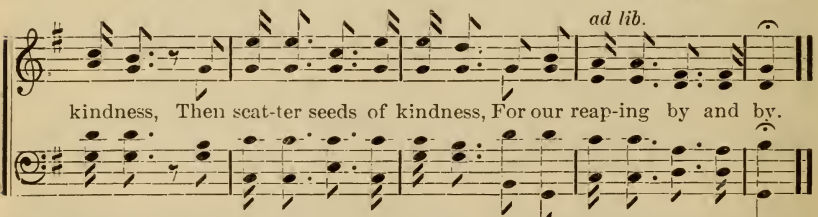


comfort In the blessings of to-day, With a patient hand removing All the
sunshine Never seem one half so fair, As when winter's snowy pinions Shake the

CHORUS.



bri-ars from the way. Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then scatter seeds of
white down in the air.



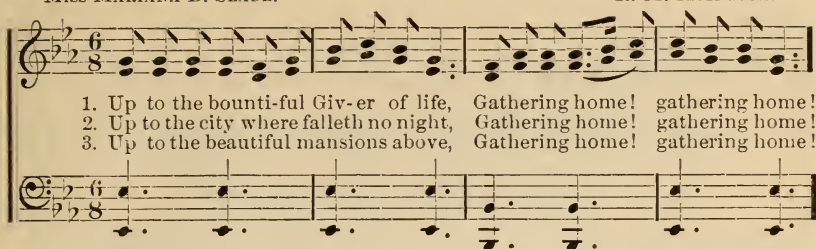
kindness, Then scat-ter seeds of kindness, For our reap-ing by and by.

- 3 If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window-pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,
Never trouble us again,
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

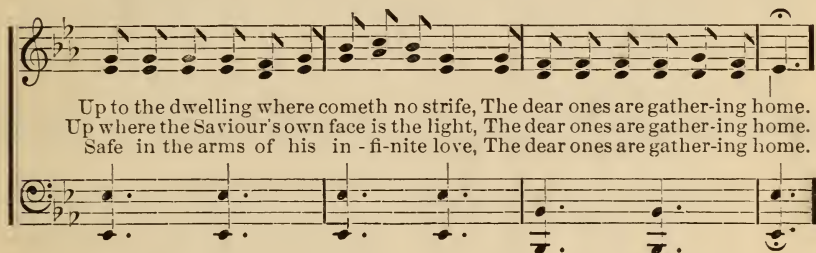
- 4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For our reaping by and by.

Miss MARIANA B. SLADE.

R. M. McINTOSH.

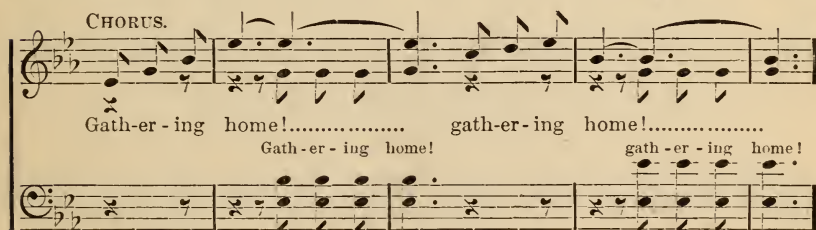


1. Up to the bounti-ful Giv-er of life, Gathering home! gathering home!
 2. Up to the city where falleth no night, Gathering home! gathering home!
 3. Up to the beautiful mansions above, Gathering home! gathering home!

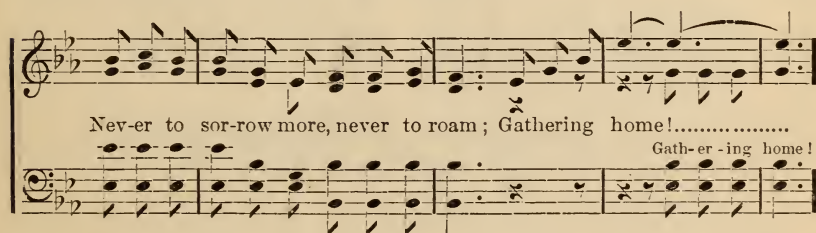


Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gather-ing home.
 Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gather-ing home.
 Safe in the arms of his in-fi-nite love, The dear ones are gather-ing home.

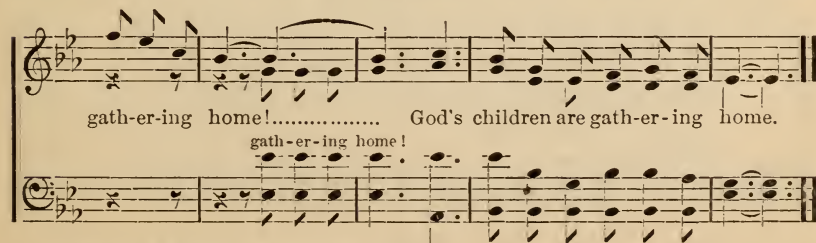
CHORUS.



Gath-er-ing home!..... gath-er-ing home!.....
 Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!



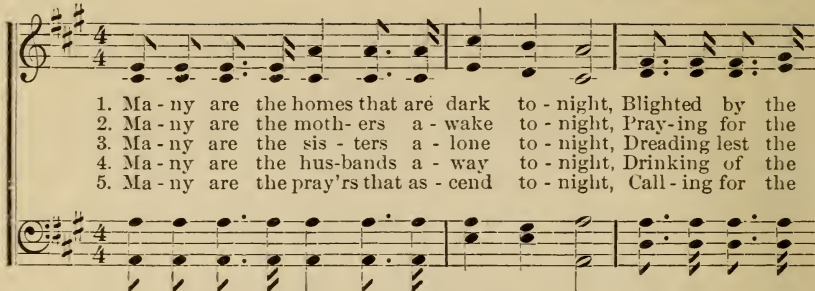
Nev-er to sor-row more, never to roam; Gathering home!.....
 Gath-er-ing home!



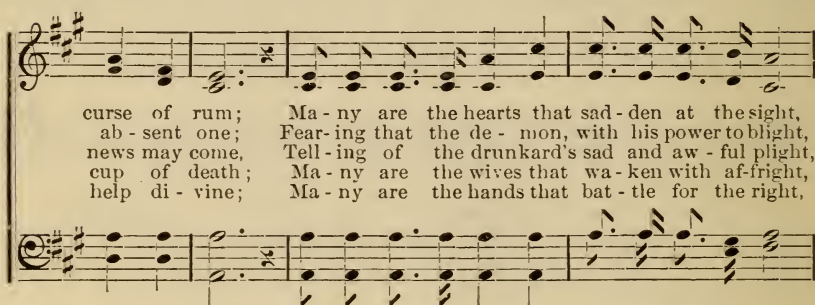
gath-er-ing home!..... God's children are gath-er-ing home.
 gath-er-ing home!

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

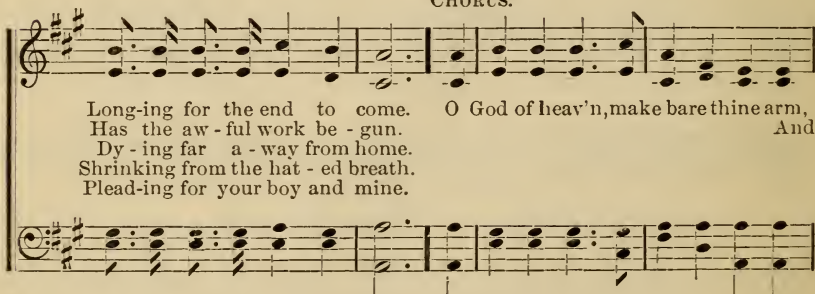


1. Ma - ny are the homes that are dark to - night, Blighted by the
 2. Ma - ny are the moth - ers a - wake to - night, Pray - ing for the
 3. Ma - ny are the sis - ters a - lone to - night, Dreading lest the
 4. Ma - ny are the hus - bands a - way to - night, Drinking of the
 5. Ma - ny are the pray'rs that as - cend to - night, Call - ing for the

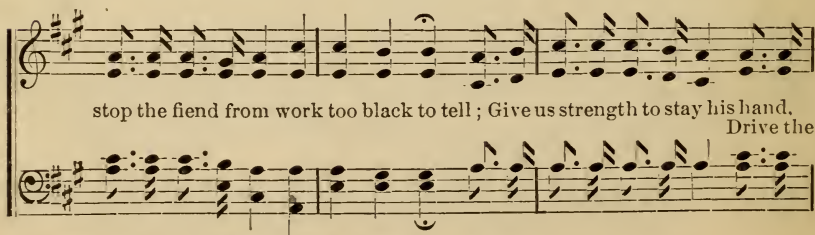


curse of rum; Ma - ny are the hearts that sad - den at the sight,
 ab - sent one; Fear - ing that the de - mon, with his power to blight,
 news may come, Tell - ing of the drunkard's sad and aw - ful plight,
 cup of death; Ma - ny are the wives that wa - ken with af - fright,
 help di - vine; Ma - ny are the hands that bat - tle for the right,

CHORUS.



Long - ing for the end to come. O God of heav'n, make bare thine arm,
 Has the aw - ful work be - gun. And
 Dy - ing far a - way from home.
 Shrinking from the hat - ed breath.
 Plead - ing for your boy and mine.



stop the fiend from work too black to tell; Give us strength to stay his hand,
 Drive the

TEMPERANCE SONG. (Concluded.)

mon-ster from the land, That we in safe - ty once a - gain may dwell.

No. 65.

RESCUE THE PERISHING.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
 2. Tho' they are slighting him, Still he is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent
 3. Down in the human heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that
 4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du-ty demands it; Strength for thy la-bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en,
 child to re-ceive. Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gently:
 grace can re-store; Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
 Lord will pro-vide: Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them;

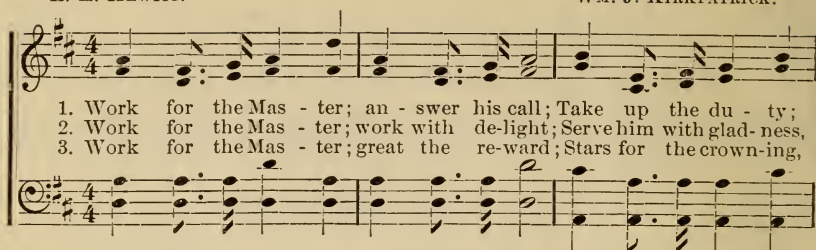
CHORUS.

Tell them of Je-sus, the Might-y to save. Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
 He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve.
 Chords that were bro-ken will vibrate once more.
 Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav-iour has died.

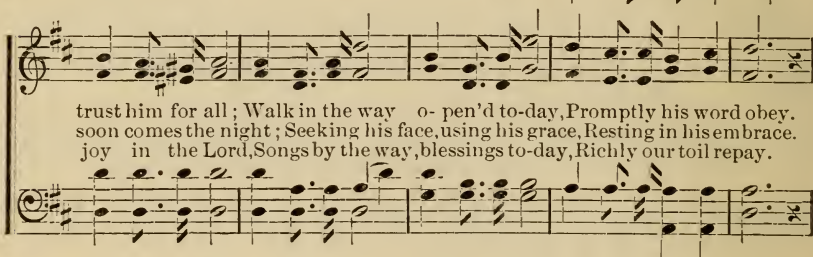
Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.

E. E. HEWITT.

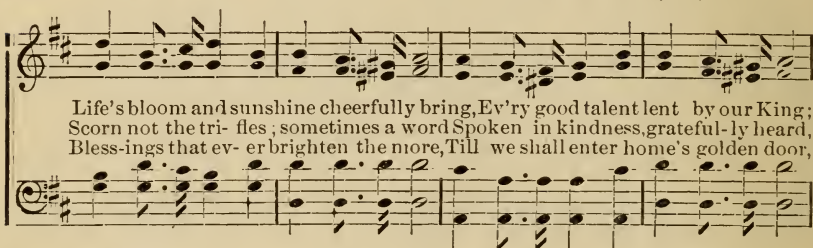
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



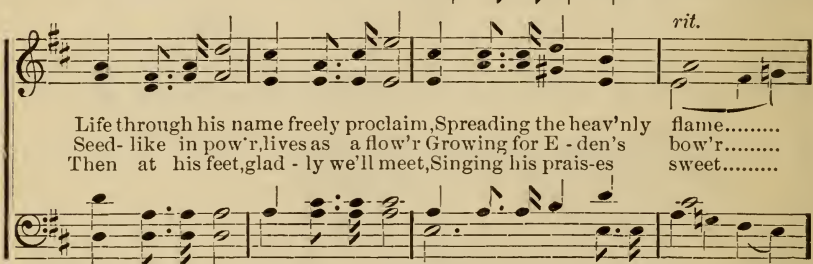
1. Work for the Mas - ter; an - swer his call; Take up the du - ty;
 2. Work for the Mas - ter; work with de-light; Serve him with glad-ness,
 3. Work for the Mas - ter; great the re-ward; Stars for the crown-ing,



trust him for all; Walk in the way o - pen'd to-day, Promptly his word obey.
 soon comes the night; Seeking his face, using his grace, Resting in his embrace.
 joy in the Lord, Songs by the way, blessings to-day, Richly our toil repay.



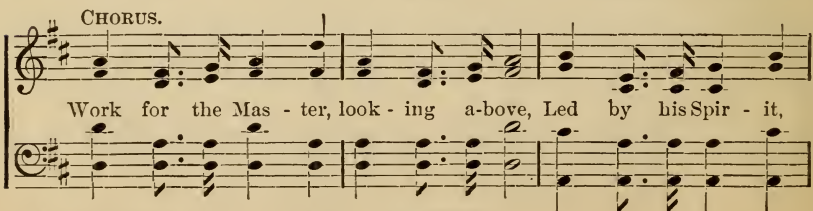
Life's bloom and sunshine cheerfully bring, Ev'ry good talent lent by our King;
 Scorn not the tri - fles; sometimes a word Spoken in kindness, grateful-ly heard,
 Bless-ings that ev - er brighten the more, Till we shall enter home's golden door,



Life through his name freely proclaim, Spreading the heav'nly flame.....
 Seed - like in pow'r, lives as a flow'r Growing for E - den's bow'r.....
 Then at his feet, glad - ly we'll meet, Singing his prais-es sweet.....

1. Spread - ing the heaven'ly flame.

CHORUS.



Work for the Mas - ter, look - ing a - bove, Led by his Spir - it,

WORK FOR THE MASTER. (Concluded.)

rit.

fill'd with his love, Work, work, work, work, Fill'd with his boundless love.

No. 67.

GATHER THE SHEAVES.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

S. W. STRAUB.

1. Har - vest - er, har - vest - er, gath - er thy sheaves, The Mas - ter is
 2. Har - vest - er, har - vest - er, faith - ful to God, Go seek by the
 3. Har - vest - er, har - vest - er, lo - ter no more, But think what the

com - ing this way; My heart o'er its fol - ly and
 way - side and find The wheat that has grain mid the
 Mas - ter would say; Go gath - er the sheaves till the

D.S.—soul, if thy hand hath plucked
 FINE.

i - dle-ness grieves, And hours it has squandered a - way.
 bram - bles that nod,— The wheat for the sheaves you would bind.
 har - vest is o'er; Go work with the reap - ers to - day.

noth - ing but leaves, O what shall the rec - om-pense be!

CHORUS.

D.S.

Gath - er, gath - er, gath - er the sheaves, Bound in the harvest by thee; O

JESSIE H. BROWN.

FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. O, scat - ter seeds of lov - ing deeds, A - long the fer - tile field,
 2. Tho' sown in tears thro' wea - ry years, The seed will sure - ly live;
 3. The har - vest home of God will come, And aft - er toil and care;

For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruit - ful har - vest yield.
 Tho' great the cost, it is not lost, For God will fruit - age give.
 With joy un - told your sheaves of gold, Will all be garnered there.

CHORUS.

Then day by day..... along your way,..... The seeds of
 Then day by day along your way,

prom - - ise cast, That ripened grain..... from hill and
 The seeds of promise cast, the seeds of promise cast, That ripened grain,

plain,..... Be gathered home at last.....
 from hill and plain, Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.

Be gathered home at last.....

This is the last hymn written by the author, who fell asleep April 16, 1895.—

"She, being dead, yet speaketh."

M. D. K.

MAY D. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Go, work to-day, the Master commands, Why stand ye waiting with
 2. Go, work to-day, in the morning of youth, Go tell the mes-sage of
 3. Go, work to-day, go forth in his might, Make some load lighter, some

i - dle hands? There is work to do; there are hearts to win, And
 love and truth, Go and seek the lost from the fold a - stray, And
 sad heart bright, Comfort those who weep, help those in need, For

CHORUS.

per - ish-ing souls to be-saved from sin. Go, work to-day,
 point them to Je - sus, the Life, the Way.
 plen - te-ous har-vest sow pre - cious seed.

go, work to-day, Time pass-es swift-ly, no long-er de-lay;

Hear the dear Master lov-ing-ly say: "In my vineyard, go work to-day."

S. BARING-GOULD.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

f Briskly.

1. On - ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the
 2. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the
 3. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng, Blend with

cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al
 Church of Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can
 ours your voi - ces In the tri - umph - song; Glo - ry, laud, and

Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle,
 nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre - vail; We have Christ's own promise,
 hon - or Un - to Christ the King, This through countless a - ges

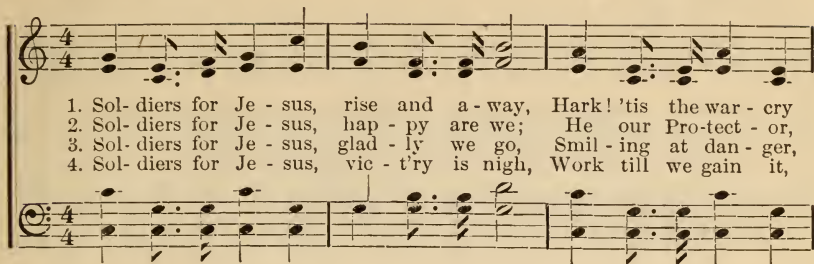
CHORUS.

See, his ban - ners go! Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to
 And that can - not fail.
 Men and an - gels sing.

war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

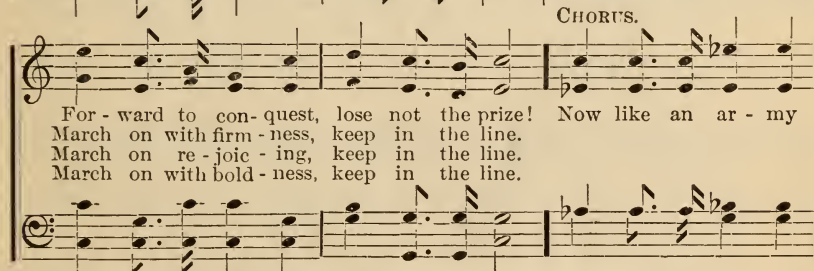


1. Sol-diers for Je-sus, rise and a-way, Hark! 'tis the war-ry
 2. Sol-diers for Je-sus, hap-py are we; He our Pro-tect-or,
 3. Sol-diers for Je-sus, glad-ly we go, Smil-ing at dan-ger,
 4. Sol-diers for Je-sus, vic-t'ry is nigh, Work till we gain it,

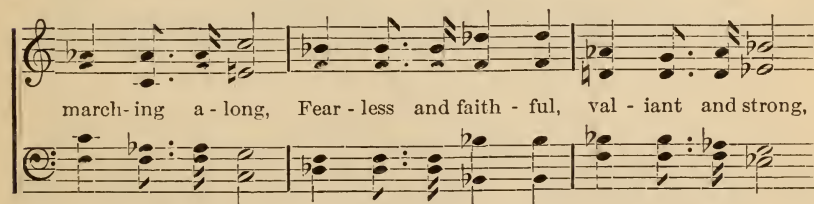


sound-ing to-day; Lo! our Command-er calls from the skies:
 near us will be, Trust in his mer-cy, change-less, di-vine;
 brav-ing the foe, Bright are our landmarks, bright-ly they shine;
 rest by and by; O, let our cour-age nev-er de-cline;

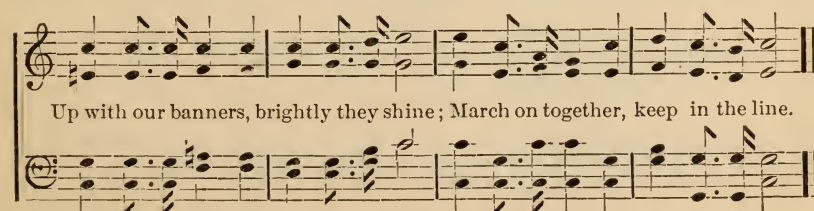
CHORUS.



For-ward to con-quest, lose not the prize! Now like an ar-my
 March on with firm-ness, keep in the line.
 March on re-joic-ing, keep in the line.
 March on with bold-ness, keep in the line.



march-ing a-long, Fear-less and faith-ful, val-iant and strong,



Up with our banners, brightly they shine; March on together, keep in the line.

Rev. C. COOKE.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Speed a - way! speed a-way! O ye heralds of light, There are millions en -
 2. Let the Church to the help of Jehovah draw near—Come with love, and with
 3. Speed a - way! speed a-way with the message from heav'n, To all nations of

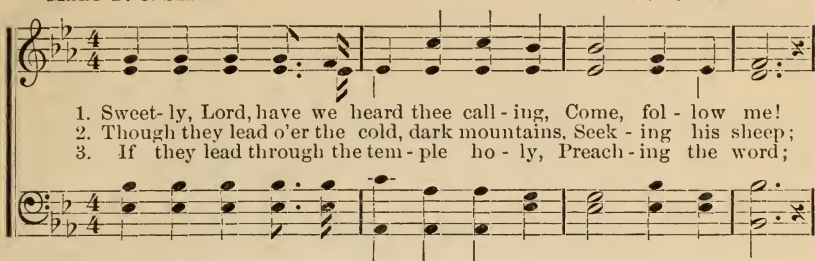
shrouded in nature's dark night, Who are willing to hear, and the truth to re-
 faith, and with fer-vor in prayer! Let her fling to the breeze the pure banner of
 men let the tidings be given That Mes-siah has triumphed, his foes are all

ceive, But know of no Saviour on whom to believe. O they're dy-ing by
 truth, And en-list in the struggle her warm-hearted youth; Let the parents and
 slain, And the earth as an E-den is blushing a- gain! O great Saviour, let

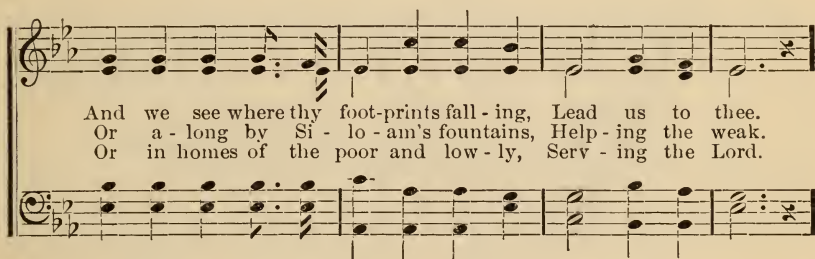
thousands in sin ev'ry day! Speed away! speed a - way!..... speed a - way!
 children, and ev'ry one say: "Speed away! speed a - way!..... speed a - way!"
 nothing this conquest delay! Speed away! speed a - way!..... speed a - way!
 Speed a-way! speed a-way! speed a-way!

MARY B. C. SLADE.

A. B. EVERETT.

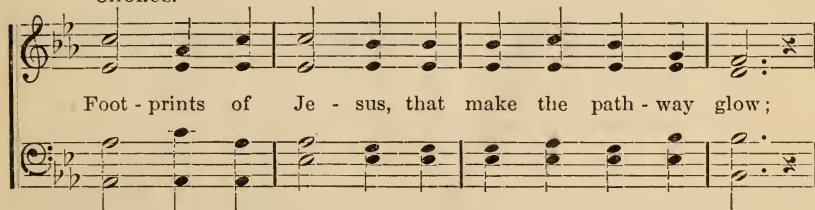


1. Sweet-ly, Lord, have we heard thee call-ing, Come, fol-low me!
 2. Though they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek-ing his sheep;
 3. If they lead through the tem-ple ho-ly, Preach-ing the word;

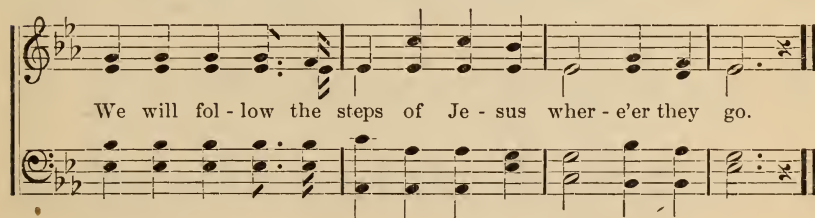


And we see where thy foot-prints fall-ing, Lead us to thee.
 Or a-long by Si-lo-am's fountains, Help-ing the weak.
 Or in homes of the poor and low-ly, Serv-ing the Lord.

CHORUS.



Foot-prints of Je-sus, that make the path-way glow;

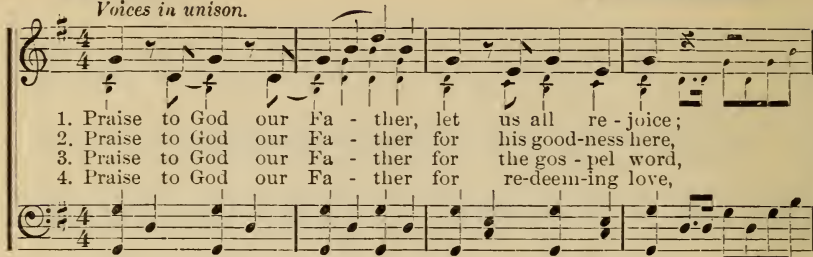


We will fol-low the steps of Je-sus wher-e'er they go.

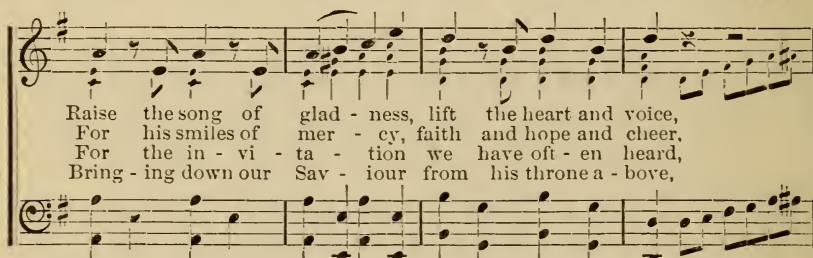
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>4 Tho', dear Lord, in thy pathway keep-
 We follow thee; [ing,
 Thro' the gloom of that place of weep-
 Gethsemane! [ing,</p> | <p>6 By and by, through the shining portals,
 Turning our feet,
 We shall walk with the glad immortals,
 Heaven's golden streets.</p> |
| <p>5 If thy way and its sorrows bearing,
 We go again,
 Up the slope of the hillside, bearing
 Our cross of pain.</p> | <p>7 Then at last, when on high he sees us,
 Our journey done,
 We will rest where the steps of Jesus
 End at his throne.</p> |

E. E. HEWITT.

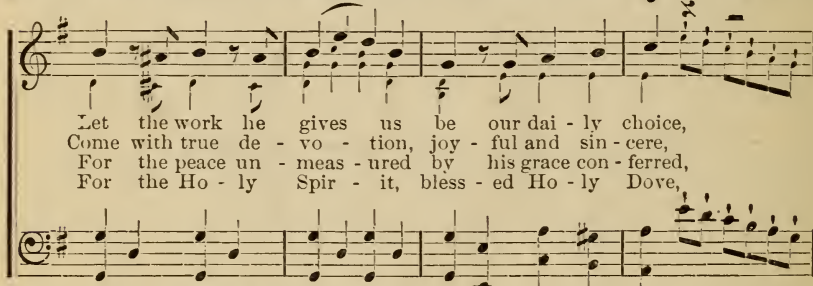
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Voices in unison.


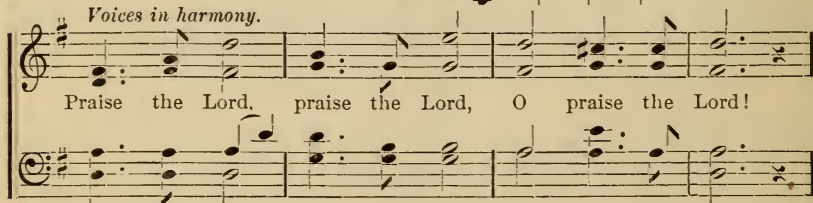
1. Praise to God our Fa - ther, let us all re - joice;
 2. Praise to God our Fa - ther for his good-ness here,
 3. Praise to God our Fa - ther for the gos - pel word,
 4. Praise to God our Fa - ther for re-deem-ing love,



Raise the song of glad - ness, lift the heart and voice,
 For his smiles of mer - cy, faith and hope and cheer,
 For the in - vi - ta - tion we have oft - en heard,
 Bring - ing down our Sav - iour from his throne a - bove,

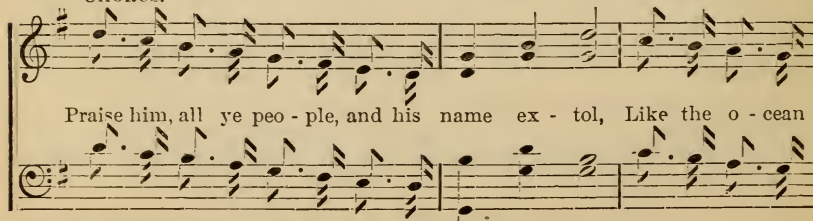


Let the work he gives us be our dai - ly choice,
 Come with true de - vo - tion, joy - ful and sin - cere,
 For the peace un - meas - ured by his grace con - ferred,
 For the Ho - ly Spir - it, bless - ed Ho - ly Dove,

Voices in harmony.


Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O praise the Lord!

CHORUS.



Praise him, all ye peo - ple, and his name ex - tol, Like the o - cean

PRAISE TO GOD OUR FATHER. (Concluded.)

Lento.

bil-lows let our anthems roll, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O praise the Lord.

No. 75. THE BLESSED NAME OF JESUS.

C. B.

CHARLES BENTLEY.

1. There is a name I love so well, With-in my heart sweet praise well;
 2. 'Tis through this name, I am to-day Up-on the path, the liv-ing way;
 3. No bet-ter name can e'er be found; It is the key, the gos-pel sound;
 4. This bless-ed name 'twill ev-er be The saint's delight, the sin-ner's plea;

My joy-ful lips to oth-ers tell The bless-ed name of Je-sus.
 I'm hap-py now, and glad to say, 'Tis through the name of Je-sus.
 Go where you may, 'tisspread around, The bless-ed name of Je-sus.
 'Twill live throughout e-ter-ni-ty, The bless-ed name of Je-sus.

CHORUS.

The bless-ed name, how sweet the name, The bless-ed name of Je-sus!

No tongue can tell how sweet to dwell On that dear name of Je-sus.

H. L. GILMOUR.

GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
 2. I yield - ed my - self to his ten - der em - brace, And
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
 4. How pre - cious the tho't that we all may re - cline, Like
 5. O come to the Sav - iour, he pa - tient - ly waits To

burdened with sin, and dis - tressed, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing,
 faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I
 been the old sto - ry so blest Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so -
 John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
 save by his pow - er di - vine; Come, an - choryour soul in the

D.S.—The tem - pest may sweep o'er the

make me your choice; And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 an - chored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
 ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 tem - pest can harm, Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 ha - ven of rest, And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."

wild, storm - y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

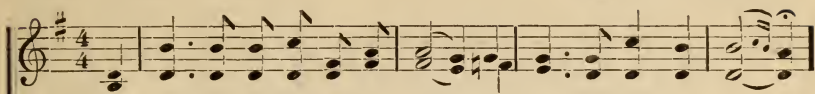
D.S.

I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

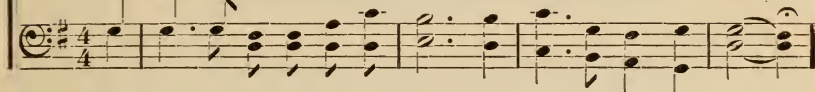
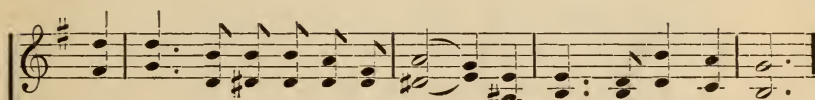
(SOLO OR QUARTET WITH CHORUS.)

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

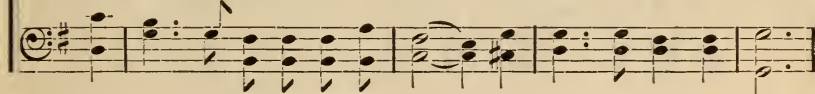
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



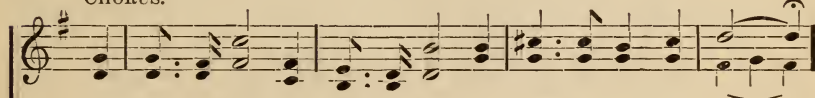
1. I ask not for the highest place, But find a spot more sweet,
 2. Tho' waves of darkness round me roll, I have a safe re-treat,
 3. He gives me from his lov-ing hand, The fin-est of the wheat,
 4. And when I reach the mys-tic sea, Where earth and heav-en meet,

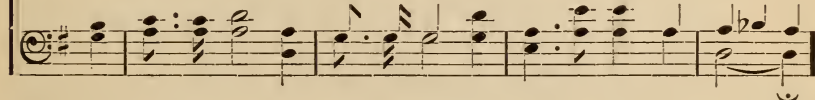
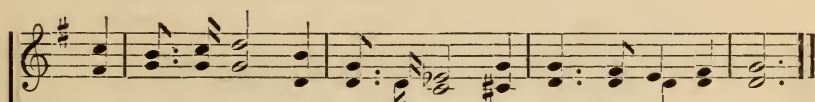
Where God bestows on me his grace, At my Re-deem-er's feet.
 No storm can ev-er harm a soul, At my Re-deem-er's feet.
 I live in heaven's bor-der land, At my Re-deem-er's feet.
 I'll spend a blest e-ter-ni-ty, At my Re-deem-er's feet.



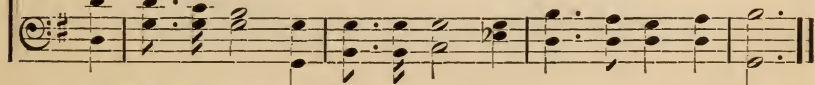
CHORUS.



Come joy or pain, come weal or woe, In Christ I am com-plete;

My high-est place is ly-ing low, At my Re-deem-er's feet.

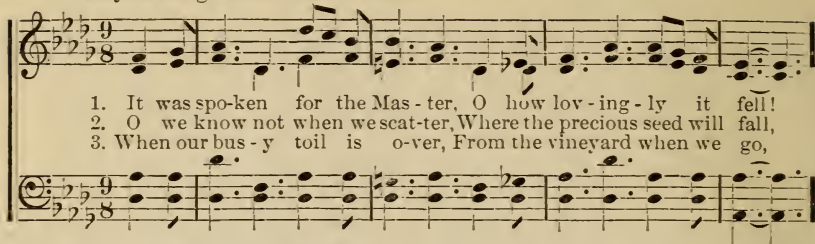


No. 78. IT WAS SPOKEN FOR THE MASTER.

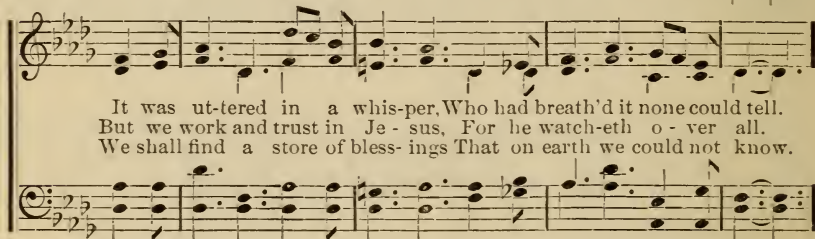
FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

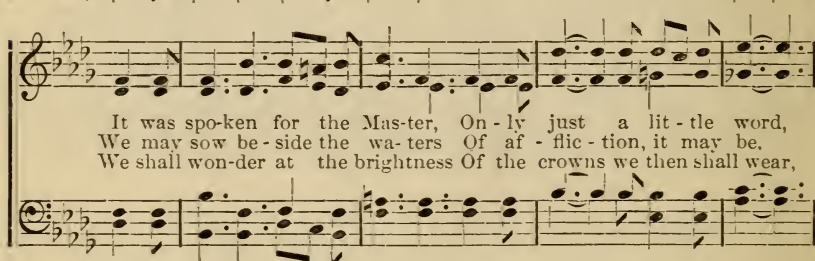
May be sung as SOLO and CHORUS.



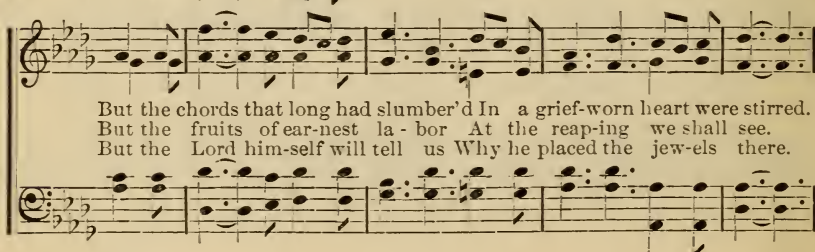
1. It was spo-ken for the Mas-ter, O how lov-ing-ly it fell!
 2. O we know not when we scat-ter, Where the pre-cious seed will fall,
 3. When our bus-y toil is o-ver, From the vineyard when we go,



It was ut-tered in a whis-per, Who had breath'd it none could tell.
 But we work and trust in Je-sus, For he watch-eth o-ver all.
 We shall find a store of bless-ings That on earth we could not know.

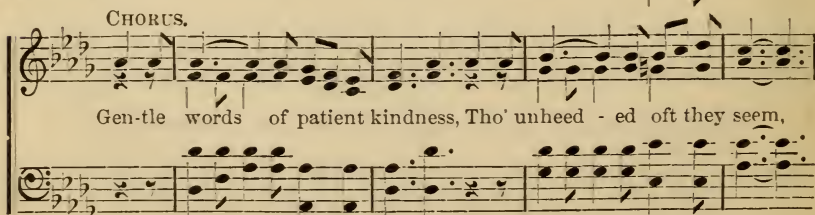


It was spo-ken for the Mas-ter, On-ly just a lit-tle word,
 We may sow be-side the wa-ters Of af-flic-tion, it may be,
 We shall won-der at the bright-ness Of the crowns we then shall wear,



But the chords that long had slumber'd In a grief-worn heart were stirred.
 But the fruits of ear-nest la-bor At the reap-ing we shall see.
 But the Lord him-self will tell us Why he placed the jew-els there.

CHORUS.



Gen-tle words of pa-tient kind-ness, Tho' unheed-ed oft they seem,

IT WAS SPOKEN FOR THE MASTER. (Concluded.)

ad lib.

To the fold of grace may gather Souls of which we lit-tle dream.

No. 79. JESUS TOUCHED MY HEART.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

J. S. FEARIS.

1. Je-sus touch'd my sin - ful heart, Bade my tears re - pent - ant start,
 2. Je-sus touch'd my sin - ful heart, Bade me walk with him a - part,
 3. Je-sus touch'd my sin - ful heart. Bade my e - vil tho'ts de - part,
 4. Je-sus touch'd my sin - ful heart, Bade me choose the bet - ter part,

Showed me all my guilt and sin, Made me clean and pure with - in.
 Stooped my lamp of faith to trim, Made me feel my need of him.
 Soft - ly whis-pered in my ear Ten-der words of hope and cheer.
 Led me gen - tly to his breast, Fill'd my soul with peace and rest.

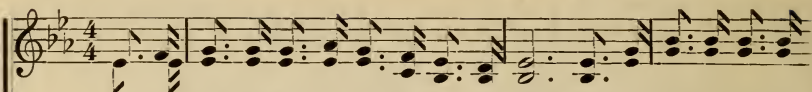
CHORUS.

Jesus touch'd my heart with his pow'r divine, His pow'r divine, his pow'r divine;

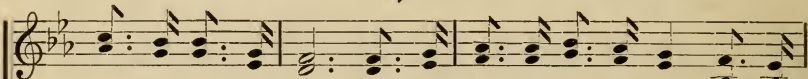
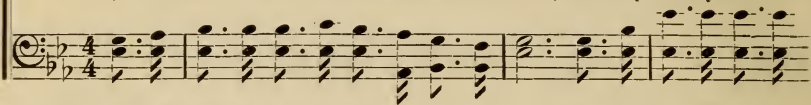
Jesus touch'd my heart with his pow'r divine; I'm happy since his love is mine.

Rev. JOHN PARKER.

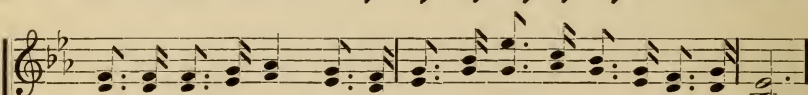
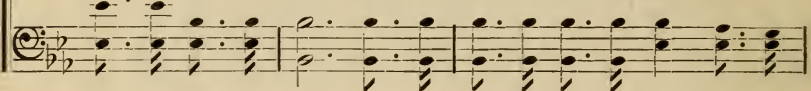
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



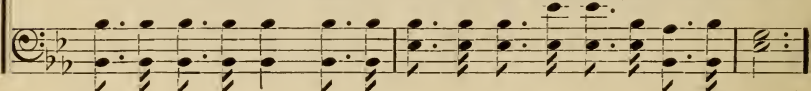
1. Do you know the blessed Saviour's at the door? That he lingers there to
2. Do not keep him longer wait-ing at the door, Hear him knocking, calling
3. Will you close your heart against him at the door? Will he not be all you
4. O, to think that Je-sus waits outside the door, He may leave you to re-



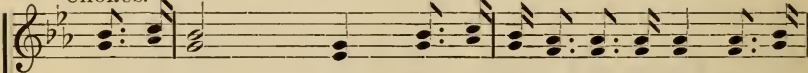
bless you more and more? Will you not in-vite him in, And his
loud - er than be - fore. Bid him wel-come now with-in, Turn a -
need for ev - er - more? He will take a - way your pride, Be your
turn, no, nev - er - more. Leave you hope-less and a - lone, With a



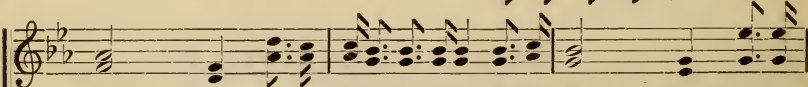
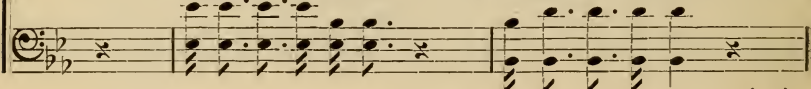
fel - lowship be - gin, He is wait - ing, knocking, calling at the door.
way from ev - 'ry sin, He will en - ter and the feast be ev - er - more.
nev - er - fail - ing guide, To the mansions where the blessed ones a - dore.
heart as hard as stone, Haste to hear him now and o - pen wide the door.



CHORUS.



He is wait - - ing, he is knocking at the door, He is
Wait-ing, he is wait-ing, knock-ing at the door,



wait - - ing, he is knocking at the door, He is wait - - ing, He is
Waiting, he is waiting, knocking at the door, Waiting, he is waiting,



THE BOLTED DOOR. (Concluded.)

rit.

knocking at the door, He is waiting, he is knocking at the door.
he is knocking at the door.

No. 81.

COME HOME.

W. F. COSNER.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. The Sav-our in-vites you, poor wand'r'er, to come, The Fa-ther is
2. Re - turn to the Fa-ther, who holds you so dear; Say, why will you
3. Poor wan-der-er, haste, for the night draweth nigh; Say, why will you
4. Come home, trembling mourner, O, come and be blest, Here lay down your

wait - ing to wel - come you home; Now cease from your wand'rings so
per - ish when plen - ty is near? O, leave the lone des - ert where
lin - ger still? Why will you die? Tho' poor and un - wor - thy, with
bur - dens that you may find rest; Be cleansed from your sins, and to

lone - ly and wild; Re - turn to your Fa-ther, O prod - i - gal child!
shad - ows are piled; Re - turn to your Fa-ther, O prod - i - gal child!
sin all de - filed; The Fa - ther will wel-come his prod - i - gal child!
God rec - on - ciled; Re - turn to your Fa-ther, O prod - i - gal child!

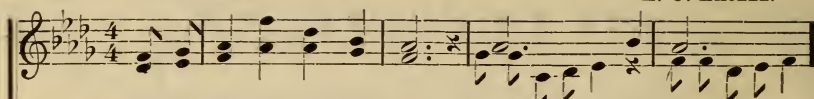
CHORUS.

Repeat Chorus pp.

Come home, come home, O prod - i - gal child, come home!
Come home, come home,

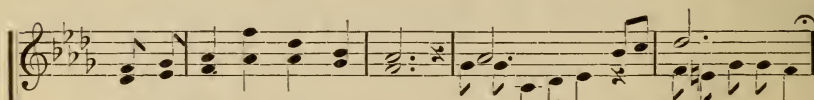
Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

E. O. EXCELL.



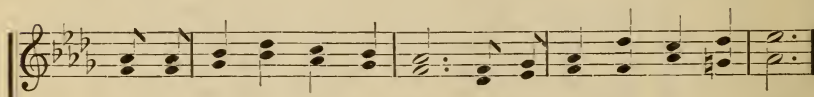
1. There's a stran-ger at the door, Let him in,
 2. O - pen now to him your heart, Let him in,
 3. Hear you now his lov - ing voice? Let him in,
 4. Now ad - mit the heavenly Guest, Let him in,

Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in,



He has been there oft be - fore, Let him in;
 If you wait he will de - part, Let him in;
 Now, O now make him your choice, Let him in;
 He will make for you a feast, Let him in;

Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in,



Let him in ere he is gone, Let him in, the Ho - ly One,
 Let him in, he is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
 He is standing at the door, Joy to you he will re - store,
 He will speak your sins for - given, And when earth ties all are riven,



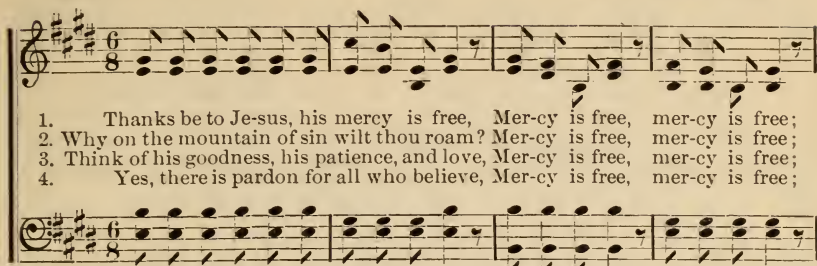
Je - sus Christ, the Fa - ther's Son, Let him in.
 He will keep you to the end, Let him in.
 And his name you will a - dore, Let him in.
 He will take you home to heaven, Let him in.

Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in.

No. 83. MERCY IS BOUNDLESS AND FREE.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Thanks be to Je-sus, his mer-cy is free, Mer-cy is free, mer-cy is free;
 2. Why on the mountain of sin wilt thou roam? Mer-cy is free, mer-cy is free;
 3. Think of his goodness, his patience, and love, Mer-cy is free, mer-cy is free;
 4. Yes, there is pardon for all who believe, Mer-cy is free, mer-cy is free;

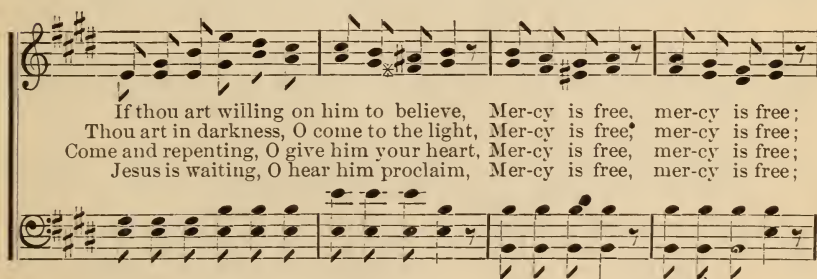
CHO.—Jesus the Saviour is looking for thee, Looking for thee, looking for thee;



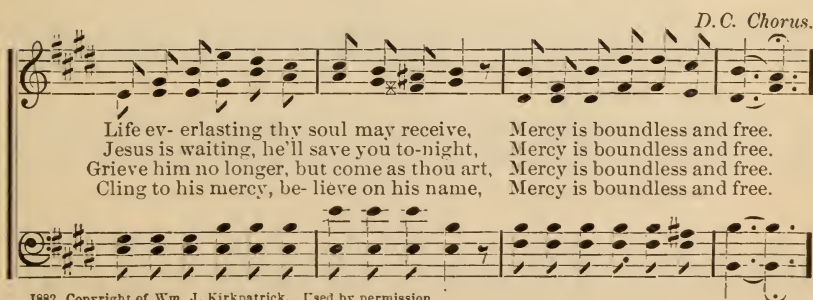
FINE.

Sinner, that mercy is flowing for thee, Mer-cy is boundless and free.
 Gently the Spirit is calling, "Come home," Mer-cy is boundless and free.
 Pleading thy cause with his Father above, Mer-cy is boundless and free.
 Come and this moment a blessing receive, Mer-cy is boundless and free.

Loving-ly, tender-ly calling for thee, Calling and looking for thee.



If thou art willing on him to believe, Mer-cy is free, mer-cy is free;
 Thou art in darkness, O come to the light, Mer-cy is free, mer-cy is free;
 Come and repenting, O give him your heart, Mer-cy is free, mer-cy is free;
 Jesus is waiting, O hear him proclaim, Mer-cy is free, mer-cy is free;



D. C. Chorus.

Life ev-erlasting thy soul may receive, Mercy is boundless and free.
 Jesus is waiting, he'll save you to-night, Mercy is boundless and free.
 Grieve him no longer, but come as thou art, Mercy is boundless and free.
 Cling to his mercy, be-lieve on his name, Mercy is boundless and free.

P. P. B.

P. P. BILHORN.

1. O the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up -
 2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and comfort to my
 3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the chill - y waves of
 4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the loved ones who have

p

on you roll; He will heal the wounded heart, He will
 soul he brings; Lean - ing on his might - y arm, I will
 Jor - dan roll, Nev - er need I shrink or fear, For my
 gone be - fore, We will sing up - on the shore, Praising

strength and grace impart; O the best friend to have is Je - sus.
 fear no ill or harm; O the best friend to have is Je - sus.
 Sav - iour is so near; O the best friend to have is Je - sus.
 him for ev - er - more; O the best friend to have is Je - sus.

CHORUS. *Spirited.*

The best friend to have is Je - sus, The best friend to have is
 Je - sus ev - 'ry day,

THE BEST FRIEND IS JESUS. (Concluded.)

Je - sus, He will help you when you fall, He will
Je - sus all the way:

hear you when you call; O the best Friend to have is Je - sus.

No. 85. JESUS NOW IS CALLING.

R. E. H.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Come, ye wea-ry and oppress'd, Je-sus now is calling you, Come to him, he'll
2. Tho' your sins like mountains rise, Je-sus now is calling you; He has made the
3. Tho' your sins like scarlet be, Je-sus now is calling you; From your sins he'll
4. Come, ye wand'ers from the fold, Je-sus now is calling you, O his love can

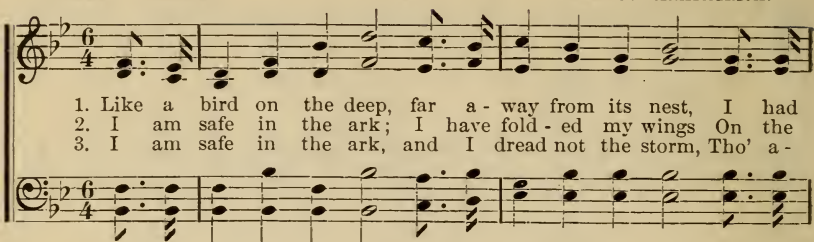
CHORUS.

give you rest—Still he bids you come. Je-sus now is calling, Calling,
sac-ri-fice—Still he bids you come.
set you free—Still he bids you come.
ne'er be told—Still he bids you come. calling, calling,

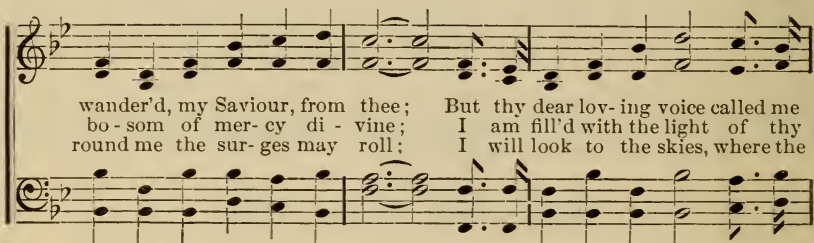
call-ing, Je - sus now is call-ing you—Call-ing you to come.
call - ing,

FANNY J. CROSBY.

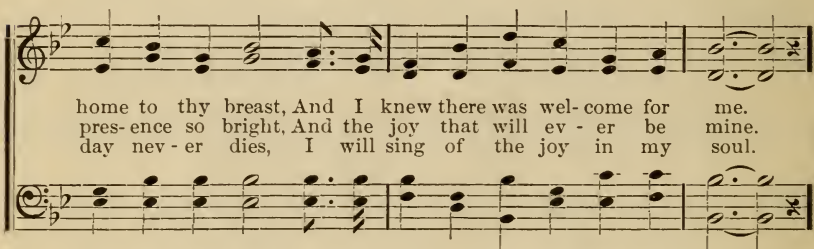
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Like a bird on the deep, far a-way from its nest, I had
2. I am safe in the ark; I have fold-ed my wings On the
3. I am safe in the ark, and I dread not the storm, Tho' a -

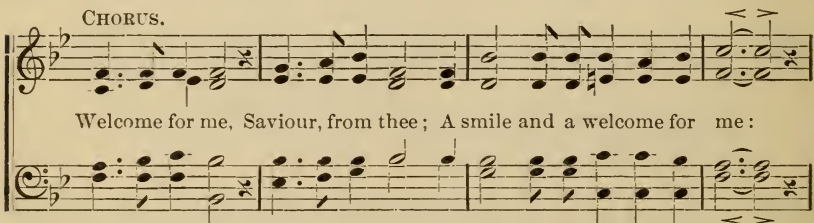


wander'd, my Saviour, from thee; But thy dear lov-ing voice called me
bo-som of mer-cy di-vine; I am fill'd with the light of thy
round me the sur-ges may roll; I will look to the skies, where the

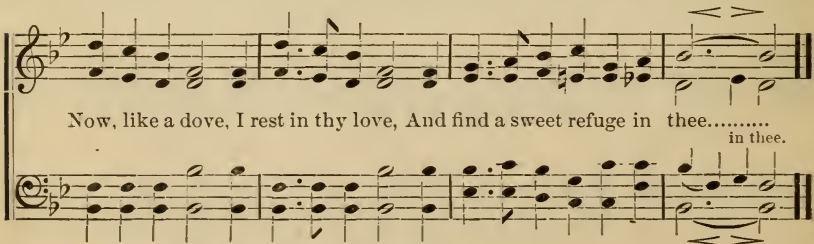


home to thy breast, And I knew there was wel-come for me.
pres-ence so bright, And the joy that will ev-er be mine.
day nev-er dies, I will sing of the joy in my soul.

CHORUS.



Welcome for me, Saviour, from thee; A smile and a welcome for me:

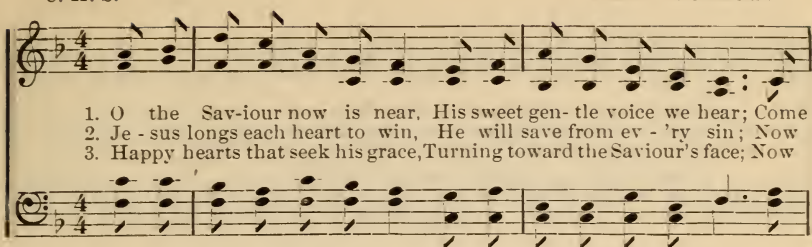


Now, like a dove, I rest in thy love, And find a sweet refuge in thee.....
in thee.

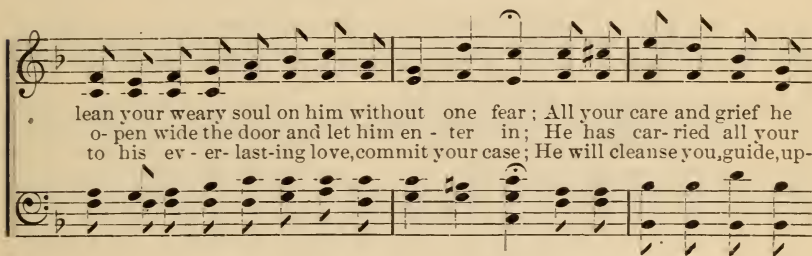
No. 87. O THE SAVIOUR NOW IS NEAR.

C. H. S.

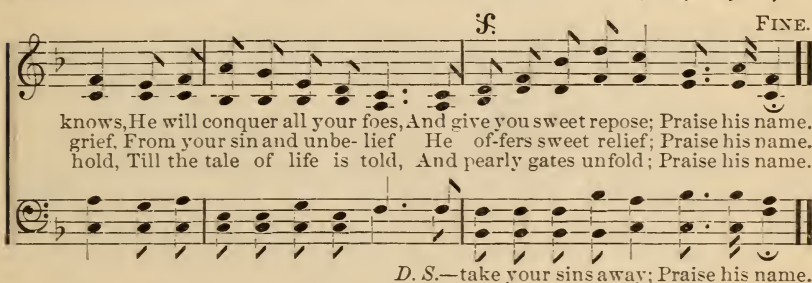
CLARISSA H. SPENCER.



1. O the Sav-iour now is near, His sweet gen- tle voice we hear; Come
 2. Je - sus longs each heart to win, He will save from ev - 'ry sin; Now
 3. Happy hearts that seek his grace, Turning toward the Saviour's face; Now



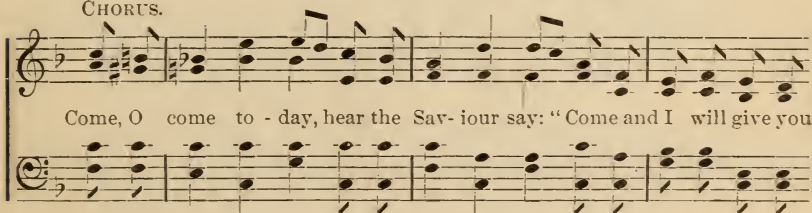
lean your weary soul on him without one fear; All your care and grief he
 o - pen wide the door and let him en - ter in; He has car - ried all your
 to his ev - er - last - ing love, commit your case; He will cleanse you, guide, up -



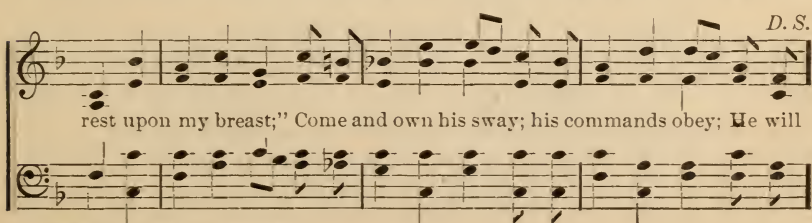
knows, He will conquer all your foes, And give you sweet repose; Praise his name.
 grief. From your sin and unbe - lief He of - fers sweet relief; Praise his name.
 hold, Till the tale of life is told, And pearly gates unfold; Praise his name.

D. S.—take your sins away; Praise his name.

CHORUS.



Come, O come to - day, hear the Sav - iour say: "Come and I will give you



rest upon my breast;" Come and own his sway; his commands obey; He will

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN. By per.

1. Je-sus, the lov-ing Shepherd, Cal-leth thee now to come In-to the fold of
 2. Je-sus, the lov-ing Shepherd, Gave his dear life for thee, Ten-derly now he's
 3. Lin-ger-ing is but fol-ly, Wolves are abroad to-day, Seeking the lambs who're

safety, Where there is rest and room; Come in the strength of manhood, Come in the
 call-ing, Wanderer, come to me: Haste, for without is danger, "Come," cries the
 straying, Seeking the lambs to slay; Jesus, the loving Shepherd, Cal-leth thee

morn of youth, En-ter the fold of safe-ty, En-ter the way of truth.
 Shepherd blest, En-ter the fold of safe-ty, En-ter the place of rest.
 now to come, En-ter the fold of safe-ty, Where there is rest and room.

CHORUS.

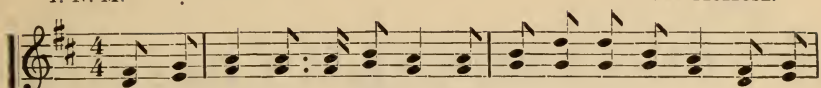
Lov-ing-ly, ten-der-ly call-ing is he, Wanderer, wanderer, come un-to me;

rit.
 Pa-tient-ly wait-ing, there stand-ing I see Je-sus, my Shepherd di-vine.

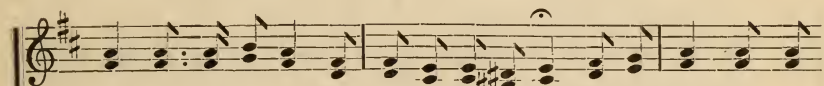
No. 89. ARE YOU COMING TO THE FEAST?

I. N. M.

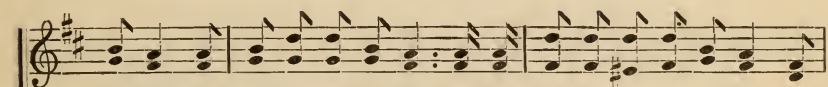
I. N. McHose.



1. There's a feast now a-wait-ing, pre-pared by lov-ing hands, In the
 2. Come, for all things are read-y, why will you stay a-way? Hear the
 3. 'Tis a feast ev-er-last-ing, a-bun-dant, rich and free, Thro' the

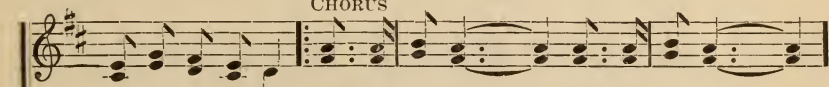


midst of the banquet, the gen-tle Saviour stands; Then no lon-ger go
 kind in-vi-ta-tion, O come, without de-lay; 'Tis the day of sal-
 blood of the Sav-iour, an o-pen door we see; Come and wear the white



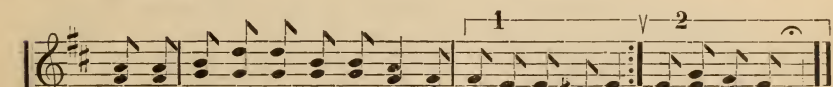
rov-ing o'er des-erts bare and wild, See! the Fa-ther now is wait-ing to
 va-tion why will you lon-ger roam? There's a mansion now pre-pared, for
 raiment, the wedding garment fair, And the Lord and all his an-gels will

CHORUS



greet his wea-ry child. You're in-vit-ed,..... are you com-ing?.....
 you in yon-der home.
 bid you welcome there.

to the feast, to the feast,



O ac-cept the in-vi-ta-tion, all things are ready, come:
 See the Fa-ther now is wait-ing to (Omit.) welcome wand'ers home.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEO. N. ROCKWELL.

Moderato.

1. We know not the trials be-fore us, But Je-sus takes thought for them all,
 2. We know not the trials be-fore us, But why should we tremble or fear?
 3. We know not the trials be-fore us, The sorrows and cares we shall meet,

And trusting the aid of his coun-sel, We nev-er, no, nev-er, can fall;
 The arm of the Lord will protect us, The ark of his mer-cy is near;
 But O there's a re-fuge in Je-sus, Though surges may break at our feet;

We know not the tri-als be-fore us, Or what on the morrow may be,
 We know not the tri-als be-fore us, Or what our tempta-tions may be,
 How blessed that re-fuge for - ev - er Where safe from the storm we shall be,

But sweet is the soul-cheering promise, "My grace is suf-ficient for thee."
 But stronger than death is the promise, "My grace is suf-ficient for thee."
 The password to life is the promise, "My grace is suf-ficient for thee."

D.S.—Re - member the soul-cheering promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

mf CHORUS.*D.S.*

Then cleave to the Saviour, cleave to him, What ever the conflict may be,

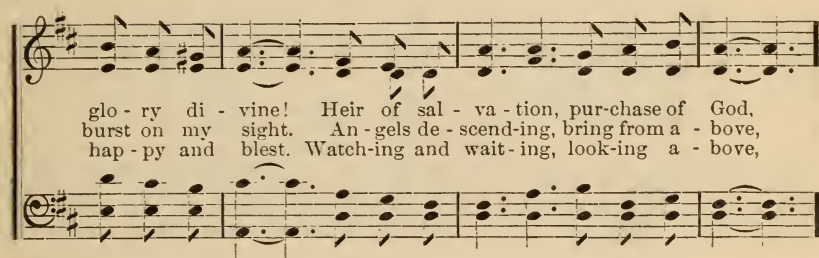
"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN VI. 47.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

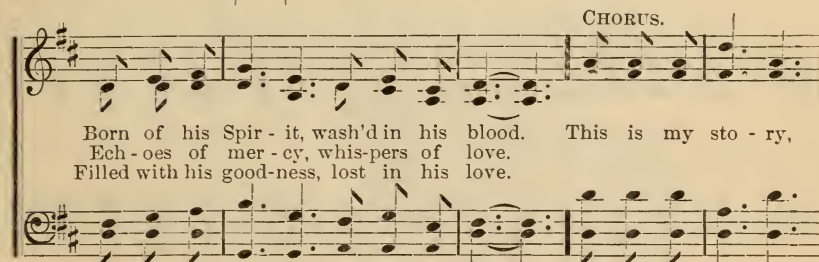
MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub - mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Visions of rap - ture now
 3. Per-fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am

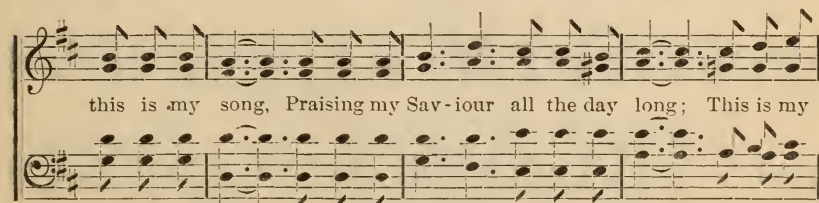


glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God,
 burst on my sight. An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a - bove,
 hap - py and blest. Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,

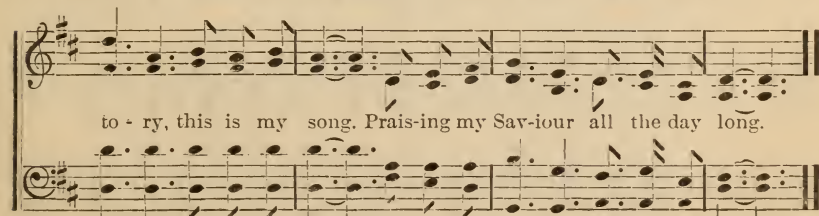


CHORUS.

Born of his Spir - it, wash'd in his blood. This is my sto - ry,
 Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love.
 Filled with his good - ness, lost in his love.



this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my



to - ry, this is my song. Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long.

W. A. S.

Rev. W. A. SPENCER, D. D.

1. When I shall reach the more ex - cel-lent glo - ry, And all my
 2. We shall not wait till the glo - ri-ous dawn-ing Breaks on the
 3. More and more like him, re - peat the blest sto - ry, O - ver and

tri - als are passed, I shall be-hold him, O won - der-ful sto - ry!
 vis - ion so fair, Now we may welcome the heav - en - ly morning,
 o - ver a - gain, Changed by his spir - it from glo - ry to glo - ry,

CHORUS.

I shall be like him at last. I shall be like him,
 Now we his im - age may bear.
 I shall be sat - is - fied then.

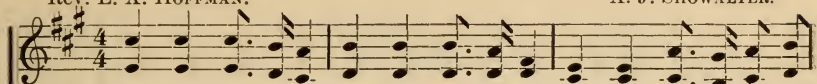
I shall be like him, And in his beauty shall shine, I shall be like him,

won - drous - ly like him, Je - sus, my Sav - iour di - vine.

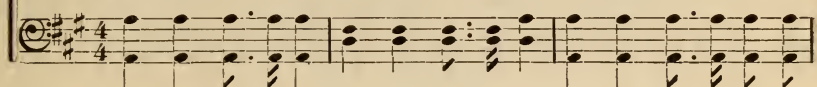
No. 93. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



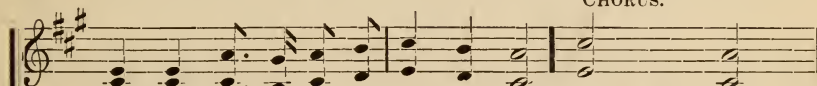
1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the Ev - er -
2. O how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Leaning on the Ev - er -
3. What have I to read, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the Ev - er -



last - ing Arms; What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing Arms; O how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing Arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,



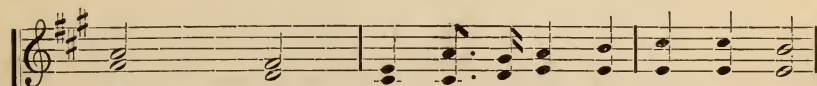
CHORUS.



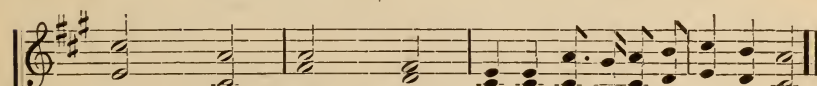
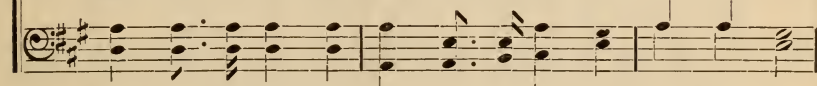
Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms. Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms.
Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms.



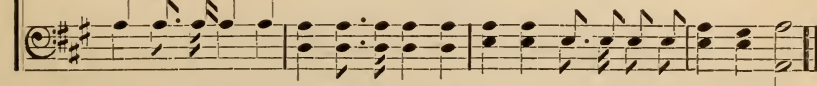
Lean - ing on Je - sus,



lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a - larms;
Lean - ing on Je - sus,



Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the Ev - er-lasting Arms.
Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean-ing on Je - sus,



FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Watch and pray that when the Master com - eth, If at morn - ing,
 2. Watch and pray; the tempt - er may be near us; Keep the heart with
 3. Watch and pray, nor let us ev - er wea - ry; Je - sus watched and
 4. Watch and pray, nor leave our post of du - ty, Till we hear the

noon or night, He may find a lamp in ev - 'ry window, Trimmed and
 jeal - ous care, Lest the door, a mo - ment left un - guard - ed, E - vil
 prayed a - lone: Prayed for us when on - ly stars be - held him, While on
 Bridegroom's voice: Then, with him the marriage feast par - tak - ing, We shall

CHORUS.

burn - ing clear and bright. Watch and pray,..... the Lord com -
 thoughts may en - ter there.
 Ol - ive's brow they shone.
 ev - er - more re - joice. Watch and pray, the Lord com - mand - eth, Watch and

mand - eth; Watch and pray,..... 'twill not be
 pray, the Lord com - mand - eth; Watch and pray, 'twill not be long, Watch and

long;
 pray, 'twill not be long: Soon he'll gath - er home his
 Soon he'll gath - er home his loved ones, Soon he'll

WATCH AND PRAY. (Concluded.)

loved ones To the hap - py vale of song. of song.
gath - er home, his loved ones To the hap - py vale of song, the vale of song.

No. 95.

I'LL REJOICE.

Rev. W. L. C. HUNNICUTT.

WM. H. HARTWELL.

Con spirito.

1. I will praise my great Cre-a - tor, For his wondrous grace and love;
2. I will praise my dear Re - deem - er, While he saves my soul from death;
3. I will praise the Ho - ly Spir - it, Sweet-est Com-fort-er is he;

'Tis meet that they should praise below, Who would praise our God above.
I will glo - ry in my Sav - iour, 'Tis for this he gives me breath.
Praise is come-ly for the right - eous, O that I might righteous be.

CHORUS. *Con Abandone E'sosto.*

I'll re-joyce in my Cre - a - tor, I will glo - ry in my God,

Piu mosso. cres - - - cen - - - do. a tempo. E'sosto.

My soul shall make her boast of him, And I'll sound his praise a-broad.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too slow.

1. Some-times we grope 'mid the shad-ows of pain, Some-times the
 2. O, let us walk as the "chil-dren of light," Know-ing the
 3. Come, let us live in the night of his name, Kin-dling our
 4. Dark though the way, yet "the Lord will pro- vide" Light that will

clouds will "re- turn aft- er rain;" Cling, then, more close- ly to
 "Day-spring" must-con-quer the night; Mys-tries we nev- er can
 lamps by the Heav-en- ly Flame; On- ward! o- bey- ing the
 shine at the calm e- ven- tide; Por- tals of glo- ry wide

God's bless-ed hand, Lead-ing us on to the bright Morn-ing-Land.
 here un- der-stand Spar- kle with love in the fair Morn-ing-Land.
 Mas- ter's com- mand, Joy, rest and peace in the blest Morn-ing-Land.
 o- pen will stand, Beau- ti- ful gates of the bright Morn-ing-Land.

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

Hark! O hark! a cho- rus grand Ring- ing,

ring- ing from that gold- en strand. Sav- iour, hold us

THE BRIGHT MORNING-LAND. (Concluded.)

by thy hand,..... Lead us to the Morn - ing - Land.

No. 97.

THE GOSPEL FEAST.

"Come; for all things are now ready."—LUKE xiv. 17.

CHARLES WESLEY. Cho. by H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Come, sin - ners, to the gos - pel feast; It is for you, it is for me;
2. Ye need not one be left be - hind, It is for you, it is for me;

Let ev - 'ry soul be Je - sus' guest; It is for you, it is for me.
For God hath bid - den all mankind, It is for you, it is for me.

D.S.—O wea - ry wand'r'er, come and see, It is for you, it is for me.

Sal - va - tion full, sal - va - tion free, The price was paid on Cal - va - ry;

Copyright, 1899, by H. L. Gilmour. Used by permission.

3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:

4 Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wand'ers after rest;

6 Ye poor and maimed and halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

7 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:

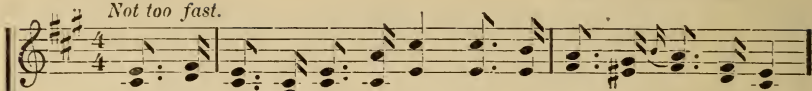
8 O let this love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

9 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice!

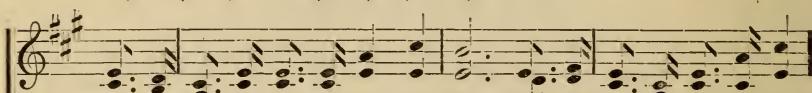
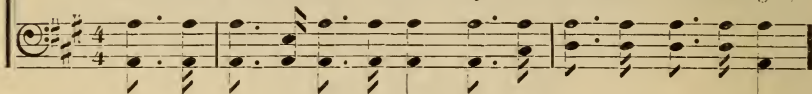
10 His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace!

E. E. HEWITT.

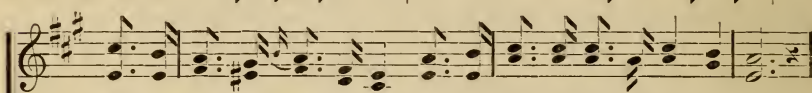
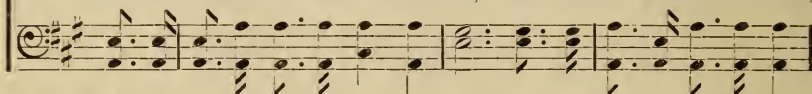
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.

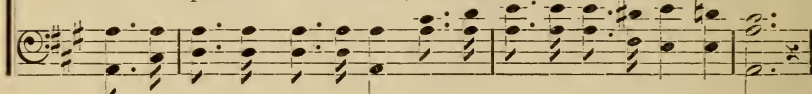
1. We shall walk with him in white, In that coun - try pure and bright,
2. We shall walk with him in white, Where faith yields to bliss-ful sight,
3. We shall walk with him in white, By the foun-tains of de-light,



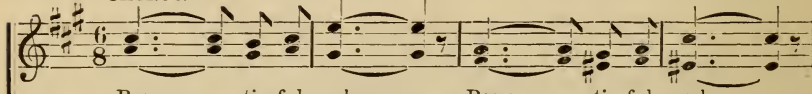
Where shall enter naught that may defile; Where the day-beam ne'er declines,
 When the beau-ty of the King we see; Hold-ing converse full and sweet,
 Where the Lamb his ransomed ones shall lead, For his blood shall wash each stain,



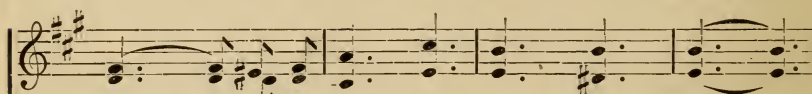
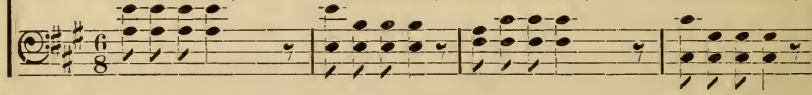
For the bless-ed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Saviour's smile.
 In a fel - low-ship complete; Waking songs of ho - ly mel - o - dy.
 Till no spot of sin re-main, And the soul for-ev - er-more is freed.



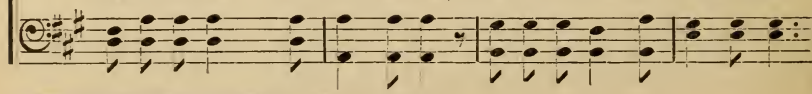
CHORUS.



Beau - - ti - ful robes,..... Beau - - ti - ful robes,.....
 Beau-ti-ful robes, beautiful robes, Beau-ti-ful robes, beau-ti-ful robes,



Beau - - ti - ful robes we then shall wear.....
 Beau-ti-ful robes we then shall wear, Beau-ti-ful robes we then shall wear,



BEAUTIFUL ROBES. (Concluded.)

Gar - - ments of light,..... Love - - ly and bright,.....
 Garments of light, garments of light, Lovely and bright, lovely and bright.

Walk-ing with Je - sus in white, Beau-ti - ful robes we shall wear.

No. 99. THOU THINKEST, LORD, OF ME.

"The Lord thinketh upon me."—Ps. xi: 17.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
 2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shadow cast;
 3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

FINE.

One thought remains su - preme-ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
 Their gloom reminds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
 I am con-tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

D.S.—What need I fear since thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me!

CHORUS.


D.S.

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
 of me, of me;

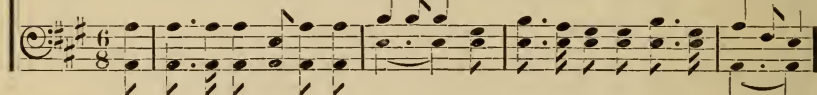
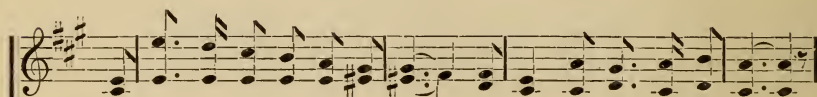
No. 100. SWEET PEACE, THE GIFT OF GOD'S LOVE.

P. P. B.

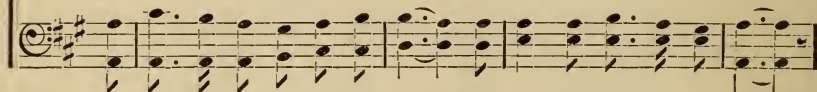
P. P. BILHORN.



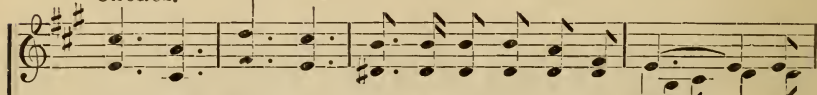
1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, A glad and a joy-ous re - frain,
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, ^{sweet strain,} My debt by his death was all paid, ^{refrain,}
3. When Jesus as Lord I had crowned, ^{was made,} My heart with this peace did abound, ^{all paid,}
4. In Je-sus for peace I a-bide, ^{had crowned,} And as I keep close to his side, ^{abound,} _(his side,)

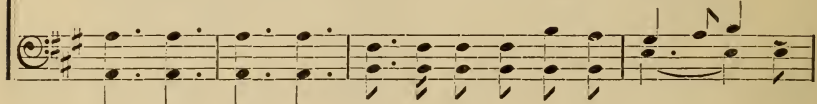
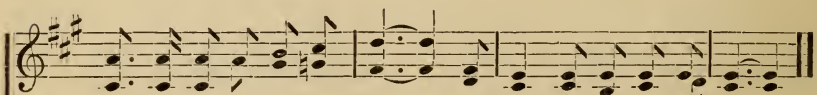
I sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 No oth - er foun-da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
 In him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 There's nothing but peace doth betide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.



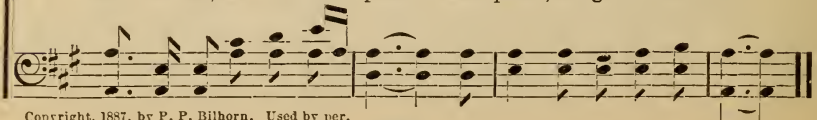
CHORUS.



Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won - der - ful gift from a - bove! ^(above!) O

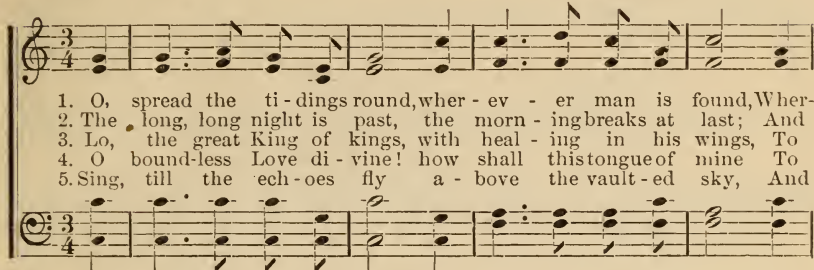
won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!



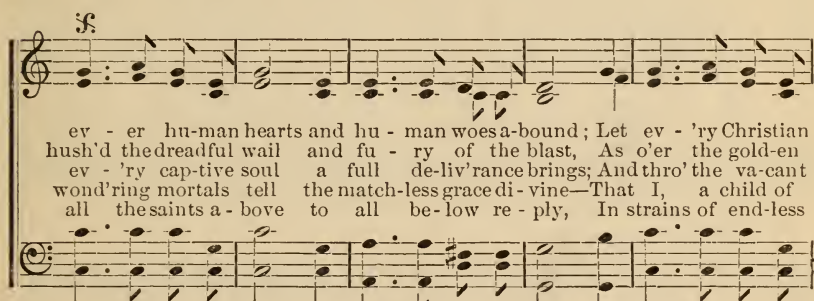
"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter,
that he may abide with you forever."—JOHN xiv. 16.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D.D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O, spread the ti-dings round, wher-ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last; And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal-ing in his wings, To
4. O bound-less Love di-vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly a-bove the vault-ed sky, And



ev - er hu-man hearts and hu - man woes a-bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
wond'ring mortals tell the match-less grace di-vine—That I, a child of
all the saints a-bove to all be-low re-ply, In strains of end-less

D.S.—Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; O spread the ti-dings

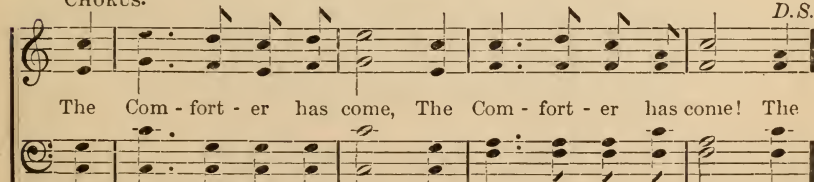
FINE.



tongue pro-claim the joy-ful sound: The Com-fort-er has come!
hills the day ad-van-ces fast! The Com-fort-er has come!
cells the song of tri-umph rings: The Com-fort-er has come!
hell, should in his im-age shine! The Com-fort-er has come!
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com-fort-er has come!

round, Wher-ev - er man is found:—The Com-fort-er has come!

CHORUS.

D.S.


The Com-fort-er has come, The Com-fort-er has come! The

E. E. HEWITT.

SOLO, DUET OR QUARTET.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O bless-ed hope so dear, so bright, It cheers the watches of the night;
 2. When dawns that hour of wondrous grace, No veil will hide my Saviour's face;
 3. Sin, pain and death, on that sweet day, Like broken dreams, shall pass away;
 4. Soon, soon shall fade the scenes of time, Emmanuel's advent bells shall chime;

It wakes a song with-in the soul, Till heav'nly hal-le-lu-jahs roll.
 He'll own me ev-er-more as his, And I shall see him as he is.
 His spot-less beau-ty I shall wear, His per-fect joy and glo-ry share.
 The Bride shall hear the Bridegroom's voice; Look up, my heart, in him rejoice!

CHORUS. 1 JOHN iii. 2.

Be-lov-ed, be-lov-ed, Now are we the sons of God, And it doth not

yet appear what we shall be; But we know that when he shall appear,
 we know

We know that when he shall appear, We shall be like him, We shall be
 we know

O BLESSED HOPE. (Concluded.)

poco ritard.

like him; For we shall see him as he is, We shall see him as he is;

a tempo.

We know that when he shall appear, We know that when he shall appear,
we know we know

We shall be like him, We shall be like him; For we shall see him as he is.

No. 103. MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS.

(MAITLAND. C. M.)

THOMAS SHEPHERD. Alt.

G. N. ALLEN.

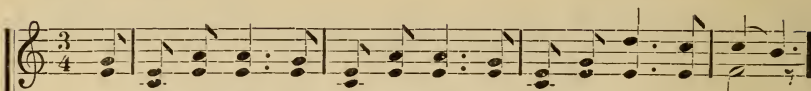
1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here!
3. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un-min-gled love, And joy with-out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

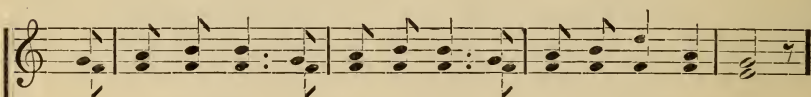
MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

SOLO, QUARTET OR CHORUS.

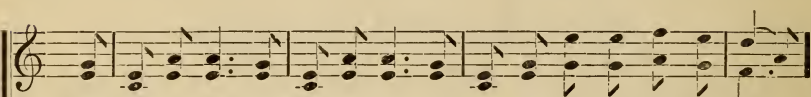
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I do not ask to walk by sight, I on - ly need to grasp
 2. I do not ask for constant joy In raptures strong and deep;
 3. I do not ask to see the path O'er which my feet must go,
 4. I do not ask what glories bright, Wait up in heav'n for me;



The wound-ed hand of Christ my Lord, And feel his lov - ing clasp.
 I on - ly ask to re - al - ize, His pow'r to save and keep.
 My Guide has pass'd this way be - fore, And well the way doth know.
 But this I'm told, my King in all His beau - ty I shall see.



Although my eyes may darken'd be, Although my eyes may darken'd be,
 To rest up - on his bless-ed pow'r, To rest up - on his pow'r and might,
 I ful - ly trust his love to lead, I trust his love to lead me right,
 For in that home a - bove so pure, That home a - bove so pure and bright,



I'll walk by faith, I'll walk by faith, I will not ask to see,
 And then I'll walk, I'll walk by faith, By faith and not by sight,
 I'll fol - low him, I'll fol - low him By faith and not by sight,
 Love shall be crown'd, love shall be crown'd, And faith be chang'd to sight,

BY FAITH, AND NOT BY SIGHT. (Concluded.)

And then, although my eyes may dark - ened be, I'll
To rest up - on his bless - ed power and might, And
I ful - ly trust his love to lead me right, I'll
For in that home a - bove so pure and bright, Love

walk by faith, I will not ask to see. (I will not ask to see.)
thus I'll walk by faith and not by sight. (by faith and not by sight.)
fol - low him by faith and not by sight. (by faith and not by sight.)
shall be crown'd, and faith be chang'd to sight. (and faith be chang'd to sight.)

No. 105.

HE IS CALLING.

F. W. FABER.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea; } lib - er - ty.
{ There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than }

CHORUS.
He is calling, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad - ly haste to thee.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
There are blessings for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;

And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our faith were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Val - ley of E - den, be - yond the sea, Ha - ven of rest,
 2. Val - ley of E - den, the soul's dear home, Bright are thy hills,
 3. Val - ley of E - den, be - yond the sea, Love - ly thy bow'rs,

tran - quil and blest; An - chored for - ev - er we soon shall be,
 peace - ful thy rills; Hap - py for - ev - er we soon shall roam
 fade - less thy flow'rs: Val - ley of E - den, we dream of thee,

Gathered with Je - sus to rest; Songs of the ransomed are floating in air,
 Over thy bright blooming hills; Thine are the beauties that never de - cay,
 Dream of thy beau - ti - ful bow'rs. Friends that were parted with rapture shall meet,

Waft - ed to earth from thy re - gions so fair; An - gels are
 Thine is the light of a shad - ow - less day; Voic - es of
 Cast - ing their crowns at Im - man - u - el's feet; Still the glad

ten - der - ly call - ing us there, Call - ing the wea - ry to rest.
 loved ones are call - ing a - way, Home to thy bright blooming hills.
 voic - es of an - gels re - peat, "Come to the val - ley of flowers."

VALLEY OF REST. (Concluded.)

CHORUS. Repeat *pp.*

Come, come, come, come,
Come to this val-ley of E-den fair, Wea-ry and sor-row op-pressed;

An-gels are tenderly call-ing us there, Come to this val-ley of rest.....
Come, come, come, come, Come to this val-ley, this val-ley of rest.

No. 107.

WHO MAY COME?

E. R. LATTA. Alt.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Who may come at the gos-pel call? Whoso-ev-er will! whoso-ev-er will!
2. Who may drink of the living streams? Whoso-ev-er will! whoso-ev-er will!
3. Who may come to the throne of grace? Whoso-ev-er will! whoso-ev-er will!
4. Who may dwell in a mansion bright? Whoso-ev-er will! whoso-ev-er will!

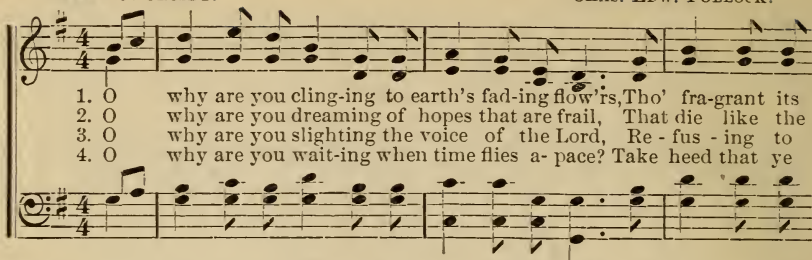
CHORUS.

Who may sit in the ban-quet hall? Who-so-ev-er will! Je-sus is in -
Who may walk in the heav-nly beams? Who-so-ev-er will!
Who may find at the cross a place? Who-so-ev-er will!
Who may walk with the saints in white? Whoso-ev-er will!

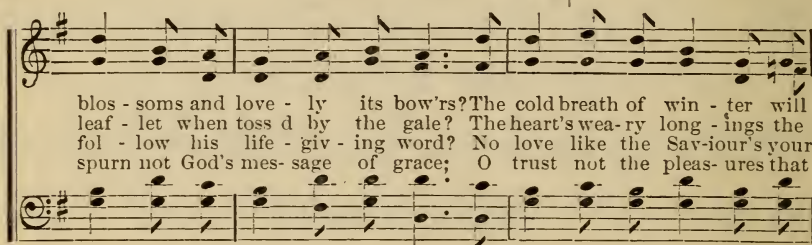
vit-ing, Whoso-ev-er will! Come, and take salvation, Whoso-ev-er will!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

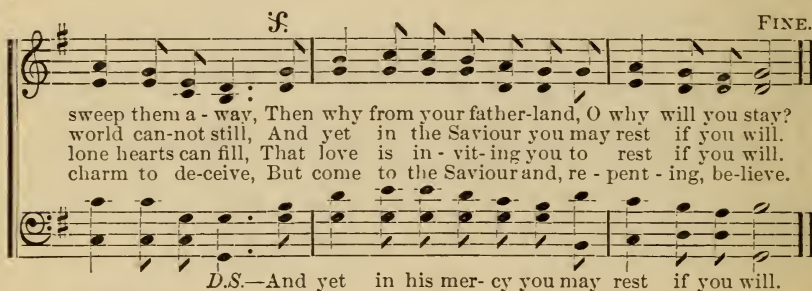
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. O why are you cling-ing to earth's fad-ing flow'rs, Tho' fra-grant its
 2. O why are you dreaming of hopes that are frail, That die like the
 3. O why are you slighting the voice of the Lord, Re-fus-ing to
 4. O why are you wait-ing when time flies a-pace? Take heed that ye

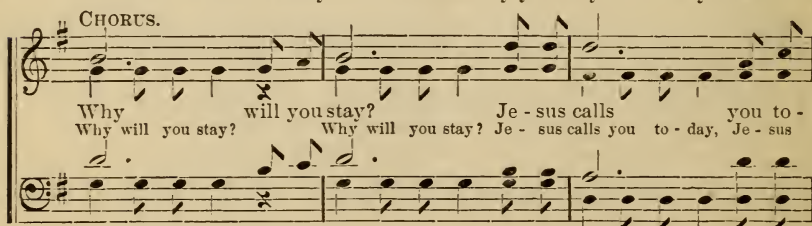


blos-soms and love-ly its bow'rs? The cold breath of win-ter will
 leaf-let when toss'd by the gale? The heart's wea-ry long-ings the
 fol-low his life-giv-ing word? No love like the Sav-iour's your
 spurn not God's mes-sage of grace; O trust not the pleas-ures that

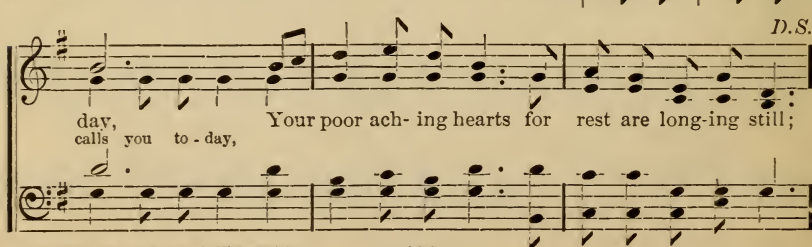


FINE.
 sweep them a-way, Then why from your father-land, O why will you stay?
 world can-not still, And yet in the Saviour you may rest if you will.
 lone hearts can fill, That love is in-vit-ing you to rest if you will.
 charm to de-ceive, But come to the Saviour and, re-pent-ing, be-lieve.

D.S.—And yet in his mer-cy you may rest if you will.



CHORUS.
 Why will you stay? will you stay? Je-sus calls you to-
 Why will you stay? Je-sus calls you to-day, Je-sus

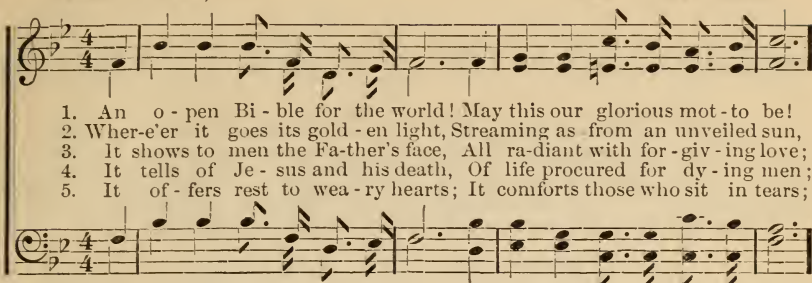


D.S.
 day, calls you to-day, Your poor ach-ing hearts for rest are long-ing still;

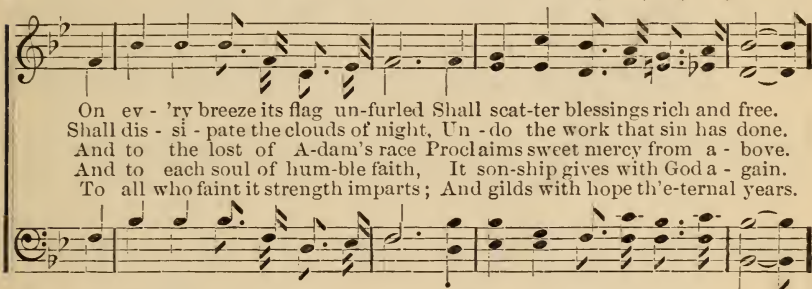
No. 109. AN OPEN BIBLE FOR THE WORLD.

HENRY M. KING, D.D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

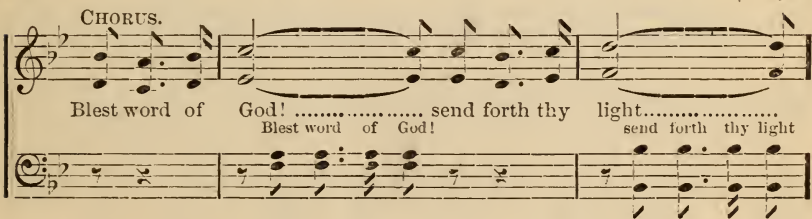


1. An o - pen Bi - ble for the world! May this our glorious mot - to be!
 2. Wher - e'er it goes its gold - en light, Streaming as from an unveiled sun,
 3. It shows to men the Fa - ther's face, All ra - diant with for - giv - ing love;
 4. It tells of Je - sus and his death, Of life procured for dy - ing men;
 5. It of - fers rest to wea - ry hearts; It comforts those who sit in tears;

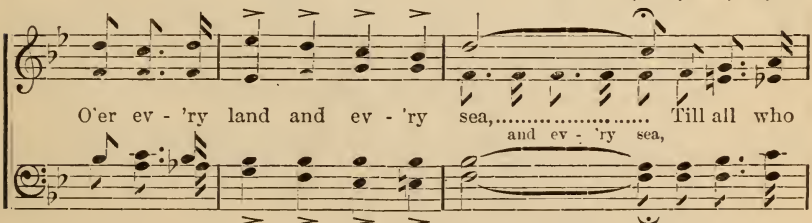


On ev - 'ry breeze its flag un - furled Shall scat - ter blessings rich and free.
 Shall dis - si - pate the clouds of night, Un - do the work that sin has done.
 And to the lost of A - dam's race Proclaims sweet mercy from a - bove.
 And to each soul of hum - ble faith, It son - ship gives with God a - gain.
 To all who faint it strength imparts; And gilds with hope th'e - ter - nal years.

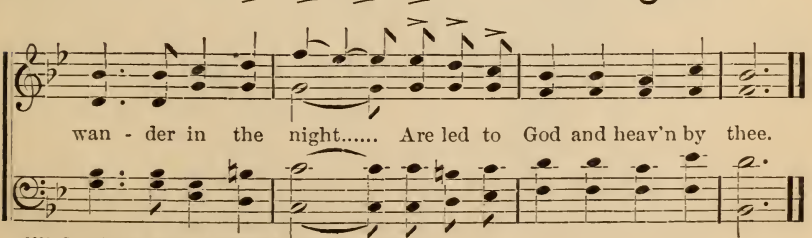
CHORUS.



Blest word of God! send forth thy light.....
 Blest word of God! send forth thy light



O'er ev - 'ry land and ev - 'ry sea, Till all who
 and ev - 'ry sea,



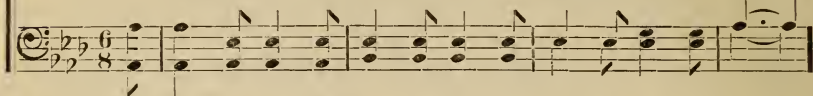
wan - der in the night..... Are led to God and heav'n by thee.

Rev. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

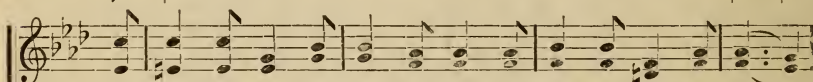
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



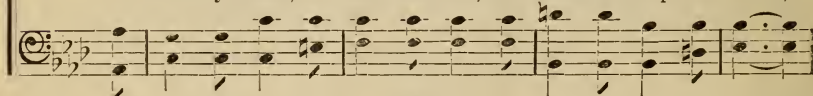
1. Come weal, come woe where'er we go, God is not far a - way;
2. Tho' clouds may veil the stars that sail O'er boundless seas of space,
3. Thro' changing years, in joy and tears, The changeless One a - bides,



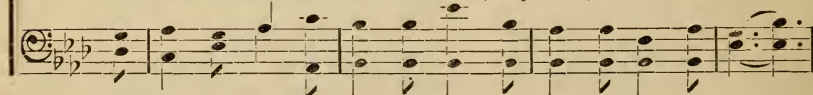
He holds the storm-y winds that blow, And moulds the golden day.
And lights a - long all shores may fail, God will not hide his face:
And safe the soul from doubts and fears That in his bos - om hides.



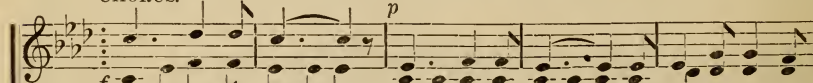
The dark - est night to him is light, And thro' the shine or shade,
But sweet - ly whis - pers while his hands Up - on his own are laid,
On nois - y street, in still re - treat, Thro' vales of deep - est shade,



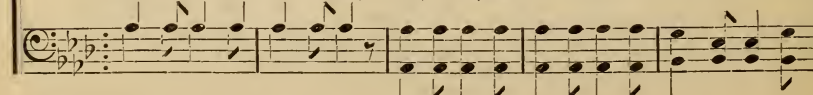
He speaks in tones of ten - der might, "My child, be not a - afraid."
"Lo! at thy side thy Fath - er stands, My child, be not a - afraid."
That voice is heard with ac - cents sweet, "My child, be not a - afraid."



CHORUS.



{ Be not a - afraid,..... be not a - afraid,.... The darkest night to
Be not a - afraid,..... be not a - afraid,.... He speaks in tones of
Chill, be not, be not a - afraid, Child, be not, be not a - afraid,



BE NOT AFRAID. (Concluded.)

him is light, And thro' the shine or shade,
[Omit.....] tender night, "My child, be not afraid."

No. 111. BEAR THE CROSS FOR JESUS.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS. "Take up the cross and follow me."—MARK x: 21. R. LOWRY.

1. Bear the cross for Je - sus, Bear it ev-'ry day; Tho' the path be rug-ged
2. Bear the cross for Je - sus, Bear it thro' the strife, Or in pain and silence—
3. Bear the cross for Je - sus; Would you know the pow'r Of his grace to save you

Bear it all the way; Bear the cross for Je - sus, Whatsoe'er it be;
What-so-e'er thy life; Bear the cross with patience Tho' you sigh for rest;
Save you hour by hour? Bear the cross for Je - sus, Never mind its weight;

CHORUS.
Bear it, and re-mem-ber All his love for thee. Bear the cross, bear the cross,
Just the one he gives you Is for you the best.
We shall leave our burden At the gold-en gate.

Bear it ev-'ry day; Bear the cross for Je - sus, Bear it all the way.

T. O. CHISHOLM.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O! to be like thee, bless-ed Re-deem-er, This is my con-stant
 2. O! to be like thee, full of com-pas-sion, Lov-ing, for-giv-ing,
 3. O! to be like thee, low-ly in spir-it, Ho-ly and harm-less,
 4. O! to be like thee, Lord, I am com-ing, Now to re-ceive th' a -
 5. O! to be like thee, while I am plead-ing, Pour out thy Spir-it,

long-ing and prayer; Glad-ly I'll for-feit all of earth's treasures,
 ten-der and kind, Help-ing the help-less, cheer-ing the faint-ing,
 pa-tient and brave; Meek-ly en-dur-ing cru-el re-proach-es,
 noint-ing di-vine, All that I am and have I am bring-ing,
 fill with thy love, Make me a tem-ple meet for thy dwell-ing,

CHORUS.
 Je-sus, thy per-fect like-ness to wear. O! to be like thee,
 Seek-ing the wand-ring sin-ner to find.
 Will-ing to suf-fer, oth-ers to save.
 Lord, from this mo-ment all shall be thine.
 Fit me for life and heav-en a-bove.

O! to be like thee, Blessed Re-deem-er, pure as thou art; Come in thy

Rit. . . .
 sweetness, come in thy full-ness; Stamp thine own image deep on my heart.

(MAY BE SUNG AS SOLO AND CHORUS.)

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life work is end - ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
 2. O the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view his bless-ed face, And the
 3. O the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beckon me to come, And our
 4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spot-less white, He will

bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
 lus-ter of his kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the
 parting at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
 lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall

reach the oth - er side, And his smile will be the first to welcome me.
 mer-cy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a man-sion in the sky.
 sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.
 min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know him, I shall know him, And redeem'd by his side I shall stand,
 I shall know him,

I shall know him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hand.
 I shall know him,

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. I have learned the wondrous secret Of a-bid-ing in the Lord;
 2. I am cru-ci-fied with Je-sus, And he lives and dwells in me;
 3. All my cares I cast up-on him, And he bears them all a-way;
 4. For my words I take his wis-dom, For my works his Spir-it's power,

I have found the strength and sweetness Of con-fid-ing in his word;
 I have ceased from all my struggling, 'Tis no long-er I, but he;
 All my fears and griefs I tell him, All my needs from day to day.
 For my ways his gracious Presence Guards and guides me ev-'ry hour,

I have tast-ed life's pure fountain, I am trust-ing in his blood,
 All my will is yield-ed to him, And his Spir-it reigns with-in,
 All my strength I draw from Je-sus, By his breath I live and move;
 Of my heart he is the Por-tion, Of my joy the ceaseless Spring;

I have lost my-self in Je-sus, I am sink-ing in-to God.
 And his precious blood each moment Keeps me cleans'd and free from sin.
 E'en his ver-y mind he gives me, And his faith, and life, and love.
 Sav-iour, Sanc-ti-fi-er, Keep-er, Glo-rious Lord and com-ing King.

CHORUS.

I'm a-bid-ing in the Lord, And con-
 I'm a-bid-ing in the Lord, I'm a-bid-ing in the Lord, And con-

ABIDING AND CONFIDING. (Concluded.)

fid - - ing in his word, And I'm hid - -
 fid - ing in his word, And con - fid - ing in his word, And I'm hid - ing, safe - ly
 - - ing, safe - ly hid - - ing, In the bos - om of his love.
 hid - ing, I am hid - ing, safe - ly hid - ing,

No. 115.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

(YORKSHIRE DOXOLOGY.)

E. E. HEWITT.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. My heart uplifts a hap - py song, While tender recollections throng;
 2. Have sparkling sunbeams cheered the day, And roses bloomed along the way?
 3. Or have the clouds o'erspread the sky, While at my feet the ros - es die?
 4. Bright angels, sweep your harps of gold, But half his praise hath not been told;

swell,
 CHO.—And above the rest this note shall swell, This note shall swell, this note shall
 DOXOLOGY.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below;

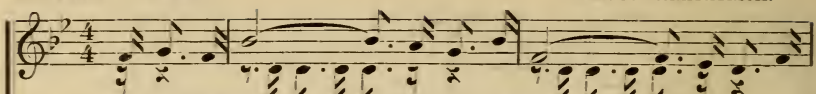
D.C. Chorus.

As sweet as bells that ring above, The strains that breathe my Saviour's love.
 Let mem'ry each fair scene re-call, And bless the Lord who sent them all.
 Since Je - sus bore the cross for me, I'll trust him though I can-not see.
 Come, all who my Redeem-er know, Still let the joy - ful mu - sic flow.

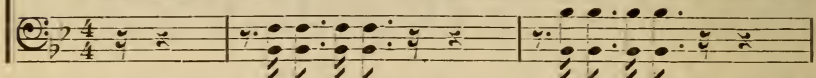

And above the rest this note shall swell, My Jesus hath done all things well.
 Praise him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

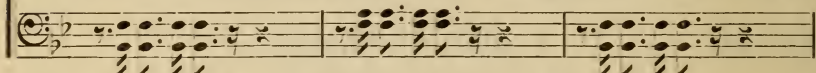
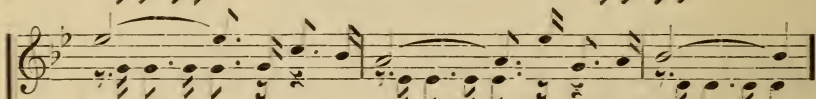
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



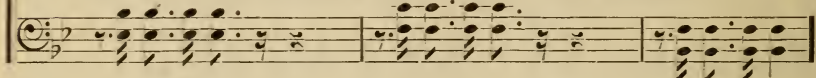
1. We walk by faith,..... and O how sweet..... The flow'rs that
 2. We walk by faith,..... he wills it so..... And marks the
 3. We walk by faith,..... di-vine-ly blest..... On him we
 4. And thus by faith,..... till life shall end..... We'll walk with

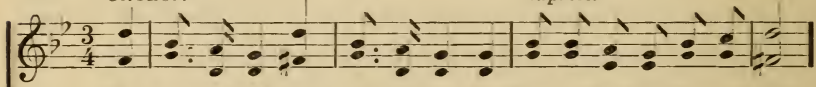
grow beneath our feet..... And fragrance breathe... along the
 path that we should go ;..... And when at times..... our sky is
 lean..... in him we rest ;..... The more we trust..... our Shepherd's
 him..... our dearest Friend ;..... Till safe we tread..... the fields of

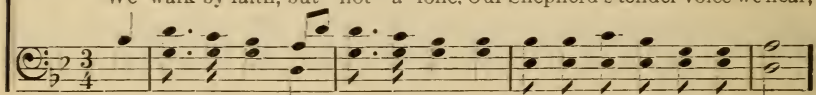
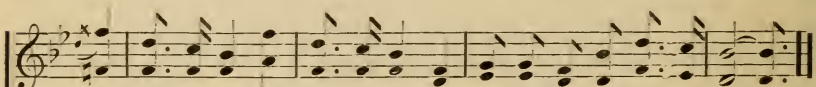
way..... That leads the soul..... to endless day.....
 dim..... He gently draws..... us close to him.....
 care..... The more his love..... 'tis ours to share.....
 light..... Where faith is lost..... in per-fect sight.....



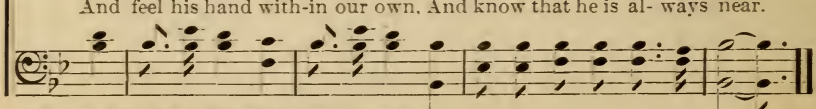
CHORUS.

express.


We walk by faith, but not a-lone. Our Shepherd's tender voice we hear,

And feel his hand with-in our own. And know that he is al- ways near.



HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the hap-py, gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
 2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dear-est links are rent in twain; But in
 3. Where the harps of an-gels ring, And the blest for-ev-er sing, In the

storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves away In - to
 heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the river sparkling bright, In the
 palace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with

FINE.

pure and per-fect day, I am go-ing home to stay, Meet me there.
 cit-y of delight, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
 heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

D.S.—hap-py golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

CHORUS.

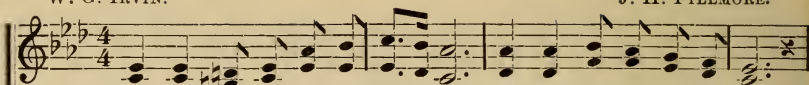
Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is

D.S.

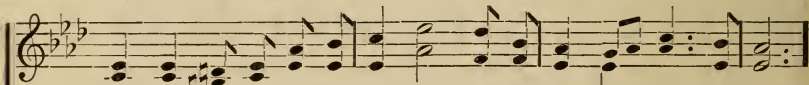
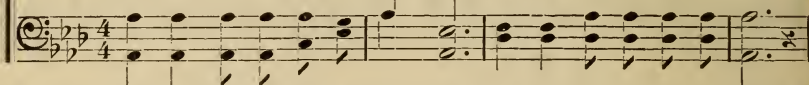
blooming, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the
 Meet me there;

W. G. IRVIN.

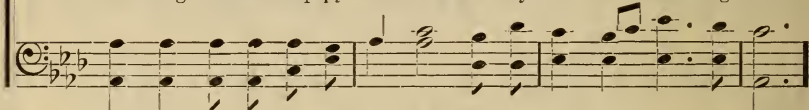
J. H. FILLMORE.



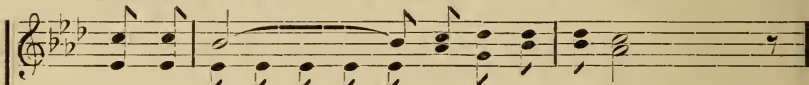
1. I am wait-ing for the morn-ing Of the bless-ed day to dawn,
2. I am wait-ing; worn and wea-ry With the bat-tle and the strife,
3. Waiting, hop-ing, trust-ing ev - er, For a home of boundless love;
4. Hop-ing soon to meet the lov'd ones Where the "many mansions" be;



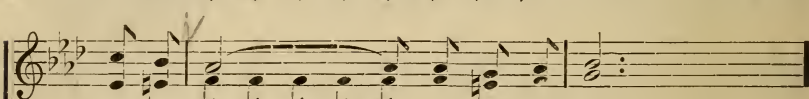
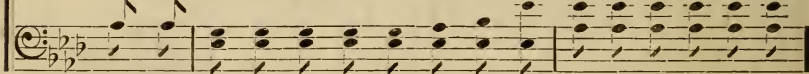
When the 'sor-row and the sad-ness Of this changeful life are gone.
Hop-ing when the warfare's o-ver To re-ceive a crown of life.
Like a pilgrim, looking for-ward To the land of bliss a-bove.
List-'ning for the hap-py wel-come Of my Sav-iour call-ing me.



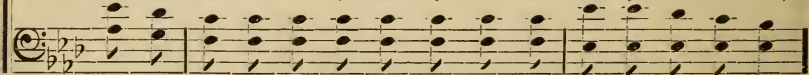
CHORUS.



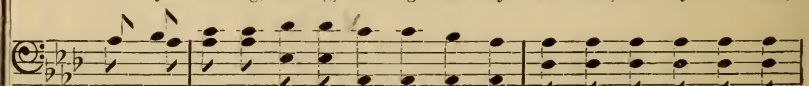
I am wait-ing, on-ly wait-ing,
I am wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, on-ly wait-ing, on-ly wait-ing,



Till this wea-ry life is o'er;
Till this wea-ry, wea-ry, wea-ry Till this wea-ry life is o'er;



On-ly wait-ing for my wel-come,
On-ly wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing for my wel-come, for my wel-come,



ONLY WAITING. (Concluded.)

From my Sav - iour on the oth - er shore.

No.121. 'TIS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS.

Mrs. LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take him at his Word;
2. O, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Saviour, Friend;

Just to rest up - on his prom - ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.
And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

CHORUS.

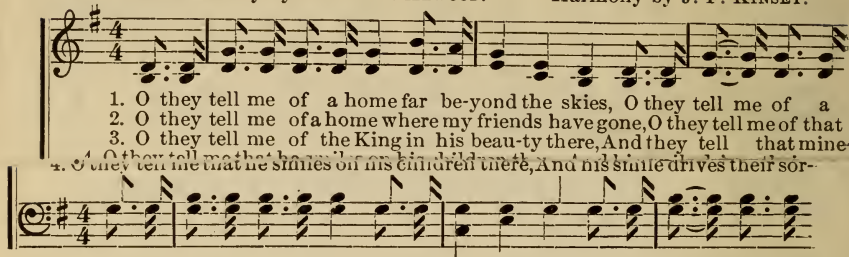
Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust him; How I've prov'd him o'er and o'er.

p Je - sus, Je - sus, Pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust him more.

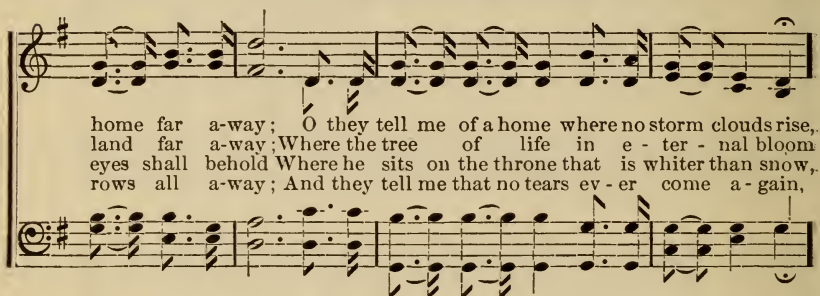
(May be sung as a Solo.)

Words and Melody by Rev. J. K. ALWOOD.

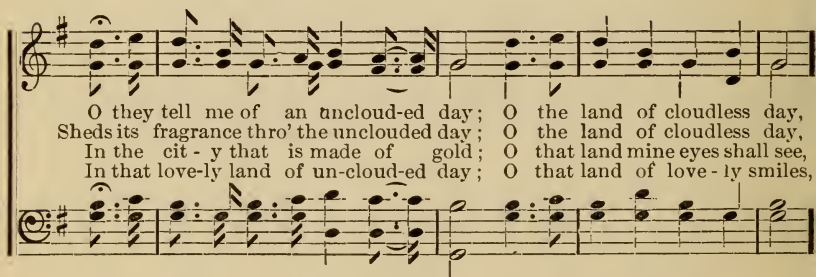
Harmony by J. F. KINSEY.



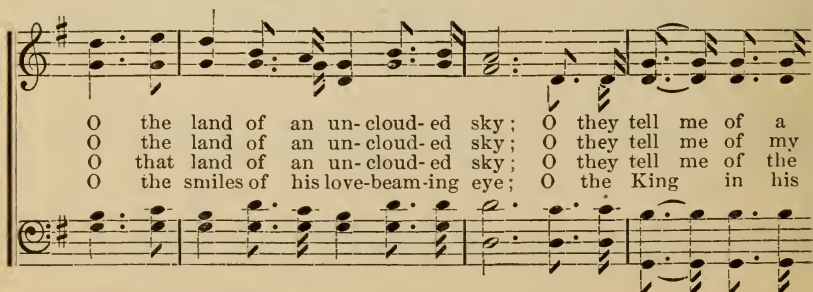
1. O they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, O they tell me of a
 2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they tell me of that
 3. O they tell me of the King in his beau-ty there, And they tell that mine-
 4. O they tell me that he smiles on his children there, And his smile drives their sor-



home far a-way; O they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise,
 land far a-way; Where the tree of life in e-ter-nal bloom
 eyes shall behold Where he sits on the throne that is whiter than snow,
 rows all a-way; And they tell me that no tears ev-er come a-gain,



O they tell me of an uncloud-ed day; O the land of cloudless day,
 Sheds its fragrance thro' the unclouded day; O the land of cloudless day,
 In the cit-y that is made of gold; O that land mine eyes shall see,
 In that love-ly land of un-cloud-ed day; O that land of love-ly smiles,



O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of a
 O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of my
 O that land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they tell me of the
 O the smiles of his love-beam-ing eye; O the King in his

THE UNCLOUDED DAY. (Concluded.)

home where no storm clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.
 friends by the tree of life, In the land of the un-cloud-ed day.
 King and his snow-white throne, In the land of the un-cloud-ed day.
 beau - ty in-vites me there, To the land of the un-cloud-ed day.

No. 123. THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. I know I love thee bet - ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth - ly joy,
 2. I know that thou art near - er still Than a - ny earth - ly throng,
 3. Thou hast put glad - ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
 4. O Sav - iour, pre - cious Saviour mine! What will thy pres - ence be,

For thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
 And sweet - er is the tho't of thee, Than a - ny love - ly song.
 With - out the se - cret of thy love, I could not but be sad.
 If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with thee?

CHORUS.

{ The half has nev - er yet been told, Of love so full and free; }
 { The half has nev - er yet been told, The blood—it cleans - eth me. }

T. O. CHISHOLM.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Just a lit - tle while and the day will dawn, And the drear - y night,
 2. Just a lit - tle while, then, the toils all done, And the bat - tle fought,
 3. Just a lit - tle while and the tears that stray Down our fac - es now,
 4. Just a lit - tle while—let us work and wait, Till our Father's hand

be for - ev - er gone; Just a lit - tle while e'er the storms will cease,
 and the vic - t'ry won, We shall lay the cross and the bur - den down,
 God will wipe a - way; And the bit - ter pain and the wand'rings lone
 o - pens wide the gate, And we hear his voice sweet - ly bid us come,

D.S.—Soon our wea - ry feet to the end will come—

CHORUS.

FINE.

Ere the heav'nly calm, the e - ter - nal peace. Just a lit - tle while, O it
 To re - ceive at last heaven's promised crown.
 All will sure - ly end at the Father's throne.
 Ev - er - more to dwell with the Lord at home.

Glo - ry be to God! we are al - most home.

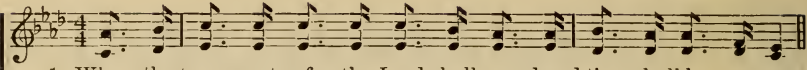
D.S.

won't be long, Cour - age, faint - ing heart! let your faith be strong;

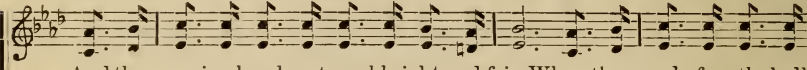
No. 126. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

B. M. J.

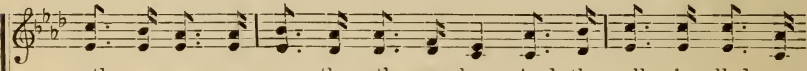
J. M. BLACK.



1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
 2. On that bright and cloud-less morn-ing, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
 3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set-ting sun,

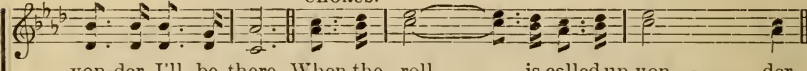


And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall
 And the glo - ry of his res - ur-rec - tion share; When his chosen ones shall
 Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care, Then, when all of life is

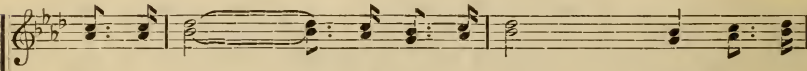


gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up
 gath - er to their home be - yond the skies, And the roll is called up
 o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up

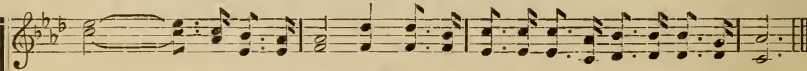
CHORUS.



yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is called up yon - - der,
 When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,



When the roll..... is called up yon - - der, When the
 When the roll is called up yon-der I'll be there,

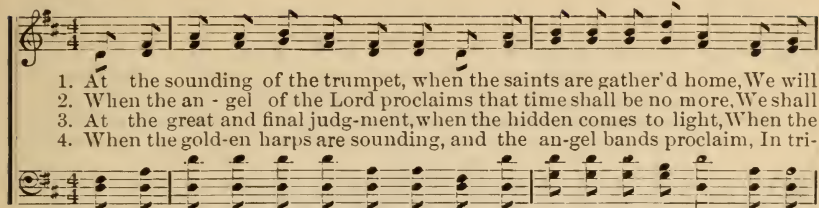


roll..... is called up yonder, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
 When the roll

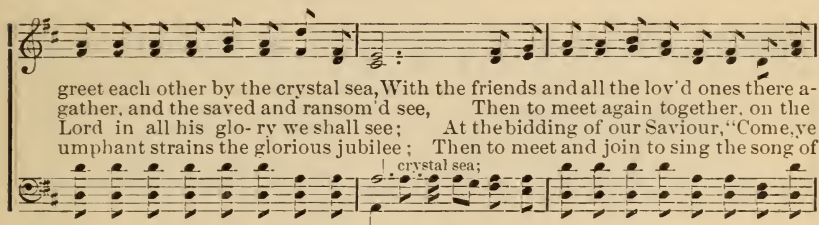
No. 127. WHAT A GATHERING THAT WILL BE.

J. H. K.

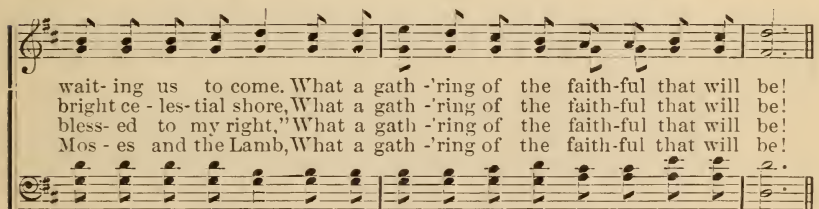
J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gather'd home, We will
 2. When the an - gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall
 3. At the great and final judg - ment, when the hidden comes to light, When the
 4. When the gold - en harps are sounding, and the an - gel bands proclaim, In tri -

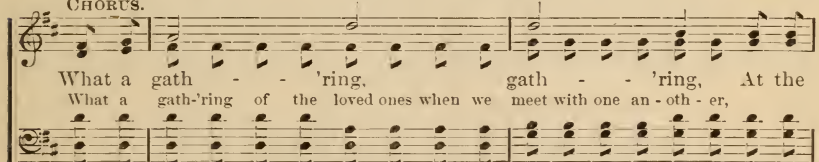


greet each other by the crystal sea, With the friends and all the lov'd ones there a -
 gather, and the saved and ransom'd see, Then to meet again together, on the
 Lord in all his glo - ry we shall see; At the bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye
 umphant strains the glorious jubilee; Then to meet and join to sing the song of
 crystal sea;

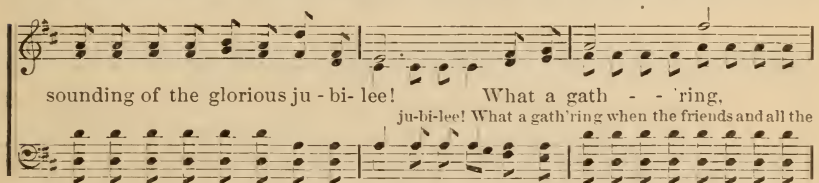


wait - ing us to come. What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful that will be!
 bright ce - les - tial shore, What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful that will be!
 bless - ed to my right, "What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful that will be!
 Mos - es and the Lamb, What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful that will be!

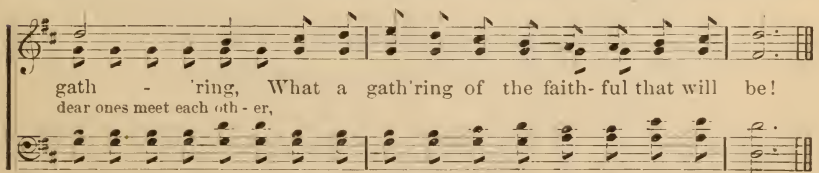
CHORUS.



What a gath - - 'ring, gath - - 'ring, At the
 What a gath - 'ring of the loved ones when we meet with one an - oth - er,



sounding of the glorious ju - bi - lee! What a gath - - 'ring,
 ju - bi - lee! What a gath - 'ring when the friends and all the

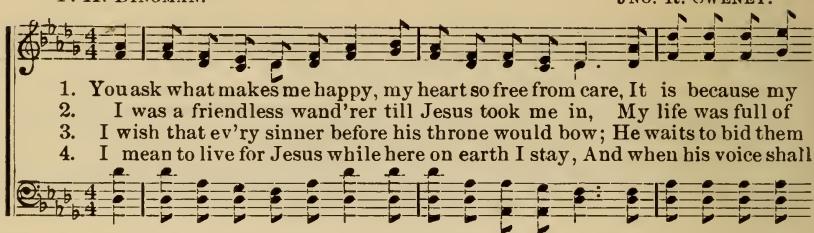


gath - - 'ring, What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful that will be!
 dear ones meet each oth - er,

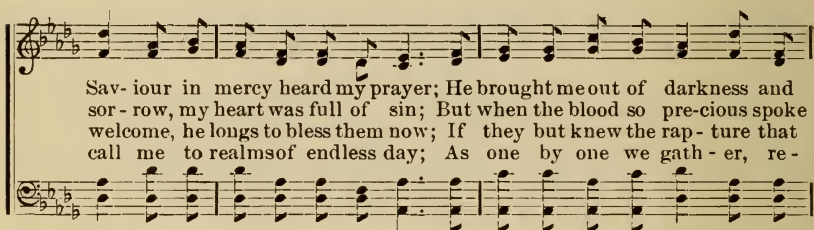
No. 128. I WILL SHOUT HIS PRAISE IN GLORY.

P. H. DINGMAN.

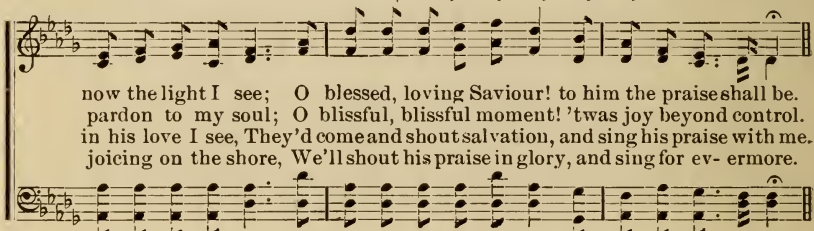
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. You ask what makes me happy, my heart so free from care, It is because my
2. I was a friendless wand'rer till Jesus took me in, My life was full of
3. I wish that ev'ry sinner before his throne would bow; He waits to bid them
4. I mean to live for Jesus while here on earth I stay, And when his voice shall

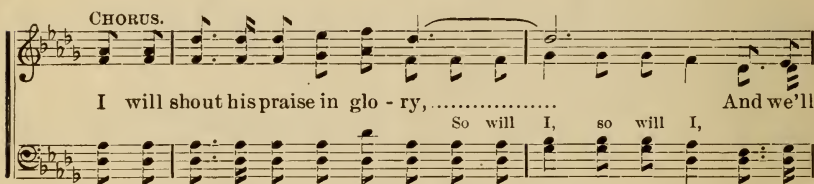


Sav- iour in mercy heard my prayer; He brought me out of darkness and
sor- row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood so pre- cious spoke
welcome, he longs to bless them now; If they but knew the rap- ture that
call me to realms of endless day; As one by one we gath- er, re-



now the light I see; O blessed, loving Saviour! to him the praise shall be.
pardon to my soul; O blissful, blissful moment! 'twas joy beyond control.
in his love I see, They'd come and shout salvation, and sing his praise with me.
joicing on the shore, We'll shout his praise in glory, and sing for ev- ermore.

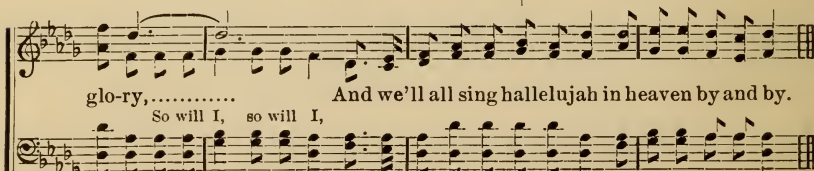
CHORUS.



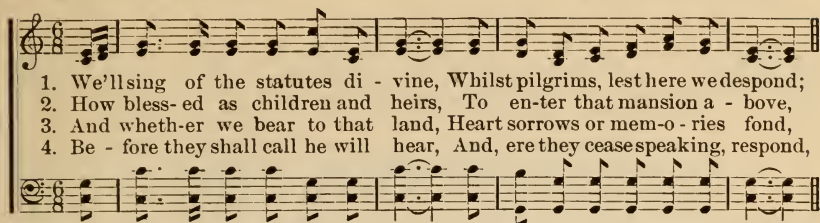
I will shout his praise in glo- ry, And we'll
So will I, so will I,



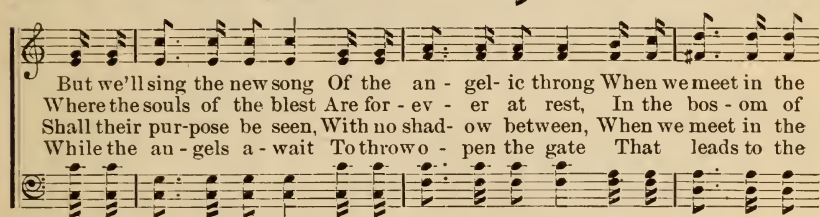
all sing hal- le- lu- jah in heav- en by and by; I will shout his praise in



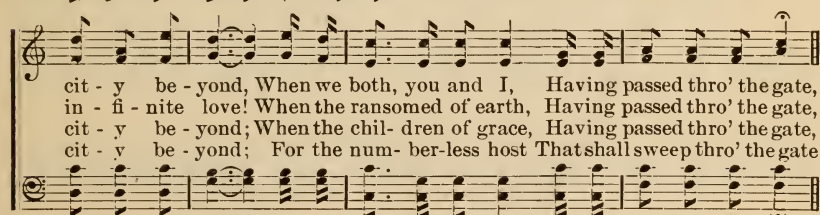
glo- ry, And we'll all sing hallelujah in heaven by and by.
So will I, so will I,



1. We'll sing of the statutes di - vine, Whilst pilgrims, lest here we despond;
 2. How bless - ed as children and heirs, To en - ter that mansion a - bove,
 3. And wheth - er we bear to that land, Heart sorrows or mem - o - ries fond,
 4. Be - fore they shall call he will hear, And, ere they cease speaking, respond,

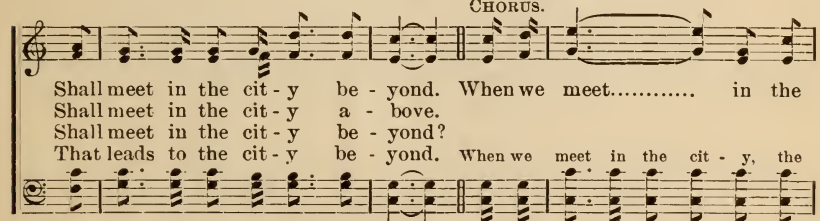


But we'll sing the new song Of the an - gel - ic throng When we meet in the
 Where the souls of the blest Are for - ev - er at rest, In the bos - om of
 Shall their pur - pose be seen, With no shad - ow between, When we meet in the
 While the an - gels a - wait To throw o - pen the gate That leads to the

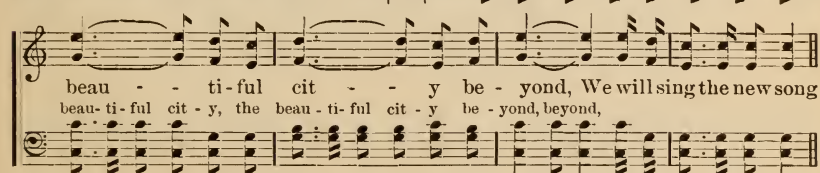


cit - y be - yond, When we both, you and I, Having passed thro' the gate,
 in - fi - nite love! When the ransomed of earth, Having passed thro' the gate,
 cit - y be - yond; When the chil - dren of grace, Having passed thro' the gate,
 cit - y be - yond; For the num - ber - less host That shall sweep thro' the gate

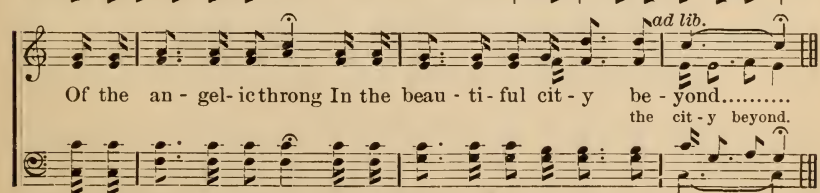
CHORUS.



Shall meet in the cit - y be - yond. When we meet..... in the
 Shall meet in the cit - y a - bove.
 Shall meet in the cit - y be - yond?
 That leads to the cit - y be - yond. When we meet in the cit - y, the



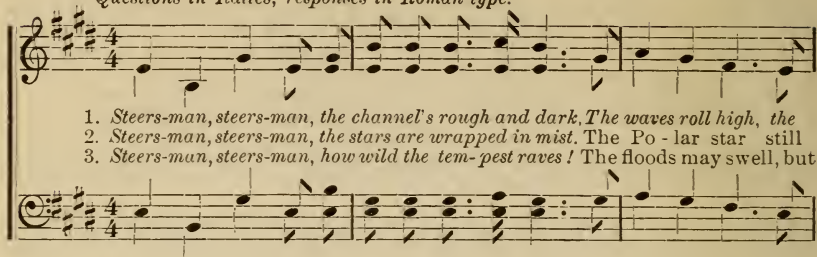
beau - ti - ful cit - y be - yond, We will sing the new song
 beau - ti - ful cit - y, the beau - ti - ful cit - y be - yond, beyond,



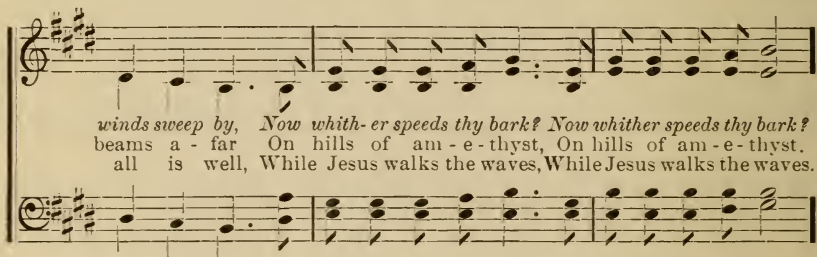
Of the an - gel - ic throng In the beau - ti - ful cit - y be - yond.....
 the cit - y beyond.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

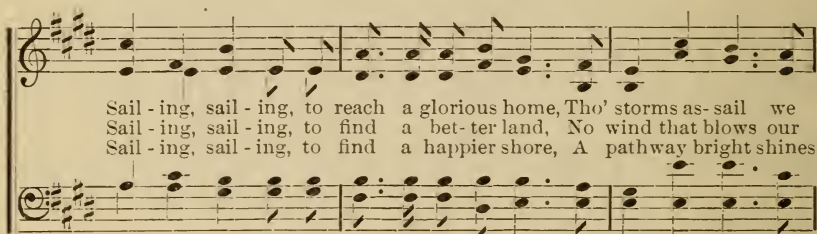
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Questions in Italics, responses in Roman type.


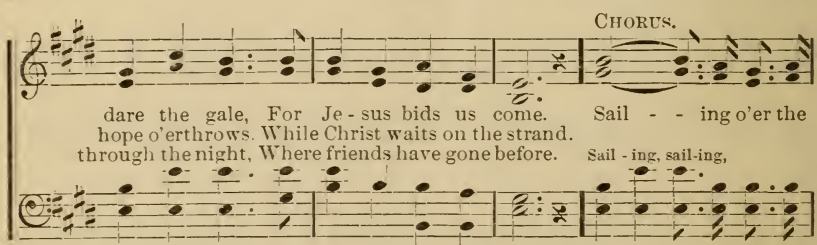
1. *Steers-man, steers-man, the channel's rough and dark. The waves roll high, the*
 2. *Steers-man, steers-man, the stars are wrapped in mist. The Po-lar star still*
 3. *Steers-man, steers-man, how wild the tem-pest raves! The floods may swell, but*



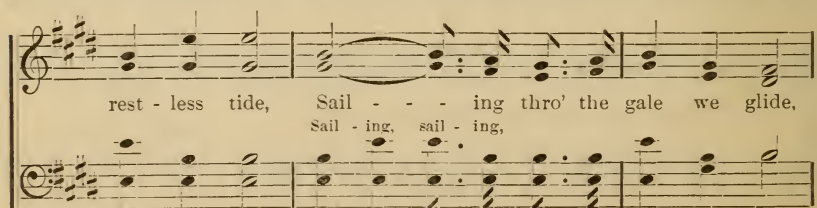
winds sweep by, Now whith-er speeds thy bark? Now whither speeds thy bark?
 beams a - far On hills of am - e - thyst, On hills of am - e - thyst.
 all is well, While Jesus walks the waves, While Jesus walks the waves.



Sail - ing, sail - ing, to reach a glorious home, Tho' storms as-sail we
 Sail - ing, sail - ing, to find a bet-ter land, No wind that blows our
 Sail - ing, sail - ing, to find a happier shore, A pathway bright shines



CHORUS.
 dare the gale, For Je-sus bids us come. Sail - - ing o'er the
 hope o'erthrows. While Christ waits on the strand.
 through the night, Where friends have gone before. Sail - ing, sail-ing,



rest - less tide, Sail - - - ing thro' the gale we glide,
 Sail - ing, sail - ing,

THE LIGHTS OF HOME. (Concluded.)

There,..... beyond the bil-lows' foam, We see the lights of home.
There, be - yond, be-yond

rit.

No. 131. STRETCH OUT THY HAND TO ME.

NELLIE E. RICE.

J. S. FEARIS.

1. Stretch out thy hand to me, mer - ci - ful Sav-iour; I am so
2. Stretch out thy hand to me, mer - ci - ful Sav-iour; Sor-row and
3. Stretch out thy hand to me, mer - ci - ful Sav-iour; Then tho' no

wea - ry, the way is so long; A - lone, un - aid - ed, I
care have my spir - it de-pressed; Heart-sick, dis - cour - aged, I
gleam in the dark-ness I see, Through all the night, I can

stum-ble and fal - ter, I am all weakness, but thou, Christ, art strong.
grope in the dark-ness, Seek-ing but vain-ly for light and for rest.
fear-less - ly fol - low, When I but know 'tis thy hand lead-ing me.

JESSE P. TOMPKINS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Beau - ti - ful white clouds drift - ing a - way, Un - der the blue,
 2. Beau - ti - ful white forms glid - ing a - way, O - ver the sea,
 3. Beau - ti - ful man - sions bright - er than day, Wait - ing for me.

un - der the blue, Drift - ing a - way, at the clos - ing of day,
 o - ver the sea, Glid - ing a - way to the heav - en - ly shore,
 wait - ing for me, Beau - ti - ful fac - es that glid - ed a - way,

Hid - den from view, hid - den from view: Float - ing a - way from our
 Hid - den from me, hid - den from me; Sail - ing a - way from our
 There I shall see, there I shall see: Ne'er to be tossed by the

rap - tured sight, Tinged by the glow of the fast fad - ing light,
 mor - tal sight, Out of the shad - ow and in - to the light,
 wind or tides, Rest - ing in peace that for - ev - er a - bides.

GLIDING AWAY. (Concluded.)

poco ritard.

Tinged..... by the glow..... of the fast..... fading light.....
 Out..... of the shad - ow and in - to the light.....
 Rest - ing in peace..... that for - ev - er a - bides.....
 Tinged by the glow of the fast fading light, Tinged by the glow of the fast fading light.
 Out of the shad-ow and in - to the light, Out of the shad-ow and in - to the light.
 Rest-ing in peace that for - ev - er a-bides, Resting in peace that for - ev - er a-bides.

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

Glid - ing a - way,..... glid - ing a - way,.....
 Glid-ing a-way, glid-ing a-way, glid-ing a-way, glid-ing a-way,

O - - ver the storm line in - to the line
 O-ver the storm line in - to the bay, o - ver the storm line

bay; Sor-row and sigh - ing there shall cease,
 in - to the bay; Sor-row and sigh - ing there shall cease,

Ritard.

Beau - ti - ful ha - - ven of per - fect peace.....
 Beau - ti - ful ha - ven of per - fect, per - fect peace.

No. 133.

TOPLADY. 7s. 6l.

A. M. TOPLADY.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

FINE.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;

D.C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

D.C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound - ed side which flow'd,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 These for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

No. 134.

PILOT ME. 7s. 6l.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pestuous sea;

D.C.—Chart and com - pass came from thee; Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.

D.C.

Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;

2 As a mother stills her child,
 Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
 Boist'rous waves obey thy will
 When thou sayest to them, "Be still!"
 Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
 And the fearful breakers roar
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
 Then while leaning on thy breast,
 May I hear thee say to me,
 "Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Beau - ti - ful Sab-bath, how peaceful the light, Waft-ed from E - den so
 2. Beau - ti - ful Sab-bath, we hal-low the hours, Si - lent-ly bear-ing the
 3. Beau - ti - ful Sab-bath, when Je - sus our Lord Bids us de-vout-ly re -
 4. Beau - ti - ful Sab-bath, when la - bor and care Yield to the rap-ture of

tran - quil and bright; Draw-ing us near - er to Je - sus our King,
 o - dor of flowers, Plant-ed in gar - dens that nev - er de - cay,
 mem - ber his word; O - pens its treas - ures of wis - dom so dear,
 song and of prayer; Pre - cious the mo - ments that now from a - bove

CHORUS. *Gently.*

While in his tem - ple we gath - er and sing. Beau - ti - ful Sabbath of
 Blooming in sunshine that fades not a-way.
 Treasures that sparkle our young hearts to cheer.
 Ten - der - ly whis - per a mes - sage of love.

rest, sweet rest, Beau - ti - ful Sab-bath, di-vine - ly blest, Youth-ful and

hap - py the hearts we bring, Praising our gracious Redeem-er and King.

C. B. S.

CHAS. B. SMITH.

1. My Fa-ther, I would cling to thee, What-ev-er ill be-tide,
 2. My Fa-ther, I am poor and weak—Too weak for all life's cares,
 3. But, Fa-ther, when I trust in thee, What joy, what peace is mine!

Yes, I would have thee take my hand, And keep me near thy side.
 Un-less thou take me by the hand, And guide me thro' its snares.
 The darkness gone, the light appears, 'Tis full of love di-vine.

For, O, the world is dark and chill, And life a storm-y sea;
 How of-ten sin would hide from me The sun-shine of thy face;
 So let me live close by thy side, And feel thy pres-ence near,

Wilt thou not take me by the hand, And lead me safe to thee?
 But Je-sus, at the blood-stained cross, Re-veals thy sav-ing grace.
 That when the mes-sage comes for me, No dan-ger shall I fear.

"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GAL. vi. 14.

F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. "Nearer the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near - er; Near-er the
 2. Nearer the Christian's mer-cy seat, I am com-ing near - er; Feasting my
 3. Nearer in pray'r my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near - er; Deep-er the

cross from day to day, I am com-ing near - er; Near-er the cross where
 soul on man-nasweet, I am com-ing near - er; Stronger in faith, more
 love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near - er; Near-er the end of

Je - sus died, Near - er the fountain's crim-son tide, Near - er my Sav-iour's
 clear I see Je - sus who gave him-self for me; Near - er to him I
 toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near - er the crown I

wound-ed side, I am com-ing near - er, I am com-ing near - er.
 still would be: Still I'm com-ing near - er, Still I'm com-ing near - er.
 soon shall wear: I am com-ing near - er, I am com-ing near - er.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Why go a-round with trou- led soul! There's One that makes the
 2. How - ev - er man thy lot may slight, He'll turn to day thy
 3. How - ev - er dark thy path may be, Dark and in-scu - ta -
 4. Sure he who sets the moun-tain fast, When all earth's clouds are

wound - ed whole; Up - on the Lord thy bur - den roll:
 dark - est night, And flood from heav'n thy path with light,
 ble to thee, He rules on high your des - ti - ny,
 driv - en past, Will jus - ti - fy his ways at last,

Leave it to him, Leave it to him, Leave it to him..... FINE.
 Leave it to him, Leave it to him, Leave it to him.

CHORUS.

Leave it to him..... who knoweth all, Him who
 Leave it to him who know-eth all, Leave it to him,

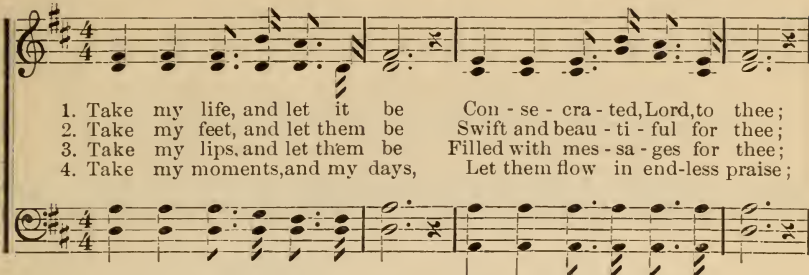
D.S.

marks..... the sparrow's fall, Who lis - ten to the rav-en's call,
 Leave it to him who marks the sparrow's fall,

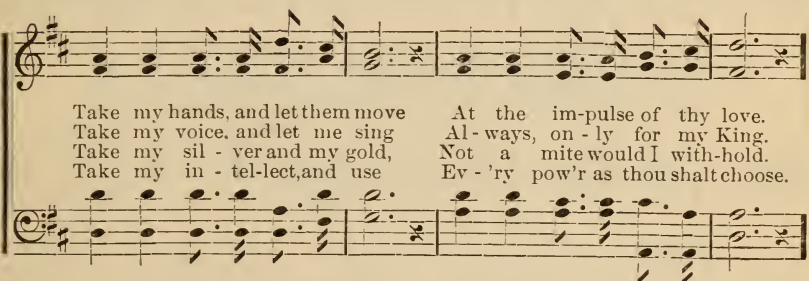
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

(Chorus by W. J. K.)

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

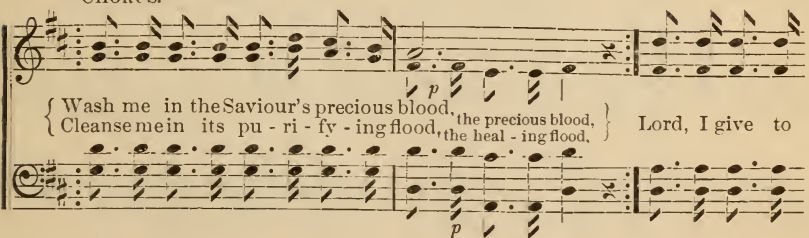


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to thee;
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee;
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges for thee;
 4. Take my moments, and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;

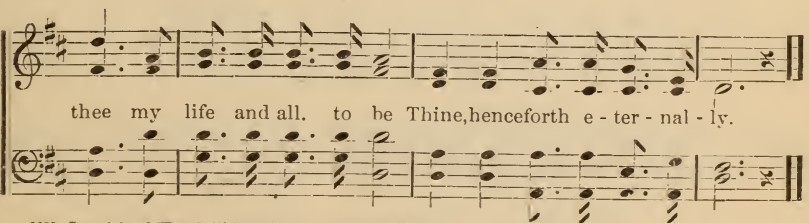


Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of thy love.
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly for my King.
 Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold.
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.

CHORUS.



{ Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, the precious blood, } Lord, I give to
 { Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood, the heal - ing flood, }



thee my life and all. to be Thine, henceforth e - ter - nal - ly.

1875, Copyright of Wm. J. Kirkpatrick Used by permission.

5 Take my will, and make it thine;
 It shall be no longer mine;
 Take my heart—it is thine own—
 It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love;—my Lord, I pour
 At thy feet its treasure store!
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for thee!

1. Come, con-trite one, and seek his grace, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
 2. Come, hun-gry one, and tell your needs, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
 3. Come, wea-ry one, and find your rest, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
 4. Come, burden'd one, bring all your care, Je - sus is pass - ing by;

See in his rec - on - cil - ing face, The sun-shine of the sky.
 The Bread of Life your soul will feed, And ful - ly sat - is - fy.
 Come where the longing heart is bless'd, And on his bo - som lie.
 The love that lis - tens to your pray'r, Will 'no good thing' de - ny.

CHORUS.

mf Pass - ing by, pass - ing by,
 Pass - ing by, pass - ing by, *p* pass - ing by, pass - ing by,

ff Has - ten to meet him on the way, Je - sus is pass - ing
mf

by to-day, Pass - ing by, pass - ing by,
mp Pass - ing by, pass - ing by, pass - ing by, pass - ing by.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

W. G. TOMER, by per.

1. God be with you till we meet again, By his counsels guide uphold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings securely hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
 4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
 Dai - ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet again.
 Put his arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

CHORUS.

Till we meet,..... till we meet, Till we meet,
 Till we meet, till we meet a - gain, Till we meet

meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet,....., till we
 meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet, Till we meet, till we

meet, a - gain, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 meet a - gain, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O the morning, hap-py morn-ing, That will break on yon-der shore,
 2. O the morning, bliss-ful morn-ing, That from ev-ry care is free,
 3. O the morning, gold-en morn-ing, We shall see it by and by,

When the march of life is end-ed, And our har-vest work is o'er;
 And for-ev-er with our Sav-iour And Re-deem-er we shall be;
 Faith be-holds it in the dis-tance, And its dawn-ing draw-eth nigh.

When we stand a-mid the gloaming, And our hearts with joy are bright,
 When the sil-ver chord is bro-ken, And our spir-its wing their flight,
 Here we part, for time is fleet-ing, Ev-er fad-ing from our sight,

While we say to those a-round us, With a lov-ing smile, Good night.
 On-ly paus-ing till our dear ones Catch the lov-ing words, Good night.
 But in yon-der hap-py mor-row We shall nev-er say, Good night.

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

Good night, good night, Till we meet in the morning light. Good
 Good night, good night, good night,

GOOD NIGHT. (Concluded.)

night till we meet at the Saviour's feet, In that land where all is bright.

No. 143.

TWILIGHT SHADOWS.

BIRDIE BELL.

J. S. FEARIS.

DUET or QUARTET.

1. Twi-light shad - ows gath - er 'round us. Sunset splen - dors fade a - way,
 2. Earth is hush'd to gentle slumber, Breezes chant her lul - la - by;
 3. When life's twi-light shadows lengthen, Take us home to thee, we pray,
 1. Twilight shadows gather 'round us, Sun-set splendors fade a-way,

And the murm - 'ring breezes whis-per Farewell to the dy-ing day.
 While we lift our hearts in worship, Praising thee enthroned on high.
 Where no night shades ev - er gath - er, Home to one long endless day.
 And the murm'ring breezes whis-per, Farewell to the dy-ing day.

CHORUS.

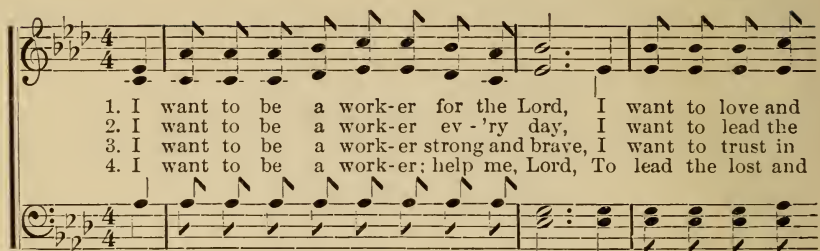
Twilight shad - ows soft-ly gath - er, And we turn our hearts to thee,
 Twilight shadows soft-ly gath - er, And we turn our hearts to thee,

Rit......
 O ac-cept the praise we of - fer! Father, heark - en to our plea.
 O, accept the praise we of - fer! Father, hearken to our plea.

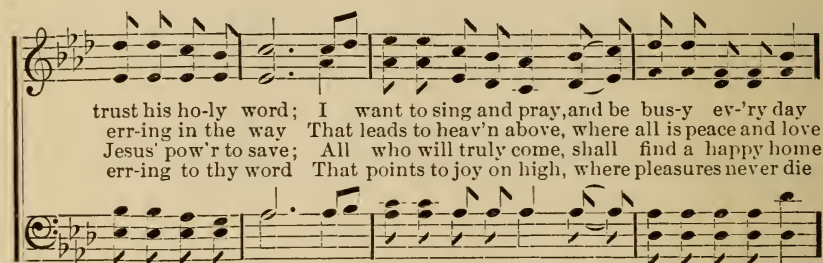
I. B.

"The laborers are few."—MATT. ix. 37.

I. BALTZELL.

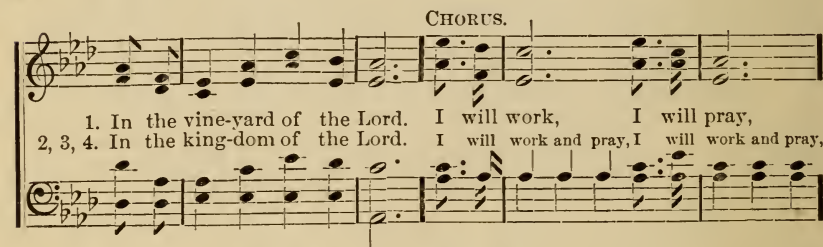


1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord, I want to love and
 2. I want to be a work-er ev-'ry day, I want to lead the
 3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave, I want to trust in
 4. I want to be a work-er; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and

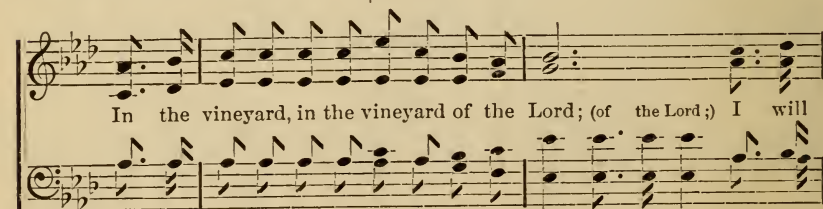


trust his ho-ly word; I want to sing and pray, and be bus-y ev-'ry day
 err-ing in the way That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace and love
 Jesus pow'r to save; All who will truly come, shall find a happy home
 err-ing to thy word That points to joy on high, where pleasures never die

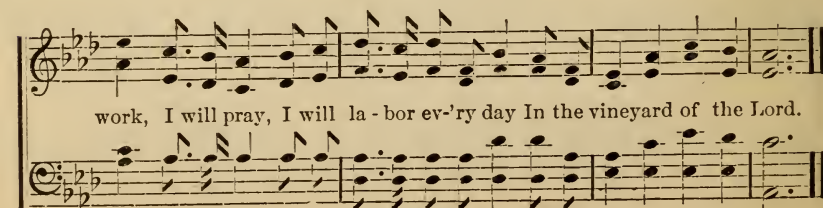
CHORUS.



1. In the vine-yard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray,
 2, 3, 4. In the king-dom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will work and pray,



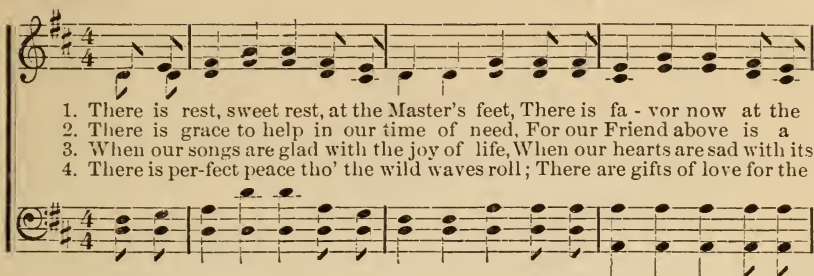
In the vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord; (of the Lord;) I will



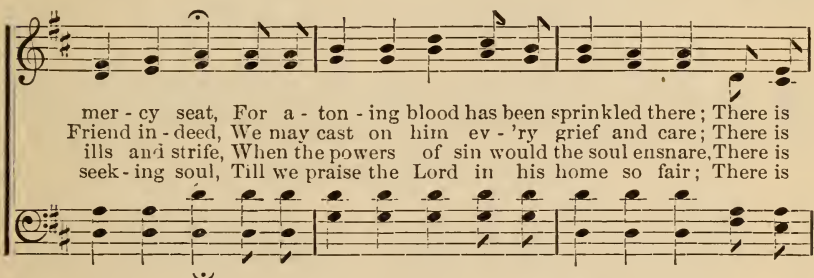
work, I will pray, I will la-bor ev-'ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.

E. E. HEWITT.

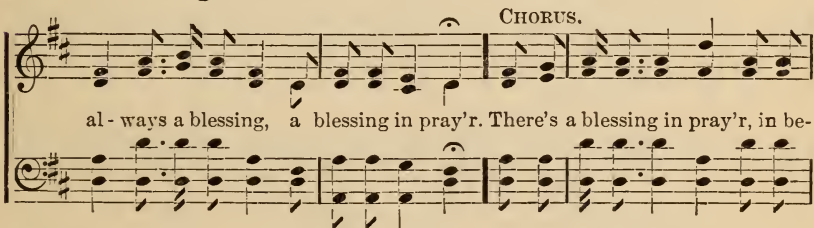
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



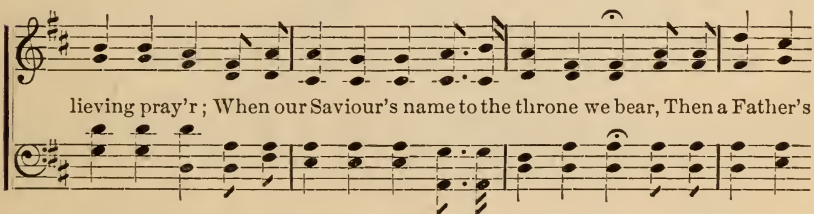
1. There is rest, sweet rest, at the Master's feet, There is fa - vor now at the
 2. There is grace to help in our time of need, For our Friend above is a
 3. When our songs are glad with the joy of life, When our hearts are sad with its
 4. There is per-fect peace tho' the wild waves roll; There are gifts of love for the



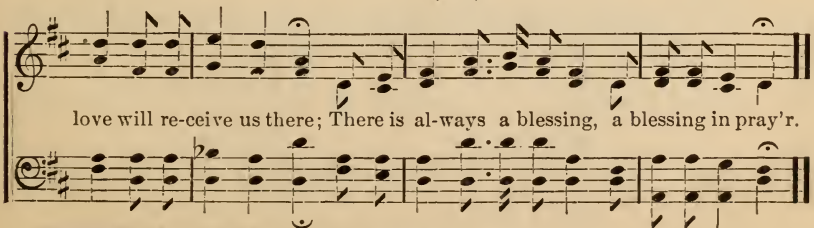
mer - cy seat, For a - ton - ing blood has been sprinkled there; There is
 Friend in - deed, We may cast on him ev - 'ry grief and care; There is
 ills and strife, When the powers of sin would the soul ensnare, There is
 seek - ing soul, Till we praise the Lord in his home so fair; There is



CHORUS.
 al - ways a blessing, a blessing in pray'r. There's a blessing in pray'r, in be -



lieving pray'r; When our Saviour's name to the throne we bear, Then a Father's

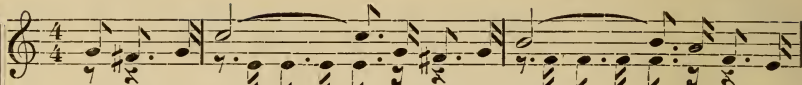


love will re - ceive us there; There is al - ways a blessing, a blessing in pray'r.

E. E. HEWITT.

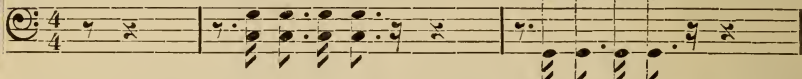
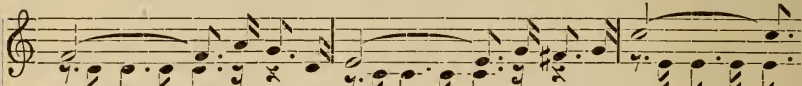
(SOLO OR QUARTET.)

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



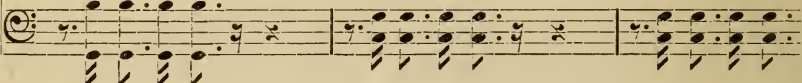
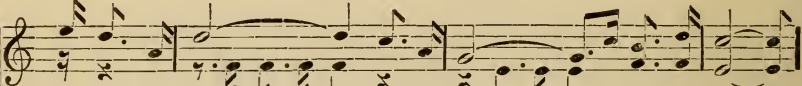
1. One thing I know;..... O bless his name,..... To me the
 2. One thing I know;..... he heard my cries,..... With mighty
 3. One thing I know;..... he died for me,..... In him my
 4. One thing I know;..... the Saviour's mine,..... O boundless
 5. One thing I know;..... O help me sing..... Such hap-py

One thing I know; O bless his name,

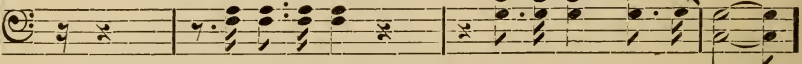
Lord..... of mer-cy came,..... He filled my heart.....
 power..... he touched my eyes,..... To see the light.....
 hope,..... my trust shall be,..... My Sav-iour lives.....
 grace,..... O joy di-vine!..... And heavenly beams.....
 praise..... to Christ our King..... While smil-ing faith.....

To me the Lord of mer-cy came, He filled my heart

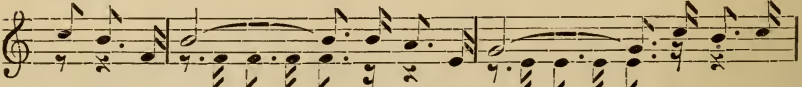



with love's bright flame,..... This I know,..... this I know.
 that nev-er dies,..... This I know,..... this I know.
 e-ter-nal-ly,..... This I know,..... this I know.
 a-round me shine,..... This I know,..... this I know.
 and love up-springs,..... This I know,..... this I know.

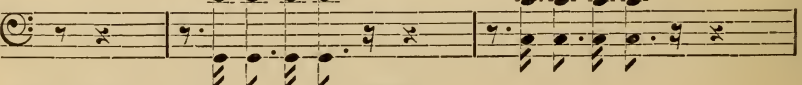
with love's bright flame, This I know,



CHORUS.



I know, I know,..... he loved me so,..... He saved my
 I know, I know,..... he loved me so,



ONE THING I KNOW. (Concluded.)

soul..... from sin and woe..... Now peace and joy.....
 He saved my soul from sin and woe, Now peace and joy

he doth be - stow..... This I know..... This I know.
 he doth be-stow, This I know,

No. 147.

"JESUS BIDS US SHINE."

ANNA BARTLETT WARNER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus bids us shine with a pure clear light, Like a lit - tle
 2. Je - sus bids us shine, first of all for him, We'll he sees and
 3. Je - sus bids us shine, then, for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of

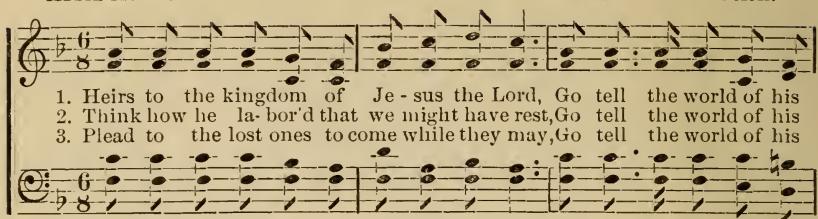
can - dle burn - ing in the night, In this world of dark - ness
 knows it if our lights are dim, He looks down from heav - en to
 dark - ness in this world are found; Sin, and want, and sor - row: so

we must shine, You in your lit - tle cor - ner, And I in mine.
 see us shine, You in your lit - tle cor - ner, And I in mine.
 we may shine, You in your lit - tle cor - ner, And I in mine.

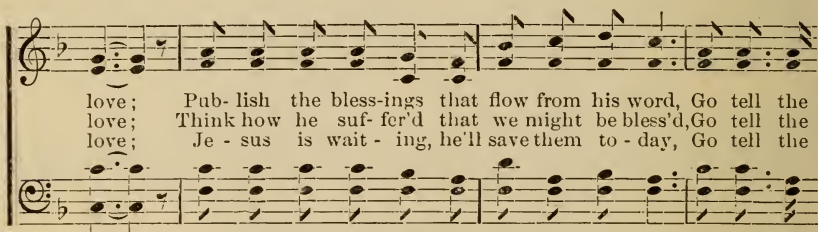
No. 148. GO TELL THE WORLD OF HIS LOVE.

ABBIE MILLS.

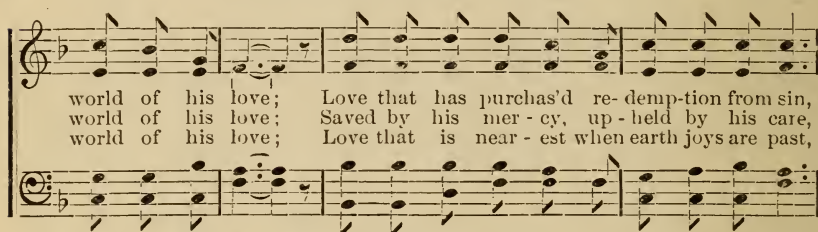
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Heirs to the kingdom of Je - sus the Lord, Go tell the world of his
 2. Think how he la - bor'd that we might have rest, Go tell the world of his
 3. Plead to the lost ones to come while they may, Go tell the world of his



love; Pub - lish the bless - ings that flow from his word, Go tell the
 love; Think how he suf - fer'd that we might be bless'd, Go tell the
 love; Je - sus is wait - ing, he'll save them to - day, Go tell the

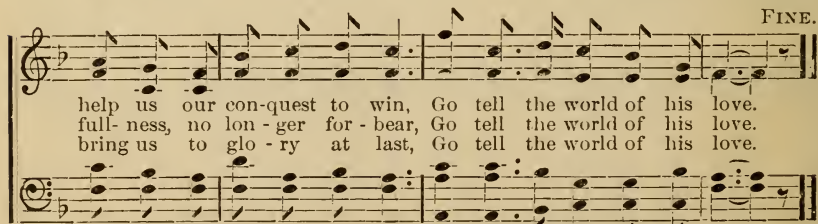


world of his love; Love that has purchas'd re - demp - tion from sin,
 world of his love; Saved by his mer - cy, up - held by his care,
 world of his love; Love that is near - est when earth joys are past,



Love that makes hap - py the spir - it with - in, Love that will
 Tell of the good - ness we con - stant - ly share; Fill'd with his
 Light - ing our path - way by clouds o - ver - cast; Love that will

D.S.—Heirs to the
 FINE.



help us our con - quest to win, Go tell the world of his love.
 full - ness, no lon - ger for - bear, Go tell the world of his love.
 bring us to glo - ry at last, Go tell the world of his love.

king - dom of Je - sus the Lord, Go tell the world of his love.

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GO TELL THE WORLD, etc. (Concluded.)

CHORUS.

D.S.

Go tell the world, Go tell the world, Go tell the world of his love;.....
of his love;

No. 149.

BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

REGINALD HEBER.

(WIMBORN. 11s, 10s.)

JOHN WHITAKER.

1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our
2. Cold on his cra-dle the dew-drops are shin-ing, Low lies his
3. Say, shall we yield him, in cost-ly de-vo-tion, O-dors of
4. Vain-ly we of-fer each am-ple ob-la-tion, Vain-ly with

dark-ness, and lend us thine aid! Star of the East, the ho-
bed with the beasts of the stall, An-gels a-dore him, in-
E-dom and off'-rings di-vine? Gems of the moun-tain, and
gifts would his fa-vor se-cure, Rich-er by far is the

ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guidewhere our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.
slum-ber re-clin-ing, Mak-er, and Monarch, and Sav-iour of all.
pearls of the o-cean, Myrrh from the for-est, and gold from the mine?
heart's ad-o-ra-tion, Dear-er to God are the prayers of the poor.

No. 150.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

WILLIAM HUNTER.

Arr. by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

FINE.

1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus, }
 { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je-sus. }
 2. { Your ma-ny sins are all for-giv'n, O hear the voice of Je-sus, }
 { Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus. }

D.C.—Sweet-est car-ol ev-ersung, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.

CHORUS.

D.C.

Sweetest note in ser-aph song, Sweetest name on mor-tal tongue.

3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 No other name but Jesus:
 O how my soul delights to hear
 The charming name of Jesus.

4 The children too, both great and small,
 Who love the name of Jesus,
 May now accept the gracious call
 To work and live for Jesus.

No. 151.

HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

M. M. W.

M. M. WELLS.

FINE.

1. { Ho-ly Spir-it, faith-ful Guide, Ev-er near the Christian's side; }
 { Gen-tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des-ert land. }
 2. { Ev-er pres-ent, tru-est Friend, Ev-er near thine aid to lend; }
 { Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in darkness drear; }
 3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease, }
 { Noth-ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names were there; }

D.C.—Whisp'ring soft-ly, "Wand'rer come! Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C.

Wea-ry souls for-e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,
 When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Wad-ing deep the dis-mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je-sus' blood,

No. 152.

JUST AS I AM.

(WOODWORTH. L. M.)

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a-bout With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fight-ings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
 Hath broken ev'ry barrier down;
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 153.

I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.

R. E. HUDSON.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
 2. I now be-lieve thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;
 3. O thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free,

Cho.—I'll live for him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!

D. C. Chorus.

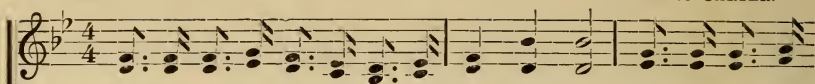
O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God!
 And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
 I con - se - crate my life to thee, My Sav - iour and my God!

I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav - iour and my God!

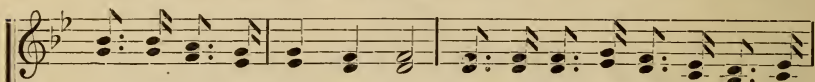
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R. K. C.

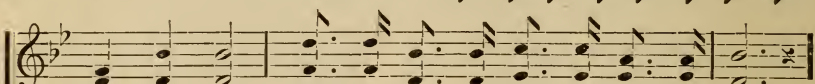
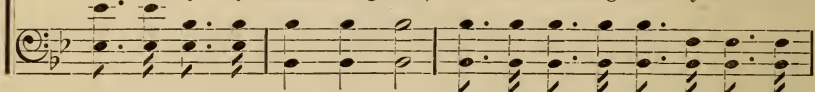
R. KELSO CARTER.



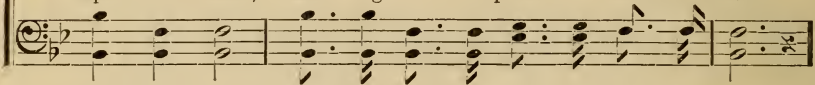
1. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal
 2. Standing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howl-ing
 3. Standing on the prom-is-es I now can see Per-fect, pres-ent
 4. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e-



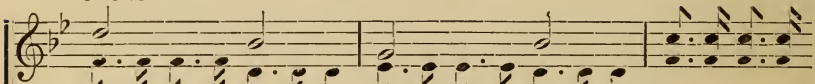
a-ges let his prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will
 storms of doubt and fear as-sail, By the liv-ing Word of God I
 cleansing in the blood for me; Stand-ing in the lib-er-ty where
 ter-nal-ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the



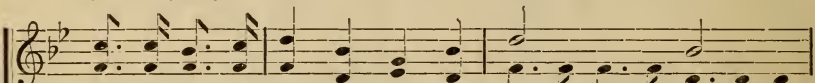
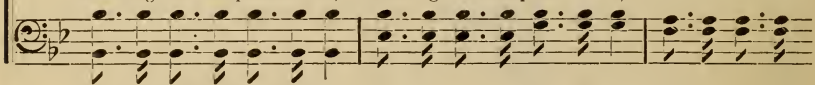
shout and sing, Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God.
 shall pre-vail, Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God.
 Christ makes free, Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God.
 Spir-it's sword, Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God.



CHORUS.



Stand-ing, stand-ing, Standing on the
 Stand-ing on the prom-is-es, stand-ing on the prom-is-es,



prom-is-es of God my Sav-iour; Stand-ing,
 Stand-ing on the prom-is-es,



STANDING ON THE PROMISES. (Concluded.)

stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.
stand-ing on the prom-is - es

No. 155. THE SAVIOUR IS MY ALL.

P. B.

P. BILHORN.

1. The Sav-iour is my all in all, He is my con-stant theme;
2. His spir-it gives sweet peace within, And bids all care de-part;
3. And what-so-ev-er I may ask, To glo-ri-fy his name,
4. O praise the Lord, my soul, re-joice, Give thanks unto thy God,

By sim-ply trusting in his word, He keeps me pure and clean.
He fills my soul with righteous-ness, And pu-ri-fies the heart.
The Fa-ther free-ly gives to me, Since Christ, the Sav-iour, came.
Who took thee in thy sin-ful-ness, And cleansed thee by his blood.

CHORUS.

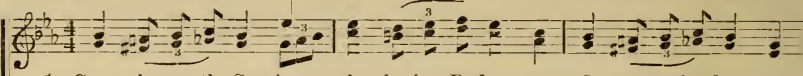
Glo-ry! O glo-ry! Je-sus hath re-deemed me,

Glo-ry! O glo-ry! He washed my sins a-way.

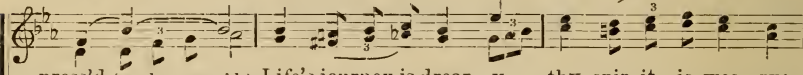
(DUET AND QUARTET OR CHORUS.)

FANNY J. CROSBY.

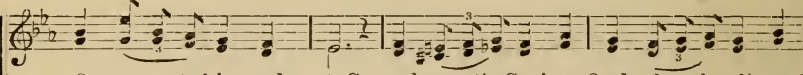
Dr. H. R. PALMER.



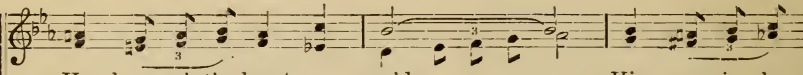
1. Come close to the Sav-iour, thy loving Redeem-er, O sorrowing heart op-
 2. Come close to the Sav-iour, he calleth thee gently, Draw near to thy Father's
 3. Come close to the Sav-iour, earth's pleasures are fleeting, But Jesus will care for




press'd, (sorely oppress'd;) Life's journey is drear - y, thy spir-it is wea-ry;
 throne, (thy Father's throne;) His eyes will behold thee, his mer-cy en-fold thee,
 thee, (he'll care for thee;) What-ev-er may grieve thee, he nev-er will leave thee,



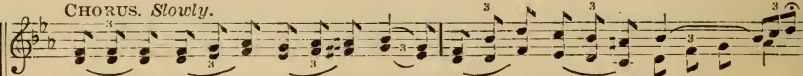
O come unto him and rest. Come close to the Saviour, O why dost thou linger?
 Why carry thy grief a-lone? Come close to the Saviour, O trust and remember,
 Thy strength as thy day shall be. Come close to the Saviour, O come as a birdling



He knoweth thy heart op-press'd, (sore-ly oppress'd.) His promise be-
 Thro' tri-als our souls are blest, (rich-ly are blest.) What-ev-er be-
 Flies back to its par-ent nest, (flies to its nest.) Where peace like a



liev-ing, his message re-ceive-ing, O come un-to him and rest.
 tide thee, thy Ref-uge will hide thee, O come un-to him and rest.
 riv-er, flows onward for-ev-er, O come un-to him and rest.



CHORUS. *Slowly.*
 Peacefully, tranquilly, tenderly rest, Folding thy wings like a dove,.....
 like a dove,

COME CLOSE TO THE SAVIOUR. (Concluded.)

Peacefully, tranquilly, tenderly rest Safe in the arms of his love.....
in the arms of his love.

No. 157. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

KATE HANKEY.

W. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things above, Of Je - sus and his
2. I love to tell the sto - ry! More wonderful it seems Than all the golden
3. I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems, each time I
4. I love to tell the sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hungering and

glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love! I love to tell the sto - ry! Be -
fancies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry! It
tell it. More wonder - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry! For
thirsting To hear, it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I

cause I know 'tis true; It sat - isfies my longings, As nothing else can do.
did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
some have never heard The message of sal - vation From God's own holy Word.
sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,

To tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ring the mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas bells, Ring them far and near;
 2. Ring the mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas bells, Wake the ju-bi-lee;
 3. Ring the mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas bells, Thro' the star-ry night,

Peal-ing o-ver hills and dells, Bid the world good cheer.
 Hark, the bless-ed mu-sic swells, O-ver land and sea.
 Ev-'ry note the day fore-tells, Noon-tide splen-dor bright.

Gold-en hopes and mem'ries ho-ly, Clus-ter'round the manger low-ly,
 Tell the wondrous news from heaven, "Un-to us a Son is giv-en,"
 Christ, the Morning Star is shin-ing, Light that nev-er knows de-clin-ing,

D.S.—Tell a-new the dear old sto-ry; Glo-ry in the high-est, glo-ry;

Ring the bells, ring the bells, Ring the mer-ry bells.
 Ring the bells, ring the bells, Ring the mer-ry bells.

CHORUS.
 Bells of love, and peace, and gladness, Charm away the thought of sadness,
 Ring the bells, ring the bells, Ring the mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas bells,

Ring the mer-ry, mer-ry bells, Ring the mer-ry, mer-ry bells.

G. MOULTRIE.

J. BARNBY.

We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be -

fore us, With his lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And his

ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, o'er us.

1st, 2d, 3d. Last. FINE.

1. We come in the might of the Lord of light, With ar - mor bright to
2. Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high, Our hel - met his sal -
3. And the choir of an - gels with song a - waits Our march to the gold - en

meet him; And we put to flight the ar - mies of night That the
va - tion; Our ban - ner the cross of Cal - va - ry; Our
Zi - ou; For our Cap - tain has bro - ken the bra - zen gates, And

sons of the day may greet him, The sons of the day may greet him.
watchword, the in - car - na - tion; Our watchword, the in - car - na - tion.
burst the bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron.

D.C.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Lord, I seek thee, heav-y lad - en, Hum-bly kneeling at thy feet,
 2. I am looking un-to Cal-v'ry, There the precious blood I see,
 3. Thou art a-ble, thou art will-ing, From my bondage grant re-lease,
 4. Bless-ed promise, tru-ly seek-ing, None are ev-er turn'd a-way;

Thou hast suf-fered to re-deem me, All the gracious work complete.
 May thy Spir-it bring the wit-ness Of e-ter-nal life to me.
 Might-y Saviour, speak de-liv'-rance, Bid me henceforth "go in peace."
 Thine the glo-ry, thine for-ev-er, Save, and keep me from this day.

CHORUS.

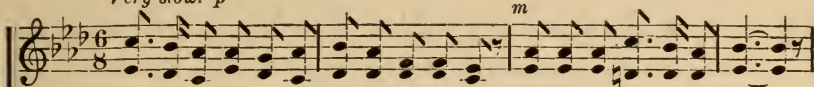
Bless - - ed Saviour, thou hast call'd me, I have
 Bless-ed, bless-ed Sav-iour, thou hast call'd me, thou hast call'd me, I have heard thy

heard thy voice di-vine;
 voice, thy voice di-vine, Lord, I'm com-ing; O re-
 Lord, I'm com-ing, com-ing, O re-
 I have heard thy voice divine,

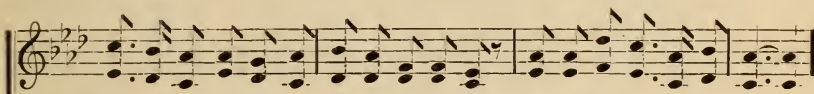
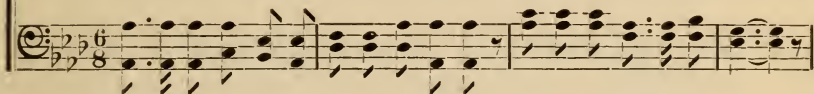
ceive me, Make me now and ev-er thine.
 ceive me, O re-ceive me, Make me now and ev-er thine, now and ev-er thine.

W. L. T.

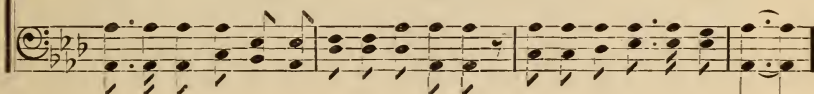
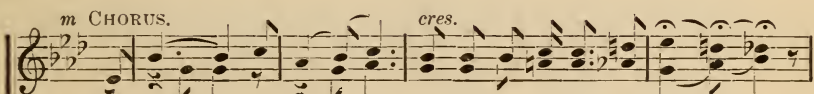
WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. p

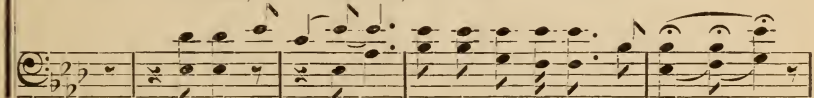
1. Softly and tender-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Calling for you and for me,
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;



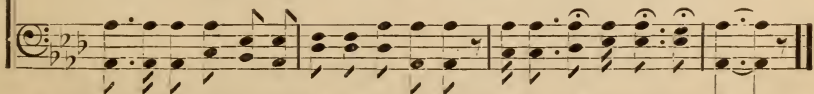
See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinned he has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

*m* CHORUS.*cres.*

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,.....
 Come home, come home,



Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Calling, O sin-ner, come home!



C. K.

CHARLES KERR.

1. Changing, ev - er changing are the shift-ing scenes of time, But a - mid its
 2. Growing, ev - er growing in the Spir - it's lib - er - ty, More and more like
 3. Working for his kingdom as we jour - ney day by day, Leading souls to

changes may I ev - er, Lord, be thine; By the blood that cleanseth may my
 Je - sus as his glo - ry we shall see; Day by day re - flect - ing back the
 Je - sus as the on - ly Living Way; Tell - ing of the mansions of the

heart from sin be free, And the changes ev - er make me more like thee.
 glo - ry of the Lord, Growing and a - bid - ing in his liv - ing Word.
 cit - y built on high, Tell - ing that the com - ing of our Lord draws nigh.

CHORUS.

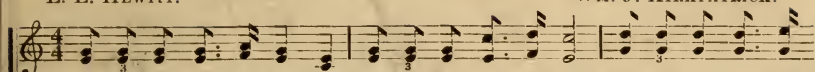
Changing, changing, changing ev - 'ry day, More like Je - sus
 Growing, growing, growing ev - 'ry day, More like Je - sus
 Working, working, working ev - 'ry day, More like Je - sus

ev - er - more I pray; Walk - ing ev - er where his feet have trod,

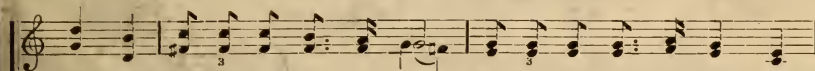
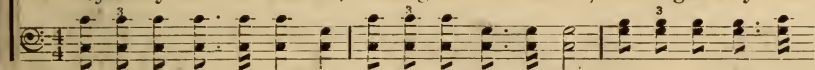
Till we meet in gold - en streets the sons of God.

E. E. HEWITT.

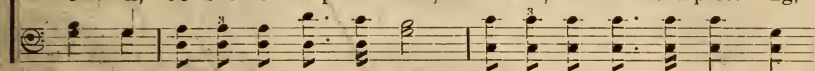
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Loy-al-ty to the Mas-ter, loy-al-ty to the King; Loy-al-ty now and
 2. Loy-al-ty to the Mas-ter; letting him lead the way; Glo-ri-ous is his
 3. Loy-al-ty to the Mas-ter; looking to him a-loue, Turning a-way from



ev - er, cheer-i - ly let us sing; Wholly at his command - ment,
 ban - ner. fol - low it ev - 'ry day; In - to the 'midst of bat - tle,
 e - vil, Je - sus will keep his own; Onward, still on - ward press - ing,



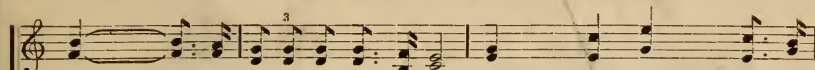
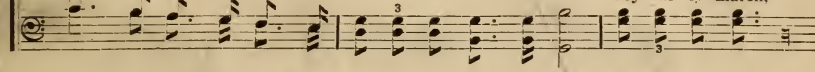
let ev-'ry soldier be, Joy-ful-ly serving Je - sus, serving with loy - al - ty.
 conquering as we go, Vic-to-ry he has promised o - ver the dead-ly foe.
 seeing the star-ry prize Waiting for all the faithful, meeting beyond the skies.



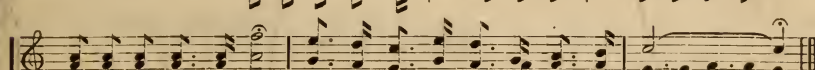
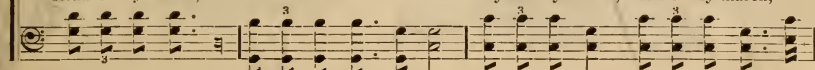
CHORUS.



Loy - al sol-diers, let us joy-ful-ly march a-long, For - - ward,
 Joy-ful - ly march,



for - - ward, with a triumphant song; On - ward, on - ward, a
 stead-i - ly march, Joy-ful - ly march, stead-i - ly march,



happy and loy - al throng, Loy-al to our Saviour and our King.....
 to our Saviour and our King.



"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."—REV. v. 12, 13.

FULL CHORUS.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per-

Wor-thy, wor-thy, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain;
Wor - thy, wor - thy,

QUARTETTE FIRST TIME

Wor-thy is the Lamb that was slain. Wor - thy is the
that was slain. Wor - thy is the

Lamb..... that was slain..... that was slain;
Lamb that was slain; Wor - thy is the Lamb that was slain;

Wor - thy is the Lamb..... that was slain..... that was
Wor - thy is the Lamb that was slain; Wor - thy is the

1 2 SOLO.
slain; slain. And hath redeemed us to God by his blood.
Lamb that was slain, Lamb that was slain.

From notes of F. Davis

WORTHY IS THE LAMB. (Concluded.)

DUET.

And hath redeemed us to God by his blood, And hath re-deemed, and hath re-
And hath redeemed,

deemed,.....And hath re-deemed us to God by his blood.
and hath re-deemed,

ff. Faster.

{ Bless - ing and hon - or, glo - ry and pow - er, be
Bless - ing and hon - or, glo - ry and pow - er, be

un - to the Lamb for - ev - er and ev - er, for - ev - er,
un - to the Lamb for - ev - er and ev - er, for - (Omit.)

2

ev - er, ev - er, ev - er, ev - er, A - men, A - men.
ev - er, and ev - er, for - ev - er and ev - er, A - men, A - men.

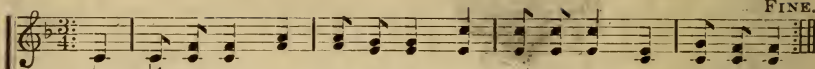
No. 165.

WONDROUS LOVE.

WM. H. CLARK.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

FINE.

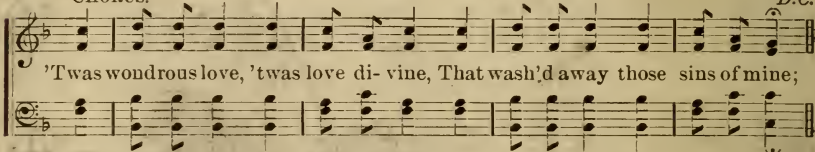


1. 'Twas wondrous love, 'twas love divine, That wash'd away those sins of mine; }
 That brought my soul from deepest night, To walk in God's own blessed light. }
 2. 'Twas wondrous love, 'twas love divine, And I ac-cept the gracious sign; }
 The Spir-it's witness with the blood, As-sures me I am born of God. }

D.C.—And I am hap-py all the day, Be-cause my sins are wash'd away.

CHORUS.

D.C.



'Twas wondrous love, 'twas love di-vine, That wash'd away those sins of mine;

1891, Copyright of Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by permission.

- 3 'Twas wondrous love, 'twas love divine, That drew this wand'ring heart of mine
 To thee, dear Lord, that I may be A branch that beareth fruit for thee.
 4 'Twas wondrous love, 'twas love divine, 'Twas God the Father's grand design;
 And heaven is filled with joy to know A soul's redeemed from endless woe.

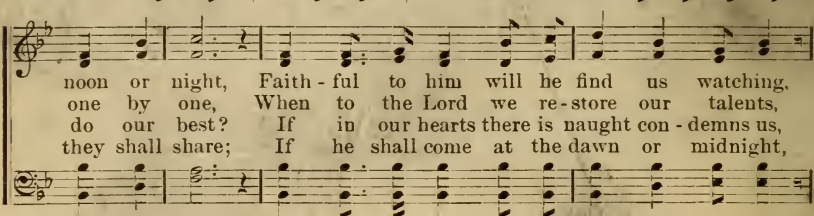
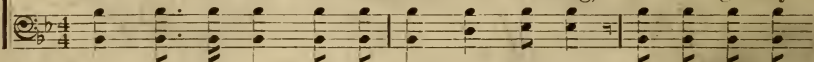
No. 166. WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



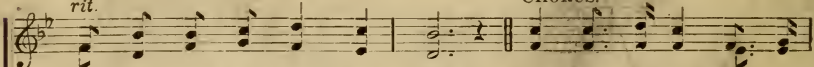
1. When Je-sus comes to re-ward his servants, Whether it be
 2. If at the dawn of the ear-ly morning, He shall call us
 3. Have we been true to the trust he left us? Do we seek to
 4. Bless-ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In his glo-ry



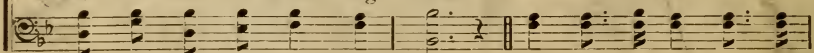
noon or night, Faith-ful to him will he find us watching,
 one by one, When to the Lord we re-store our talents,
 do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con-demns us,
 they shall share; If he shall come at the dawn or midnight,

rit.

CHORUS.



With our lamps all trimm'd and bright? O can we say, we are
 Will he an-swer thee, "Well done?"
 We shall have a glo-rious rest.
 Will he find us watch-ing there?



Copyright, 1876, by W. H. Doane. Used by permission.

WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING? (Concluded.)

read- y, broth-er? Read- y for the soul's bright home? Say will he
find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

No. 167.

REDEEMED.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeemed, and so happy in Je - sus, No language my rapture can tell;
3. I think of my blessed Re-deem - er, I think of him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in his beau - ty, The King in whose law I de - light,
5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me.

Redeemed thro' his in-fi-nite mer - cy, His child and for-ev - er I am.
I know that the light of his pres-ence With me doth continual - ly dwell.
I sing, for I cannot be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
Who lov-ing-ly guardeth my footsteps, And giv-eth me songs in the night.
And soon with the spirits made per- fect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

CHORUS.

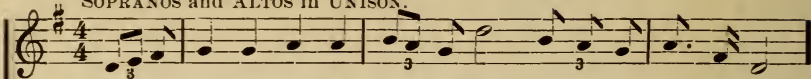
Re - deemed, re - deemed, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
Redeemed, redeemed,
Re - deemed, re - deemed, His child and for-ev - er I am.
Redeemed, redeemed,

No. 168. MARCHING TO THE LAND ABOVE.

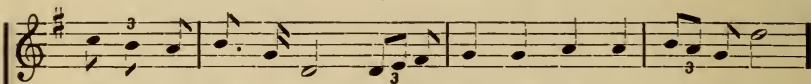
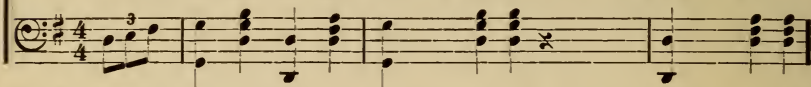
Mrs. W. W. SAVAGE.

J. H. FILLMORE.

SOPRANOS and ALTOS in UNISON.



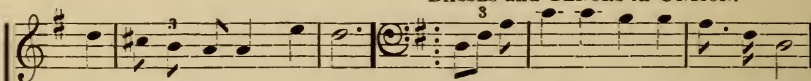
1. We are marching to a land a-bove, Beau-ti-ful land a-bove,
2. We are marching t'ward the cit-y fair, Beau-ti-ful cit-y fair,
3. We are marching to the home of God, Beau-ti-ful home of God,



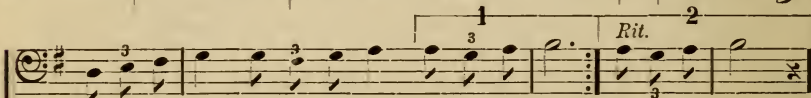
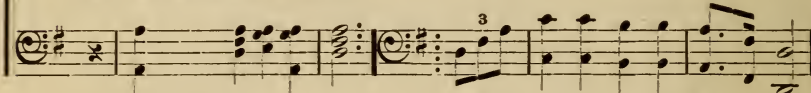
beau-ti-ful land a-bove; To a land where dwells eter-nal love,
 beau-ti-ful cit-y fair; Where the an-gel an-thems fill the air,
 beau-ti-ful home of God; And our guide-book is his ho-ly word,



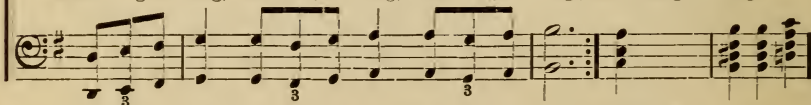
BASSES and TENORS in UNISON.



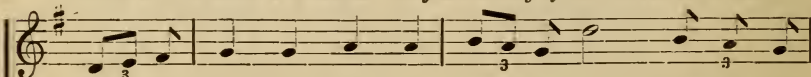
The beau-ti-ful land a-bove. { And we sing a glad triumphant song,
 The beau-ti-ful cit-y fair. { While our glorious Captain leads us on,
 The beau-ti-ful word of God.



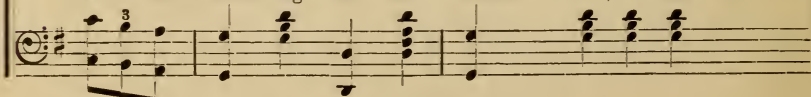
Marching a-long, marching a-long, marching a-long; marching a-long.



CHORUS. All voices in Unison. Play the melody of the Chorus in octaves.



We are march-ing to a land a-bove, Beau-ti-ful
 We are march-ing t'ward the cit-y fair, Beau-ti-ful
 We are march-ing to the home of God, Beau-ti-ful



MARCHING TO THE LAND ABOVE. (Concluded.)



land a-bove, beau-ti-ful land a-bove; To a land where dwells e-
cit-y fair, beau-ti-ful cit-y fair; Where the an-gel an-thems
home of God, beau-ti-ful home of God; And our guide-book is his

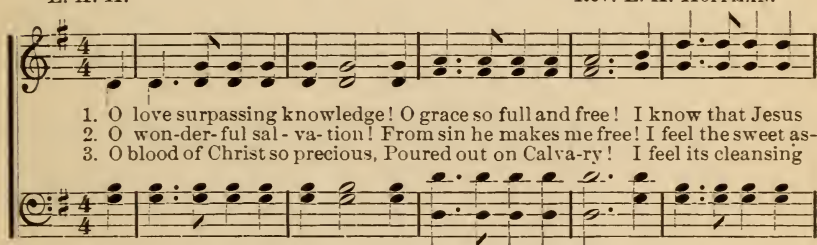
ter-nal love, Beau-ti-ful land a-bove, land a-bove.
fill the air, Beau-ti-ful cit-y fair, cit-y fair.
ho-ly word, Beau-ti-ful word of God, word of God.

No. 169.

ENOUGH FOR ME.

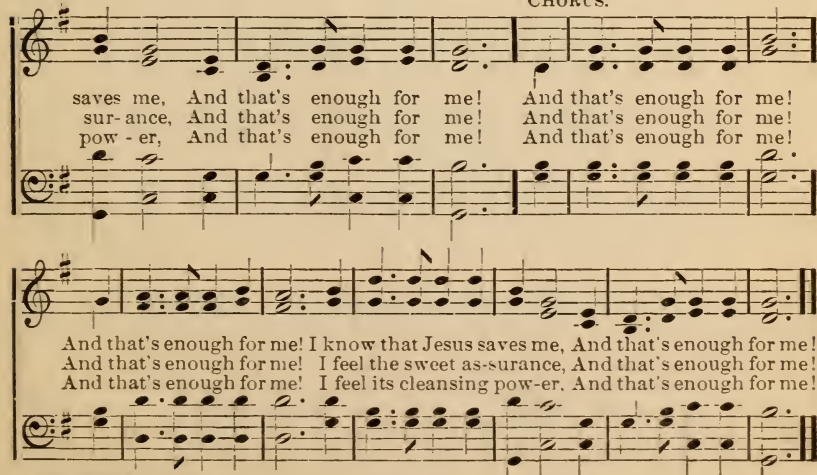
E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. O love surpassing knowledge! O grace so full and free! I know that Jesus
2. O won-der-ful sal-va-tion! From sin he makes me free! I feel the sweet as-
3. O blood of Christ so precious, Poured out on Calva-ry! I feel its cleansing

CHORUS.



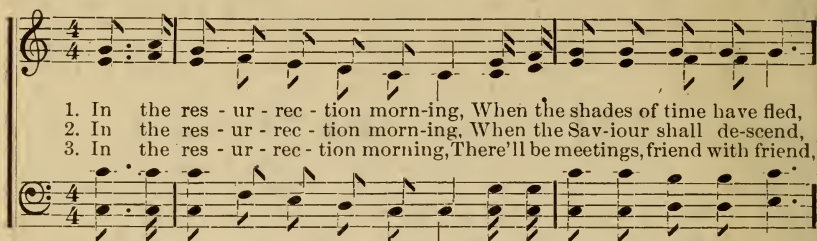
saves me, And that's enough for me! And that's enough for me!
sur-ance, And that's enough for me! And that's enough for me!
pow-er, And that's enough for me! And that's enough for me!

And that's enough for me! I know that Jesus saves me, And that's enough for me!
And that's enough for me! I feel the sweet as-surance, And that's enough for me!
And that's enough for me! I feel its cleansing pow-er, And that's enough for me!

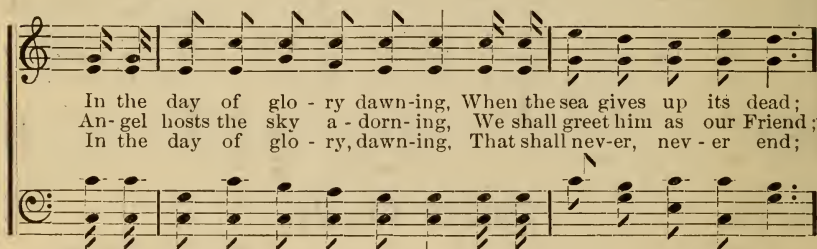
No. 170. IN THE RESURRECTION MORNING.

E. E. HEWITT.

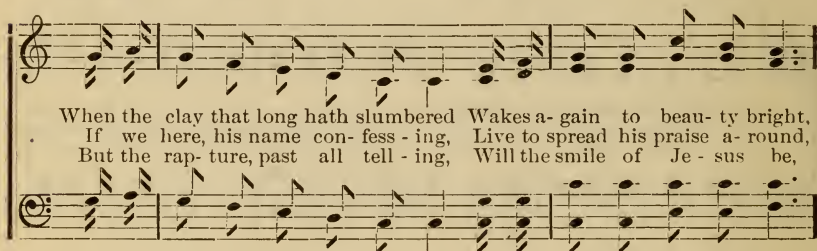
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



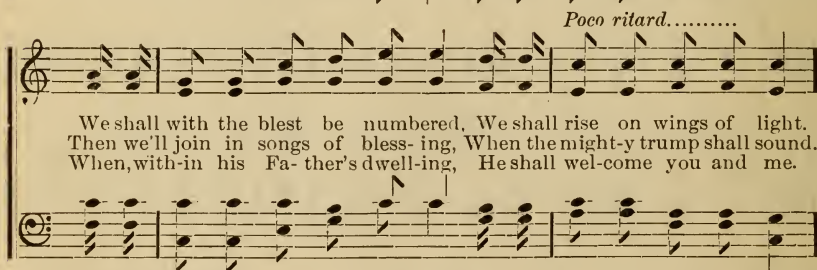
1. In the res - ur - rec - tion morn-ing, When the shades of time have fled,
2. In the res - ur - rec - tion morn-ing, When the Sav-iour shall de-scend,
3. In the res - ur - rec - tion morning, There'll be meetings, friend with friend,



In the day of glo - ry dawn-ing, When the sea gives up its dead;
An-gel hosts the sky a - dorn-ing, We shall greet him as our Friend;
In the day of glo - ry, dawn-ing, That shall nev-er, nev - er end;

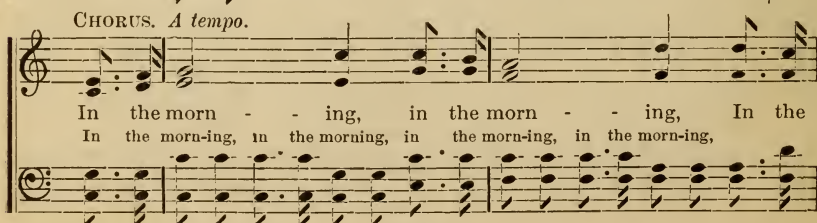


When the clay that long hath slumbered Wakes a-gain to beau-ty bright,
If we here, his name con-fess-ing, Live to spread his praise a-round,
But the rap-ture, past all tell-ing, Will the smile of Je-sus be,



Poco ritard......

We shall with the blest be numbered, We shall rise on wings of light.
Then we'll join in songs of bless-ing, When the night-y trump shall sound.
When, with-in his Fa-ther's dwell-ing, He shall wel-come you and me.



CHORUS. *A tempo.*

In the morn - - ing, in the morn - - ing, In the
In the morn-ing, in the morning, in the morn-ing, in the morn-ing,

IN THE RESURRECTION MORNING. (Concluded.)

res-ur-rec-tion morning bright and fair, In the morn - ing, in the
bright and fair, in the morn-ing,

morn - ing, We shall rise to meet our Saviour in the air.
in the morn-ing, meet our Sav-iour in the air.

No. 171.

ON THE WAY.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O, bless the Lord, what joy is mine! What perfect peace thro' grace divine!
2. O, bless the Lord, he dwells with me, The voice I hear, the hand I see,
3. O, bless the Lord, for what I know Of heavenly bliss while here be-low!
4. O, bless the Lord 'twill not be long Till I shall join the ho-ly throng,

And now to realms of end-less day, O, bless the Lord, I'm on the way.
Re - new my strength from day to day While home to him I'm on the way.
My trust-ing heart thro' faith can say, To mansions bright I'm on the way.
And shout and sing thro' end-less day, Where ev-'ry tear is wiped a - way.

D.S.—crown to wear in end - less day, O, bless the Lord, I'm on the way.

CHORUS.

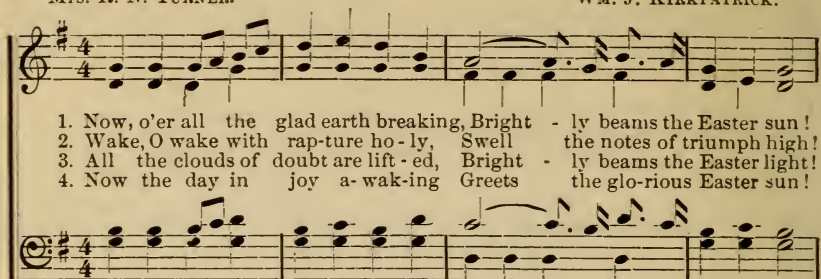
D.S.

I'm on the way, I'm on the way, In vain the world would bid me stay: A

No. 172. NOW O'ER ALL THE GLAD EARTH BREAKING.

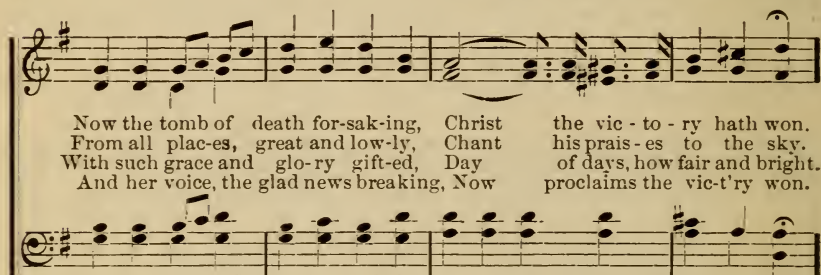
Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Now, o'er all the glad earth breaking, Bright - ly beams the Easter sun!
 2. Wake, O wake with rap-ture ho - ly, Swell the notes of triumph high!
 3. All the clouds of doubt are lift - ed, Bright - ly beams the Easter light!
 4. Now the day in joy a-wak-ing Greet the glo-rious Easter sun!

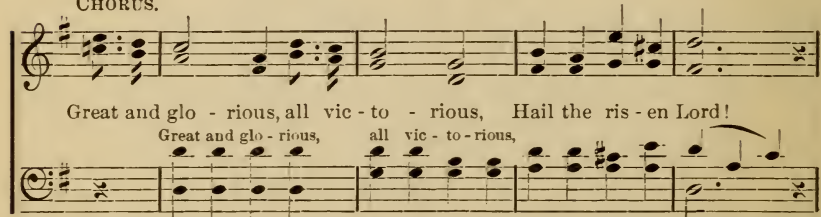
Bright-ly beams the Eas - ter sun!
 Swell the notes of tri-umph high!
 Bright-ly beams the Eas - ter light!
 Greet the glo - rious Eas - ter sun!



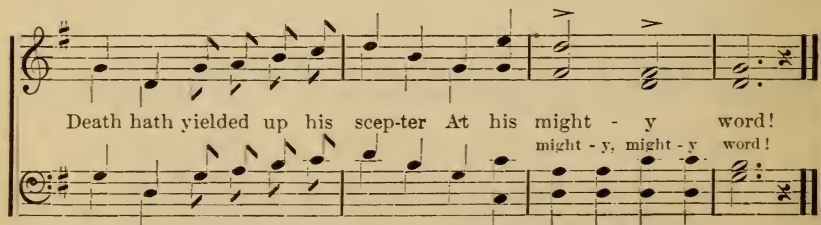
Now the tomb of death for-sak-ing, Christ the vic - to - ry hath won.
 From all plac-es, great and low-ly, Chant his prais-es to the sky.
 With such grace and glo-ry gift-ed, Day of days, how fair and bright.
 And her voice, the glad news breaking, Now proclaims the vic-t'ry won.

Christ the vic - to - ry hath won.
 Chant His prais - es to the sky.
 Day of days, how fair and bright.
 Now pro-claims the vic - t'ry won.

CHORUS.



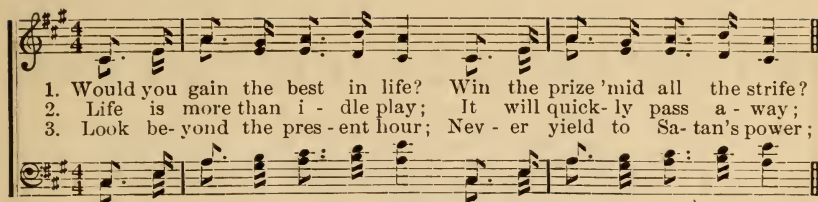
Great and glo - rious, all vic - to - rious, Hail the ris-en Lord!
 Great and glo - rious, all vic - to - rious,



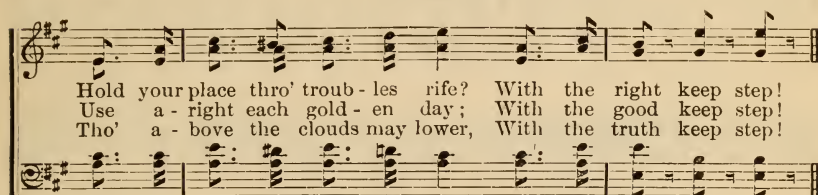
Death hath yielded up his scep-ter At his might - y word!
 might - y, might - y word!

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

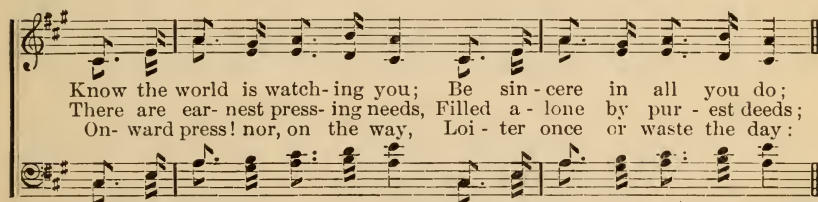
Dr. H. R. PALMER.



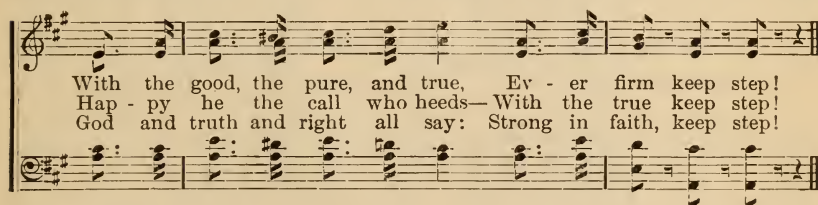
1. Would you gain the best in life? Win the prize 'mid all the strife?
 2. Life is more than i - dle play; It will quick-ly pass a - way;
 3. Look be-yond the pres-ent hour; Nev - er yield to Sa-tan's power;



Hold your place thro' troub-les rife? With the right keep step!
 Use a - right each gold - en day; With the good keep step!
 Tho' a - bove the clouds may lower, With the truth keep step!

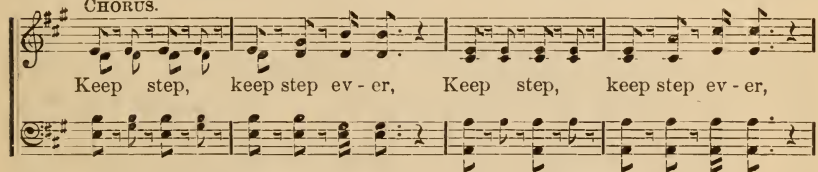


Know the world is watch-ing you; Be sin-cere in all you do;
 There are ear-nest press-ing needs, Filled a - lone by pur - est deeds;
 On-ward press! nor, on the way, Loi-ter once or waste the day;

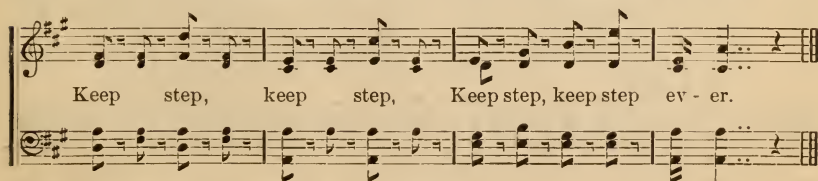


With the good, the pure, and true, Ev - er firm keep step!
 Hap - py he the call who heeds—With the true keep step!
 God and truth and right all say: Strong in faith, keep step!

CHORUS.



Keep step, keep step ev - er, Keep step, keep step ev - er,

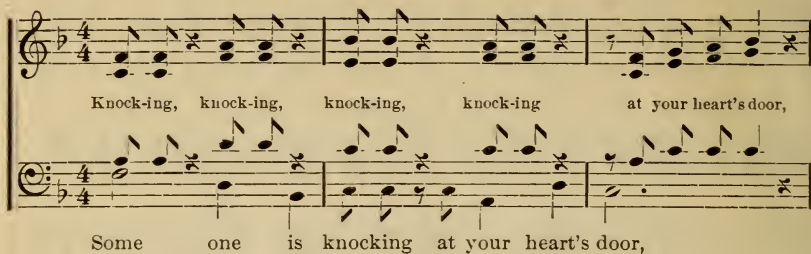


Keep step, keep step, Keep step, keep step ev - er.

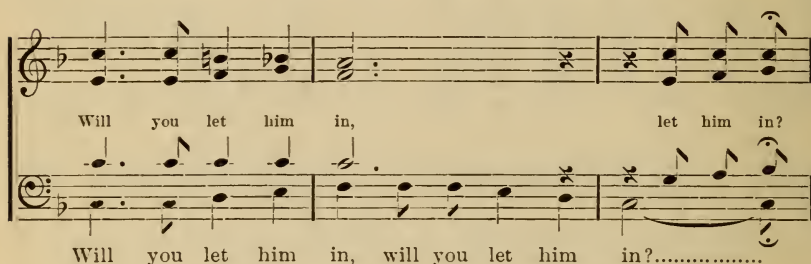
No. 174. WILL YOU LET THE SAVIOUR IN?

F. M. D.

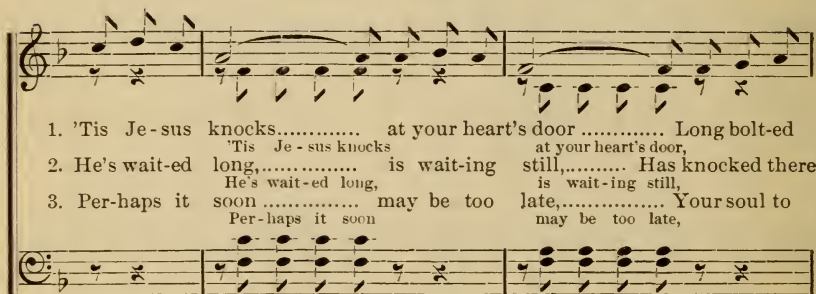
FRANK M. DAVIS.



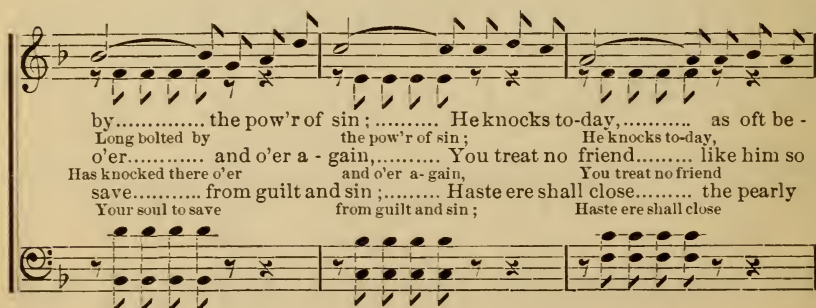
Knock-ing, knock-ing, knock-ing, knock-ing at your heart's door,
Some one is knocking at your heart's door,



Will you let him in, let him in?
Will you let him in, will you let him in?.....



1. 'Tis Je-sus knocks..... at your heart's door Long bolt-ed
'Tis Je-sus knocks at your heart's door,
2. He's wait-ed long..... is wait-ing still..... Has knock-ed there
He's wait-ed long, is wait-ing still,
3. Per-haps it soon may be too late..... Your soul to
Per-haps it soon may be too late,



by..... the pow'r of sin; He knocks to-day,..... as oft be -
Long bolted by the pow'r of sin; He knocks to-day,
o'er..... and o'er a - gain,..... You treat no friend..... like him so
Has knock-ed there o'er and o'er a - gain, You treat no friend
save..... from guilt and sin; Haste ere shall close..... the pearly
Your soul to save from guilt and sin; Haste ere shall close

WILL YOU LET THE SAVIOUR IN? (Concluded.)

fore,..... O will you let the Sav-our in?.....
as oft be-fore, O will you let the Sav-our in, Sav-our in?
ill, like him s^c ill, O will you let him knock in vain?.....
gate,..... And let the bless- - ed Sav-our in, knock in vain?
the pearl-y gate, And let the bless-ed Sav-our in, Sav-our in.

CHORUS.

O will you let the Sav-our in?

O will you let..... the Sav-our in?..... He'll cleanse you

He'll cleanse you from the deep-est sin; He knocks to-day

from..... the deepest sin;..... He knocks to-day.....

as oft be-fore, O will you let the Sav-our

as oft be-fore,..... O will you let..... the Sav-our

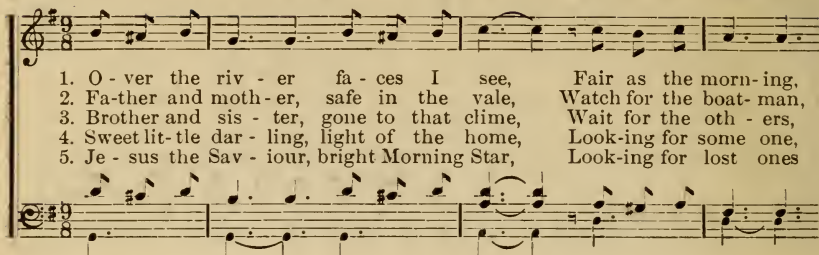
in, let him in? O will you let the Sav-our in?

in?..... O will you let the Sav-our in?

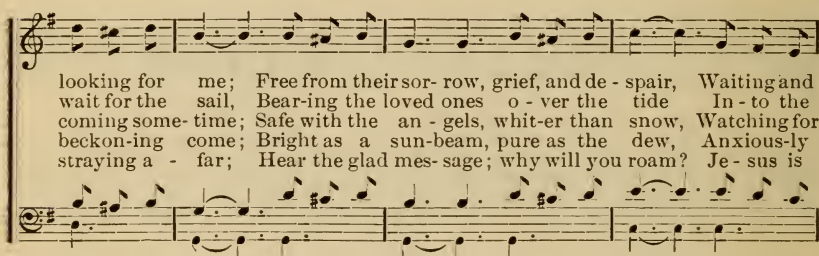
J. W. V.

(SOLO OR DUET.)

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

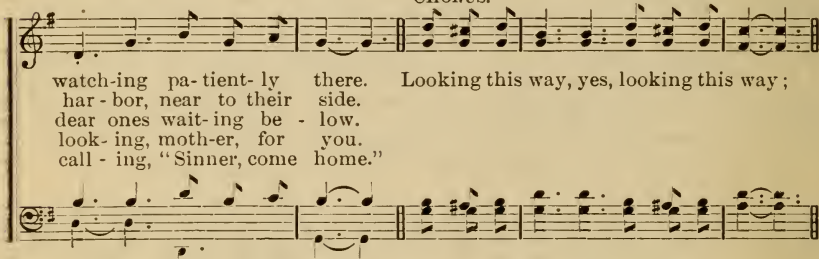


1. O - ver the riv - er fa - ces I see, Fair as the morn - ing,
 2. Fa - ther and moth - er, safe in the vale, Watch for the boat - man,
 3. Brother and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers,
 4. Sweet lit - tle dar - ling, light of the home, Look - ing for some one,
 5. Je - sus the Sav - iour, bright Morning Star, Look - ing for lost ones

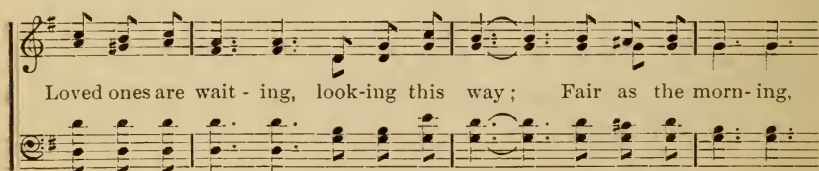


looking for me; Free from their sor - row, grief, and de - spair, Waiting and
 wait for the sail, Bear - ing the loved ones o - ver the tide In - to the
 coming some - time; Safe with the an - gels, whit - er than snow, Watch - ing for
 beckon - ing come; Bright as a sun - beam, pure as the dew, Anx - ious - ly
 stray - ing a - far; Hear the glad mes - sage; why will you roam? Je - sus is

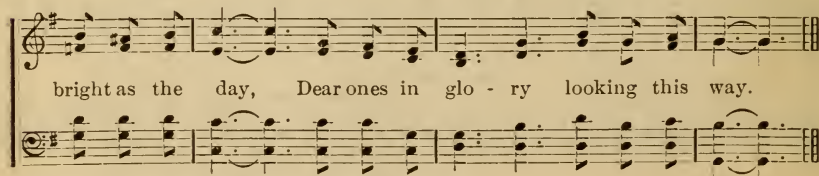
CHORUS.



watch - ing pa - tient - ly there. Looking this way, yes, looking this way;
 har - bor, near to their side.
 dear ones wait - ing be - low.
 look - ing, moth - er, for you.
 call - ing, "Sinner, come home."



Loved ones are wait - ing, look - ing this way; Fair as the morn - ing,



bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry look - ing this way.

No. 176.

GLORY TO HIS NAME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where for cleansing from
 2. I am so wondrous-ly saved from sin, Je-sus so sweet-ly a-
 3. O precious fountain, that saves from sin! I am so glad I have
 4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

FINE.

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to his name.
 bides within; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo-ry to his name.
 entered in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to his name.
 Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo-ry to his name.

D.S.—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to his name.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Glo-ry to his name, Glo-ry to his name;

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No. 177. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

R. L.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. { What can wash a-way my stain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus; }
 { What can make me whole-a-gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus. }
 2. { For my cleansing this I see—Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus; }
 { For my par-don this my plea—Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus. }

CHORUS.

O pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;

No oth-er fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je-sus.

Copyright, 1876, by Robert Lowry. Used by permission.

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 Naught of good that I have done,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

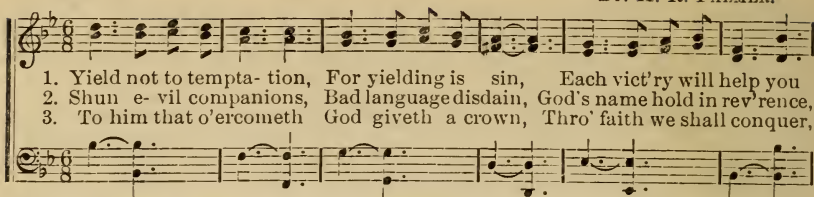
4 This is all my hope and peace—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 This is all my righteousness—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

No. 178.

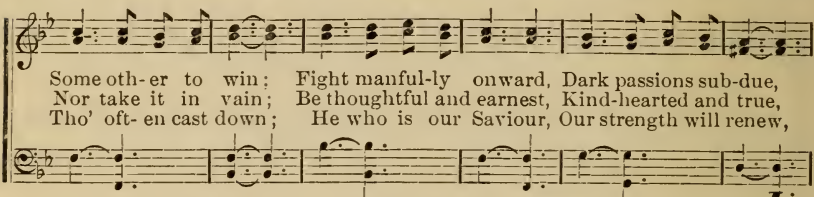
YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. P.

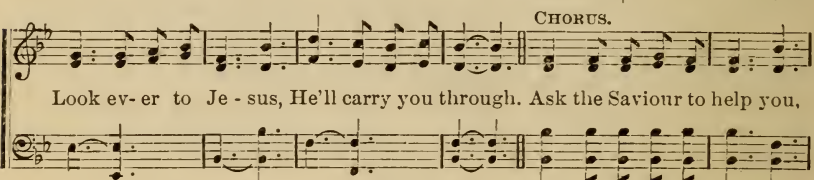
Dr. H. R. PALMER.



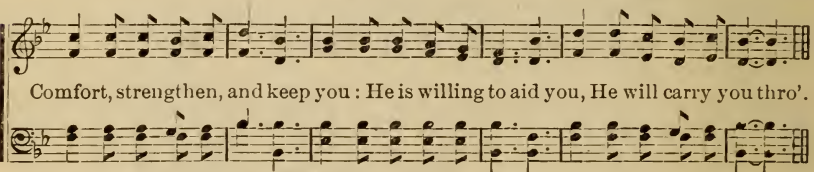
1. Yield not to tempta- tion, For yielding is sin, Each vic't'ry will help you
 2. Shun e- vil companions, Bad language disdain, God's name hold in rev'rence,
 3. To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown, Thro' faith we shall conquer,



Some oth-er to win; Fight manful-ly onward, Dark passions sub-due,
 Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind-hearted and true,
 Tho' oft- en cast down; He who is our Saviour, Our strength will renew,



CHORUS.
 Look ev-er to Je- sus, He'll carry you through. Ask the Saviour to help you,



Comfort, strengthen, and keep you : He is willing to aid you, He will carry you thro'.

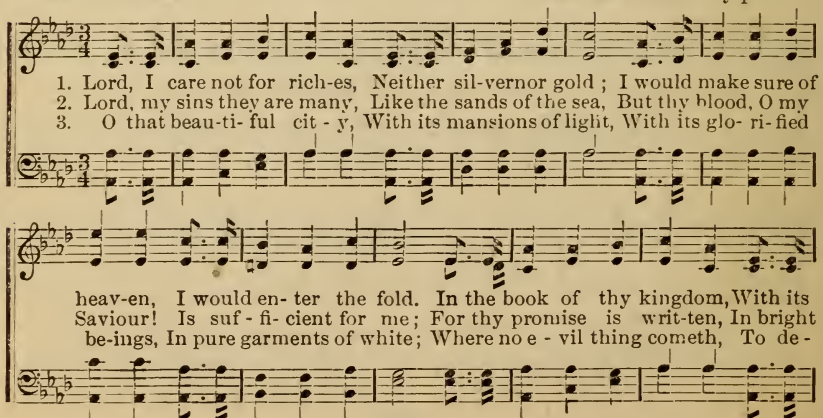
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No. 179.

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

M. A. KIDDER.

FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.



1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Neither sil-vern-er gold ; I would make sure of
 2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, O my
 3. O that beau-ti- ful cit- y, With its mansions of light, With its glo- ri- fied

heav-en, I would en- ter the fold. In the book of thy kingdom, With its
 Saviour! Is suf- fi- cient for me; For thy promise is writ-ten, In bright
 be-ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e- vil thing cometh, To de-

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE? (Concluded.)

FINE.

pa- ges so fair, Tell me, Je- sus, my Saviour, Is my name written there?
let- ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar- let, I will make them like snow."
spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching, Yes, my name's written there.

D.S.—In the book of thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Is my name writ- ten there, On the page white and fair?
3d v.—Yes, my name's writ- ten there, On the page white and fair;

No. 180.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je- sus, I long to be perfect- ly whole; I want thee for- ev- er to
2. Lord Jesus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-
3. Lord Je- sus, for this I most humbly en- treat; I wait, blessed Lord, at thy
4. Lord Je- sus, thou seest I patient- ly wait: Come now, and within me a

live in my soul; Break down ev'ry i- dol, cast out ev-'ry foe; Now
plete sac- ri- fice; I give up my- self, and what- ev- er I know: O
cru- ci- fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow: O
new heart cre- ate; To those who have sought thee, thou never said'st "No;" O

CHORUS.

wash me, and I shall be whit- er than snow. Whit- er than snow, yes,

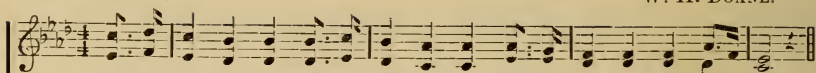
whit- er than snow; O wash me, and I shall be whit- er than snow.

No. 181.

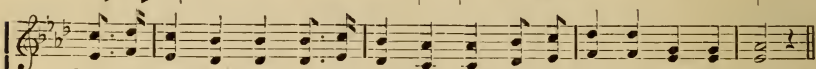
I AM THINE, O LORD.

F. J. CROSBY.

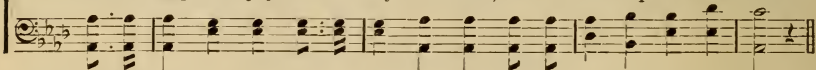
W. H. DOANE.



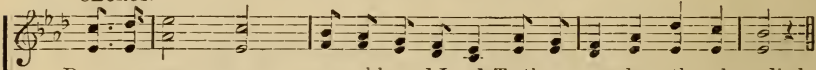
1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine;
3. O the pure delight of a sin-gle hour That before thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the nar-row sea,



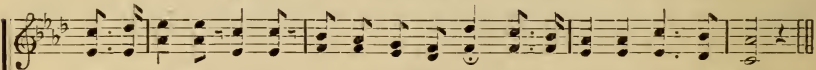
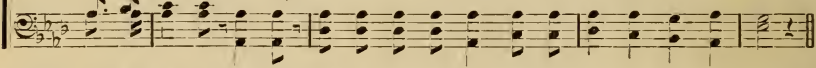
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to thee.
 Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in thine.
 When I kneel in pray'r, and with thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach, Till I rest in peace with thee.



CHORUS.



Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died;
 near-er, near-er,



Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To thy precious, bleeding side.



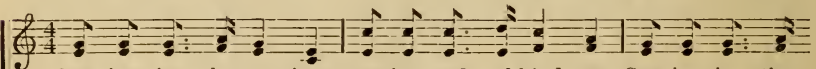
Copyright, 1875, by Biglow & Main. Used by permission.

No. 182.

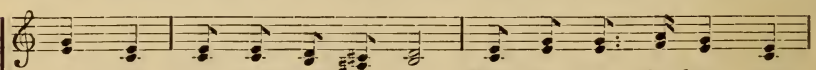
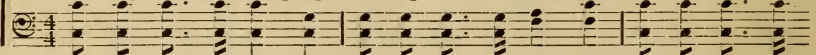
BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

KNOWLES SHAW.

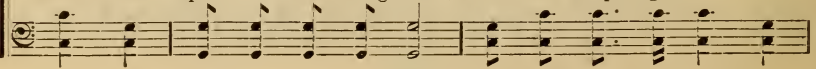
GEORGE A. MINOR, by per.



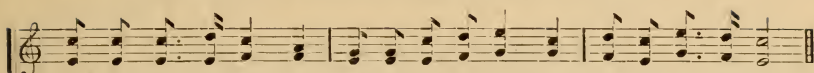
1. Sow-ing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the
2. Sow-ing in the sunshine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fear-ing nei-ther
3. Go-ing forth with weeping, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-



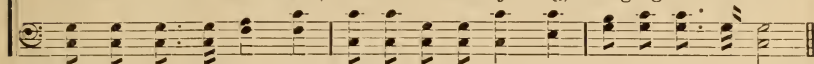
noon-tide and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest,
 clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest,
 tained our spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weep-ing's o-ver,



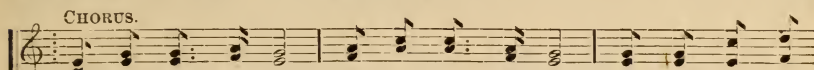
BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES. (Concluded.)



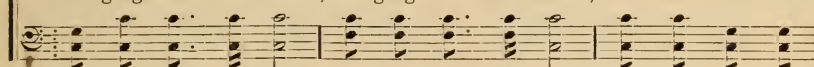
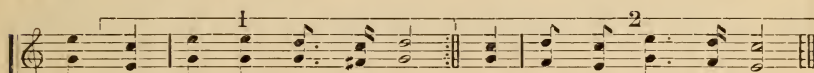
and the time of reap - ing, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
 and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
 he will bid us wel - come, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.



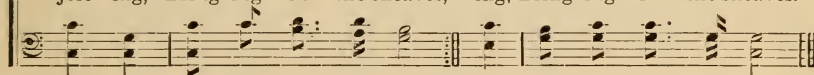
CHORUS.



Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re -

joic - ing, Bring - ing in the sheaves, ing, Bring - ing in the sheaves.

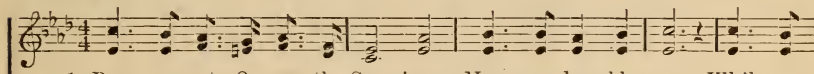


No. 183.

PASS ME NOT.

FANNY J. CROSBY.


W. H. DOANE.



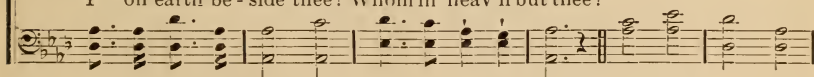
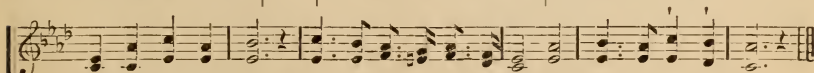
1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my humble cry; While on
 2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneeling
 3. Trust - ing on - ly in thy mer - it, Would I seek thy face; Heal my
 4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom have



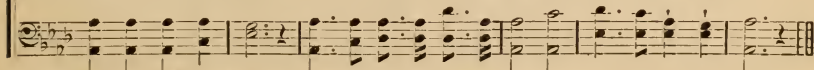
CHORUS.



oth - ers thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by. Sav - iour, Sav - iour,
 there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
 wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by thy grace.
 I on earth be - side thee? Whom in heav'n but thee?

Hear my humble cry, While on others thou art calling, Do not pass me by.



No. 184. THY HOLY SPIRIT, LORD, ALONE.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, a - lone Can turn our hearts from sin,
 2. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, a - lone Can deep - er love in - spire,
 3. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, can bring The gifts we seek in prayer,
 4. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord, can give The grace we need this hour,

His power a - lone can sanc - ti - fy And keep us pure with - in.
 His power a - lone with - in our souls Can light the sa - cred fire.
 His voice can words of com - fort speak And still each wave of care.
 And while we wait, O Spir - it, come In sanc - ti - fy - ing power.

CHORUS.

O Spir - it of faith and love, Come in our midst we pray,

And pu - ri - fy each wait - ing heart; Bap - tize us with pow'r to - day.

1885, Copyright of Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by permission.

No. 185. AT THE CROSS.

I. WATTS.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las, and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up-on the tree?
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

Copyright, 1885, by R. E. Hudson. Used by permission.

AT THE CROSS. (Concluded.)

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the
bur-den of my heart rolled a - way, rolled a - way, It was there by faith
I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

No. 186.

MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

London Hymn Book.

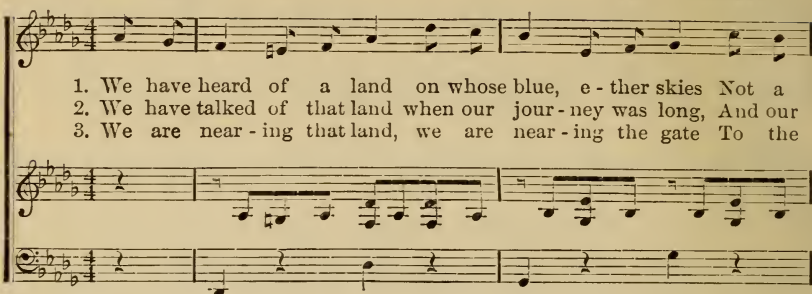
A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the
2. I love thee, because thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the
long as thou lend-est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore thee in heav-en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav-iour art thou,
thorns on thy brow;
cold on my brow;
crown on my brow;
If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

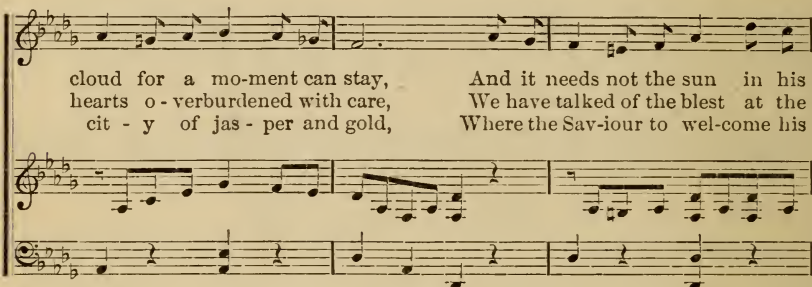
Used by permission.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

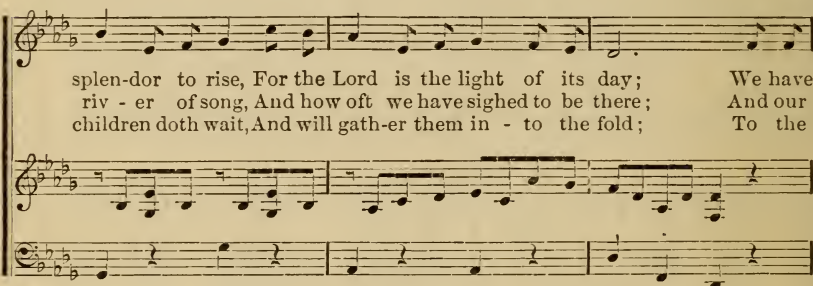
JNO. R. SWENEY.



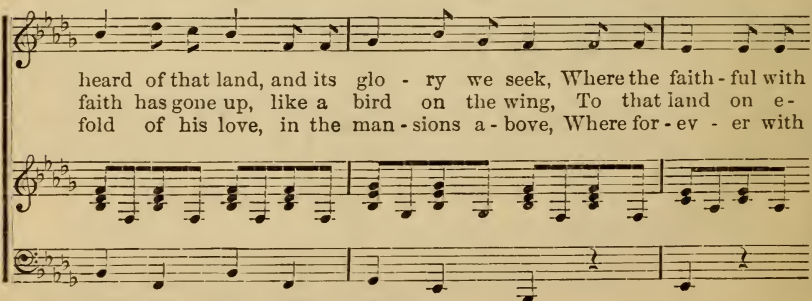
1. We have heard of a land on whose blue, e - ther skies Not a
 2. We have talked of that land when our jour - ney was long, And our
 3. We are near - ing that land, we are near - ing the gate To the



cloud for a mo - ment can stay, And it needs not the sun in his
 hearts o - verburdened with care, We have talked of the blest at the
 cit - y of jas - per and gold, Where the Sav - iour to wel - come his



splen - dor to rise, For the Lord is the light of its day; We have
 riv - er of song, And how oft we have sighed to be there; And our
 children doth wait, And will gath - er them in - to the fold; To the



heard of that land, and its glo - ry we seek, Where the faith - ful with
 faith has gone up, like a bird on the wing, To that land on e -
 fold of his love, in the man - sions a - bove, Where for - ev - er with

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND. (Concluded.)

rit. *a tempo.*

Je - sus shall dwell, Where the ros - es of youth nev - er
 ter - ni - ty's shore, Where the joy bells of E - den for -
 him they shall dwell, And the eyes that were sad in his

fade from the cheek, And the lips nev - er mur - mur, "Fare-well."
 ev - er shall ring, And the soul shall be wea - ry no more.
 smiles shall be glad, And the lips nev - er mur - mur, "Fare-well."

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land, beau - ti - ful land,
 Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land,

O - ver the roll - ing sea, Beau - ti - ful land, beau - ti - ful
 roll - ing sea, Beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land,

land, When shall..... we come to thee?.....
 beau - ti - ful land, When shall we come to thee? When shall we come to thee?

rit.

No. 188. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a
 2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a
 3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a

great day coming by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
 bright day coming by and by, But its brightness shall on-ly come to
 sad day coming by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-

part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 part, I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

Are you read-y? are you read-y? Are you read-y for the

judgment day? Are you read-y? are you read-y For the judgment day?

By permission of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and The Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

No. 189. THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—ISAIAH i: 18.

F. J. CROSBY.

DUET. *Gently.*

W. H. DOANE.

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
 2. Hear the voice that en-treats you, O, re-turn ye un-to God! to God!
 3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

Copyright, 1887, by W. H. Doane. Used by permission.

THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET. (Concluded.)

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red..... like crim-son, They shall be as wool!"
 He is of great..... com- pas- sion, And of wondrous love;
 "Look un- to Me,..... ye peo- ple," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red,

DUET. *p* **QUARTET. *f***

"Tho' your sins be as scar- let, Tho' your sins be as scar- let,
 Hear the voice that en- treats you, Hear the voice that en- treats you,
 He'll for- give your transgressions, He'll for- give your transgressions,

p ritard.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
 O, re- turn ye un- to God! O, re- turn ye un- to God!
 And re- mem- ber them no more, And re- mem- ber them no more.

No. 190.

HE CAME TO SAVE ME.

H. E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { When Je- sus laid his crown a-side, He came to save me;
 { When on the cross he bled and died,..... He came to save me.
 2. { In my poor heart he deigns to dwell, He came to save me;
 { O, praise his name, I know it well,..... He came to save me.

CHORUS.

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, And grace is free,
 He..... came to save me.

1885, Copyright of Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by permission.

3 With gentle hand he leads me still,
 He came to save me;
 And trusting him I fear no ill,
 He came to save me.

4 To him my faith with rapture clings,
 He came to save me;
 To him my heart looks up and sings,
 He came to save me.

CHAS. WESLEY.

(REFUGE. 7s. D.)

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on thee:

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me!

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring:

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False, and full of sin, I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

S. B. MARSH.

D.C.

FINE.

No. 193.

DUKE ST. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

JOHN HATTON.

1. From all that dwell be-low the skies, Let the Cre-a-tor's praise a-rise;
 2. E-ter-nal are thy mer-cies, Lord; E-ter-nal truth at-tends thy word;

Let the Re-deem-er's name be sung Thro'ev-'ry land, by ev-'ry tongue.
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore Till sun shall rise and set no more.

No. 194. Jesus Shall Reign. L. M.

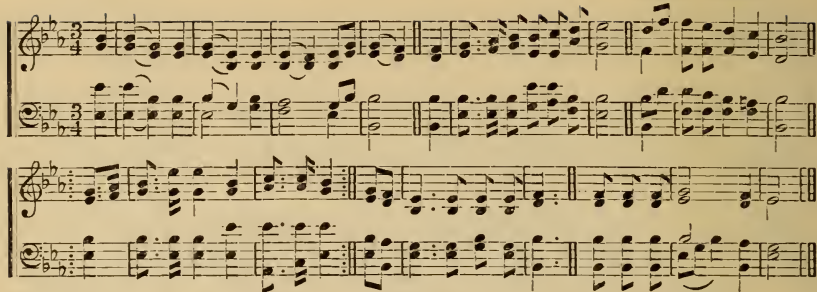
- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 From north to south the princes meet
 To pay their homage at his feet;
 While western empires own their Lord,
 And savage tribes attend his word.

No. 195. Glorifying in the Cross. L. M.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 All the vain things that draw me back,
 Secure my soul to keep I will not trust.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

LOWELL MASON.



No. 198.

O Could I Speak.

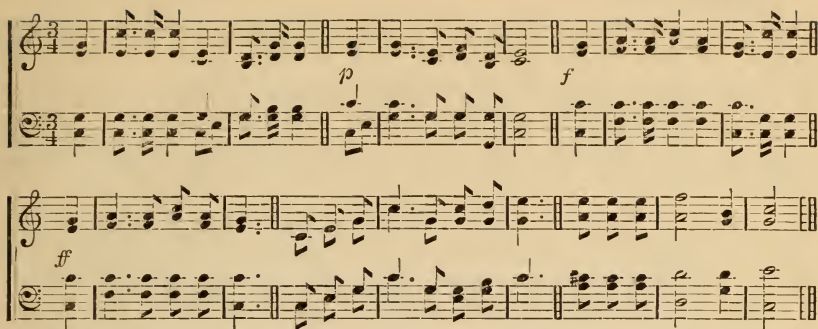
- 1 O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

ZERAH. C. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



No. 200. The Prince of Peace. C. M.

- 1 To us a Child of hope is born ;
To us a Son is given ;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heav'n.
- 2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored ;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.
- 3 His power, increasing, still shall spread ;
His reign no end shall know ;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.
- 4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given ;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

JOHN MORRISON.

No. 201. Awake, my Soul. C. M.

- 1 Awake, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on :
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun ;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

No. 202. Come, Let us Join. C. M.

- 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne :
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus :
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

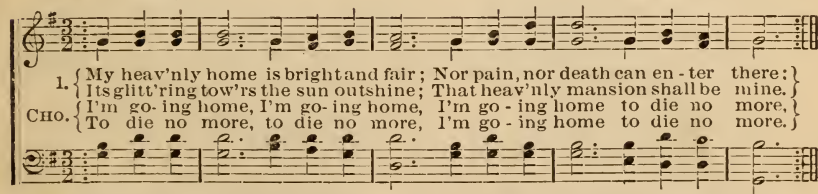
ISAAC WATTS.

No. 203.

I'M GOING HOME.

WM. HUNTER, D. D.

Arr. by Rev. W. McDONALD.



1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair ; Nor pain, nor death can en - ter there ; }
 { Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine ; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. }
 CHO. { I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more, }
 { To die no more, to die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more. }
- 2 My Father's house is built on high :
Far, far above the starry sky ;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
 - 3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine a happier lot, to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
 - 4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

No. 204.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

THOMAS A. ARNE.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,
 2. A heart resigned, sub-mis-sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne,
 3. O for a low-ly, con-trite heart, Be-liev-ing, true, and clean,
 4. A heart in ev-'ry thought renewed, And full of love di-vine;

A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me!
 Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone.
 Which nei-ther life nor death can part From him that dwells with-in!
 Per-fect, and right, and pure, and good—A cop-y, Lord, of thine.

No. 205. O for a Faith. C. M.

- 1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
 Though pressed by ev'ry foe,
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe!
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chast'ning rod,
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt;
- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
 And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
 Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

No. 206. Am I a Soldier. C. M.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
 A foll'wer of the Lamb,
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
 On flow'ry beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord:
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.

ISAAC WATTS.

AZMON. C. M.

C. G. GLASER.

No. 207. Forever Here My Rest. C. M.

- 1 Forever here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope, and all my plea,
 For me the Saviour died.
- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
 Wash me, and mine thou art;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
 My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 208. The Dearest Name. C. M.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding place;
 My never-failing treasury, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King;
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring!

JOHN NEWTON.

No. 209.

CORONATION. C. M.

E. PERRONET.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
 3. O that, with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at his feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all;
 To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
 To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

No. 210.

O for a Thousand Tongues.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
 My great Redeemer's praise!
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace!</p> <p>2 My gracious Master and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,
 To spread through all the earth abroad,
 The honors of thy Name.</p> | <p>3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.</p> <p>4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
 He sets the pris'ner free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean;
 His blood availed for me.</p> |
|---|---|

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 211.

RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

J. BOWRING.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de - ceive and fears an - noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam - ing, Light and love up - on my way,
 4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleas - ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra - dianc - stream - ing, Adds more lus - ter to the day.
 Peace is there, that knows no meas - ure, Joys that through all time a - bide.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

H. G. NÄGELL.

1. Re - vive thy work, O Lord, Thy might - y arm make bare;
 2. Re - vive thy work, O Lord, Cre - ate soul - thirst for thee;
 3. Re - vive thy work, O Lord, Ex - alt thy pre - cious name;

Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make thy peo - ple hear.
 And hung'ring for the Bread of Life, O may our spir - its be!
 And by the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For thee and thine in-flame.

No. 213. Blest Be the Tie. S. M.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

JOHN FAWCETT.

No. 214. A Charge to Keep. S. M.

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfill,
 O may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live;
 And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

CHAS. WESLEY.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

No. 215. And Can I Yet Delay. S. M.

- 1 And can I yet delay
 My little all to give?
 To tear my soul from earth away
 For Jesus to receive?
- 2 Nay, but I yield. I yield!
 I can hold out no more:
 I sink, by dying love compelled,
 And own thee conqueror!
- 3 Though late, I all forsake;
 My friends, my all resign:
 Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
 And seal me ever thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,
 Nor hence again remove:
 Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
 With all thy weight of love.

CHAS. WESLEY.

No. 216. Evils of Intemperance. S. M.

- 1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
 The youthful and the strong;
 Mourn for the wine cup's fearful reign,
 And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
 Eternal life and light
 Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
 And turned to hopeless night.
- 3 Mourn for the lost; but call,
 Call to the strong, the free;
 Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
 And to the refuge flee.
- 4 Mourn for the lost; but pray,
 Pray to our God above,
 To break the fell destroyer's sway,
 And show his saving love.

No. 217.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode,
2. I love thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall, For hear my pray'rs as - cend;

The Church our bless'd Re-deem - er bought With his own pre-cious blood.
Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And grav - en on thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.

No. 218. Lord God, the Holy Ghost.

- 1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of resurrection,
Descend in all thy power.
- 2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath.
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling, breathe.
- 4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

No. 219.

Grace!

- 1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to my ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

P. DODDRIDGE.

LABAN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1 Spirit of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood.

2 'Tis the blood 't apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die
Hath surely died for me.

No. 220. Spirit of Faith.

- 1 Spirit of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood.
- 2 'Tis the blood 't apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die
Hath surely died for me.
- 3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend, and show
The virtue of his name.
- 4 The grace which all may find,
The saving power, impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 221. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

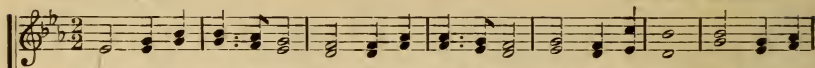
GEORGE HEATH.

No. 222. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

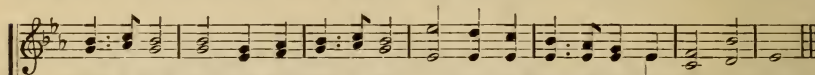
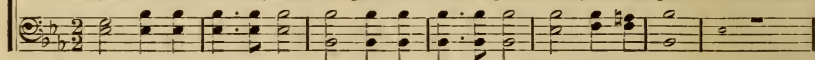
RAY PALMER.

(OLIVET. 6s, 4s.)

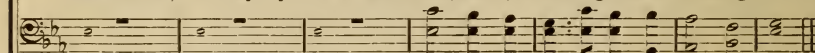
LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry. Sav-iour di-vine; Now hear me
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As thou hast



while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly thine!
died for me, O may my love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be. A living fire!



- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

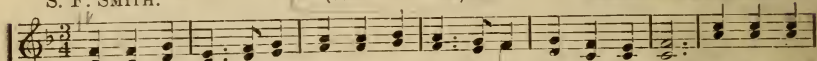
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

No. 223. MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

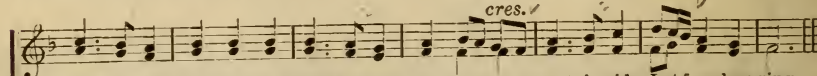
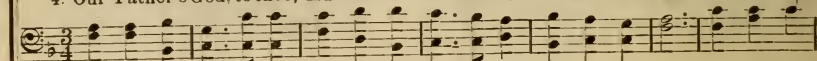
S. F. SMITH.

(AMERICA. 6s, 4s.)

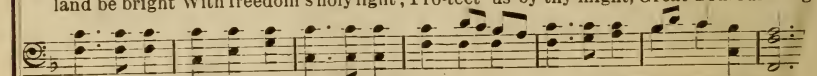
AD. HENRY CAREY.



1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty. Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free. Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our Father's God, to thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To thee we sing; Long may our



father's died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mountain side. Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Pro-tect us by thy might, Great God, our King

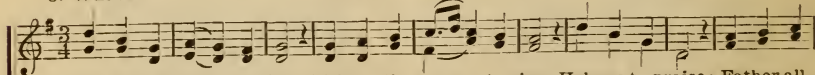


No. 224. COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

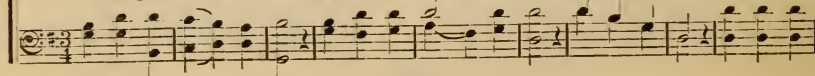
C. WESLEY.

(ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.)

FELICE GIARDINI.



1. Come, thou al-might-y King. Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all-
2. Come, thou incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword. Our pray'r attend; Come, and thy
3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er. Thy sacred wit-ness bear In this glad hour: Thou who al-
4. To the great One and Three E-ter-nal prais-es be Hence-evermore! His sov'reign



COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING. (Concluded.)

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, Ancient of Days.
 people bless, And give thy word success: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
 might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir - it of pow'r!
 maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

No. 225.

HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! } Hap - py
 { Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its raptures all a - broad. }

FINE. D.S.
 day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray. }
 { And live re - joicing ev - 'ry day. }

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To him who merits all my love!
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on.
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.

No. 226.

REVIVE US AGAIN.

WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHORUS.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Re - vive us a - gain.

- 2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light.
 Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace.
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our way.
- 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
 May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

No. 227.

HORTON. 7s.

MARY BARBER DANA.

XAVIER SCHNEIDER.

1. Prince of peace, con-trol my will; Bid this struggling heart be still;
 2. Thou hast bought me with thy blood, O-pened wide the gate to God;
 3. May thy will, not mine, be done; May thy will and mine be one:

Bid my fears and doubt-ings cease, Hush my spir-it in-to peace.
 Peace I ask—but peace must be, Lord, in-be-ing one in thee.
 Chase these doubt-ings from my heart; Now thy per-fect peace im-part.

No. 228. Holy Ghost, with Light. 7s.

- 1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

ANDREW REED.

No. 229. Lord, We Come. 7s.

- 1 Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God, and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

WM. HAMMOND.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL.

No. 230. Depth of Mercy. 7s.

- 1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his
God is love! I know, I feel; [hands;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

CHARLES WESLEY.

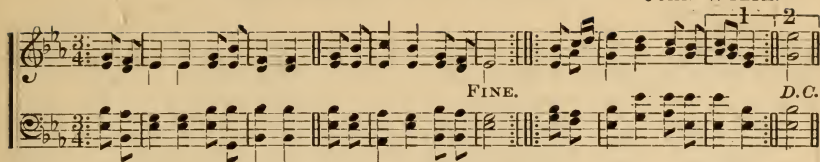
No. 231. Holy Bible, Book Divine. 7s.

- 1 Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am.
- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.
- 3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.
- 4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou holy book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

JOHN BURTON, SR.

NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.

JOHN WYETH.



No. 232. Come, Thou Fount.

- 1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love!
- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither, by thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God:
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood!
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above.

R. ROBINSON.

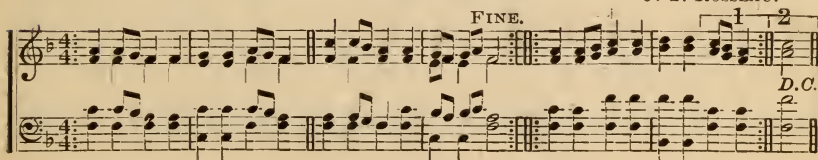
No. 233. Tune.—874 Hymnal.

- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s. D.

J. T. ROSSEAU.



No. 234. Come, Ye Sinners.

- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,

You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

JOSEPH HART.

No. 235. The Pilgrim's Guide.

- 1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

No. 236.

WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

ISAAC WATTS.

REV. R. LOWRY, by per.

Spirited.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets; Be -
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
 chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King,
 fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields,
 marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,

While ye sur - round his throne, While ye sur - round his throne.
 May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
 While ye sur - round his throne, While ye sur - round his throne.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
 We're march - ing on to Zi - on,

marching upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
 Zi - on, Zi - on,

Copyright, 1867, by Rev. R. Lowry.

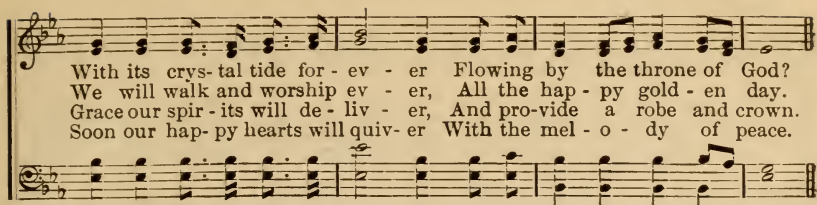
No. 237. SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

R. L.

REV. R. LOWRY, by per.

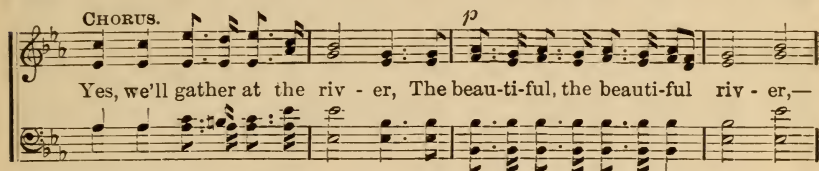
1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
 2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray;
 3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
 4. Soon we'll reach the sil - ver riv - er, Soon our pil - grim - age will cease;

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER? (Concluded.)

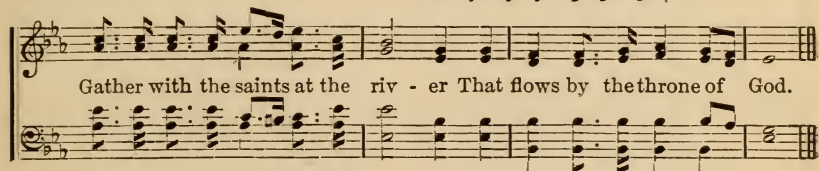


With its crys-tal tide for-ev-er Flowing by the throne of God?
We will walk and worship ev-er, All the hap-py gold-en day.
Grace our spir-its will de-liv-er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel-o-dy of peace.

CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gather at the riv-er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er,—

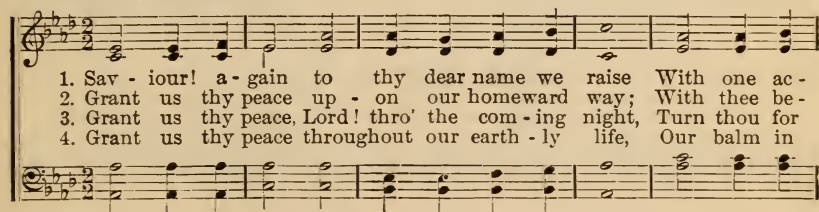


Gather with the saints at the riv-er That flows by the throne of God.

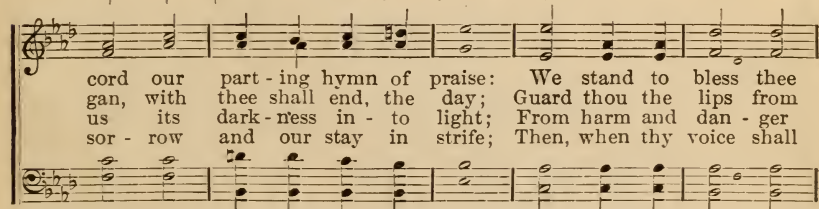
No. 238. PARTING HYMN. 10s.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON.

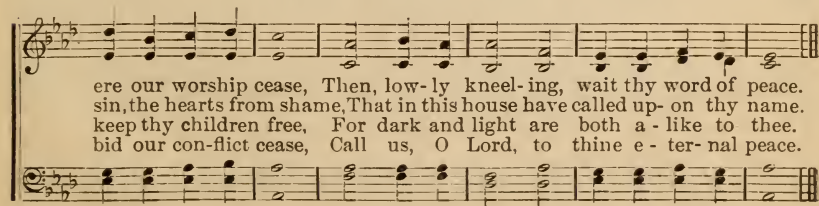
E. J. HOPKINS.



1. Sav-iour! a-gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac-
2. Grant us thy peace up-on our homeward way; With thee be-
3. Grant us thy peace, Lord! thro' the com-ing night, Turn thou for
4. Grant us thy peace throughout our earth-ly life, Our balm in



cord our part-ing hymn of praise: We stand to bless thee
gan, with thee shall end, the day; Guard thou the lips from
us its dark-ness in-to light; From harm and dan-ger
sor-row and our stay in strife; Then, when thy voice shall



ere our worship cease, Then, low-ly kneel-ing, wait thy word of peace.
sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up-on thy name.
keep thy children free, For dark and light are both a-like to thee.
bid our con-flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to thine e-ter-nal peace.

No. 239.

EVENTIDE. 10s.

HENRY F. LYTE.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. A - bid with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day: Earth's joys grow
 3. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but thy
 4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
 deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bid! When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
 grace can foil the tempt - er's power? Who, like thy - self, my
 weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where,
 fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bid with me!
 all around I see; O thou, who changest not, a - bid with me!
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bid with me!
 grave, thy vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if thou a - bid with me.

No. 240.

THE LORD WATCH.

GENESIS XXXI. 49.

(CLOSING.)

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

The Lord watch be - tween me and thee, The Lord watch between
 me and thee, When we are ab - sent, When we are ab - sent,
 When we are ab - sent, One from an - oth - er. A - - men.

WEBB. 7s, 6s. D.

G. J. WEBB.

No. 241. Stand Up for Jesus!

- 1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army he shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.
- 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

No. 242. The Morning Light.

- 1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.
- 3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

No. 243.

PRAISE GOD.

THOMAS KEN.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

I am crucified in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ his only begotten Son our Lord; and that he was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary: that he suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried: that he rose again the third day: that he ascended into

heaven, and sitteth at the right-hand of God the Father Almighty, and from thence shall come again at the end of the world to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Church of God, the communion of saints, the remission of sins, the resurrection of the body, and everlasting life after death.

No. 245.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

EXODUS XX. 1-17.

1. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me: and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

4. Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shall thou labour, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it

thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

5. Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

6. Thou shalt not kill.

7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

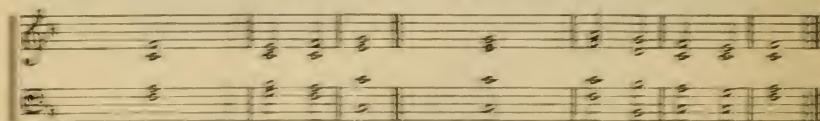
8. Thou shalt not steal.

9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, nor shall thou covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

No. 246.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.



1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.

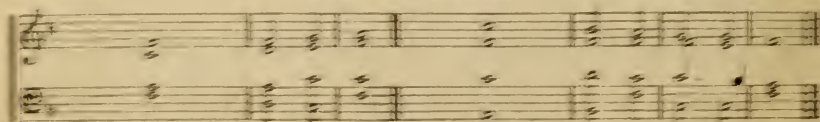
2. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.

3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever, Amen.

No. 247.

GLORIA PATRI.

RICHARD FARRER.



Gloria be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. Amen.

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